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THE

CAMP AND THE SANCTUARY:

OR

The Power of Religion,

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE ARMY AND THE CHURCH.

A

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS HASKER,

FORMERLY OF THE 1ST DRAGOON GUARDS.

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

BY

JAMES EVERETT.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."
ISAIAH II. 4. MICAH IV. 3.

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1859.

210. m. 133.

BODLEIANA

TO

WILLIAM NESHAM, ESQUIRE,

THE FRIEND, SUPPORTER, AND ADVOCATE

OF

"PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION;"

WHO

BY HIS MEDICAL SKILL,

MITIGATED THE PAINS OF A SUFFERING SERVANT OF GOD,

AND SOOTHED HIS SPIRIT

ON ENTERING

"The Valley of the Shadow of Death,"

THIS MEMOIR

IS INSCRIBED, BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Two extremes are to be carefully avoided in Biography;—one, in employing the pencil for the purpose of drawing *couleur de rose* pictures; the other, in handling the tool of the caricaturist. In neither case is a correct likeness to be expected; nor does the subject, if of genuine worth, require such treatment.

There is one way in which the biography of the dead may be invested with an interest nearly equal to auto-biography, and that is by allowing the subject to speak, as often as possible, in his own recorded conversations, and in his correspondence. This is a plan admirably carried out by Christoffel in his Life of Zwingli, and by Dr. Hanna in his Life of Dr. Chalmers, as noticed in a recent number of the Athenæum. But this, again, depends upon the sphere in which the subject moved, the position he took in society, and the materials left behind him. In the present case, there is little to look for beyond the fact that the subject of the memoir appeared, in the Church and in the World, as one of God's Honest Men. Though not high in position,

THOMAS HASKER was sufficiently conspicuous to render toothless the otherwise biting sarcasm of Diogenes, when looking about at mid-day, with a lighted lantern in his hand, for so rare an object as a honest man. Had the philosopher met him, he would have found a man of sounder morality than his own,—the Cynic having himself commenced his public career by an act of forgery, in conjunction with his father; and having carried out the same principles in after life, in the midst of all his maxims and austerities, by teaching that "there was no harm in a man taking anything he wanted." But the subject of these pages lived under a brighter sun, and had the advantage of a superior dispensation, than the heathen sages,—reaping a more ample harvest of good, with only a tithe of their intelligence Thanks to Divine Providence for "a goodly heritage," and for allowing "the lines to fall in pleasant places," to its occupant! Philosophy teaches, that every science derives its dignity from its object; that the more noble the object, the more excellent the knowledge connected with it. The real worth of THOMAS HASKER arose from "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ,"—that which transforms a piece of vile clay into a diamond. Man is fascinated with outward glitter,—with beauty, titles, wealth. Not so the Supreme Being. He sees not as man sees; but frequently lays his left hand on the head of externals, as Jacob did in the case of

Manasseh,—passing by the wise, the rich, and the noble, in order that he may lay his right hand on the head of "the poor" and "the contrite ones;" "that no flesh should glory in his presence."

A critic, in administering rebuke to Thomas Carlyle,—whom he considers a mere hero-worshipper,—in a review of his "Frederick the Great," gives expression to some excellent remarks, which, apart from the justice or injustice of the charge, may be here introduced as an apology—if apology were necessary—for the selection of the present subject.

"Mr. Carlyle has many great gifts, but he is sadly deficient in faith, hope, and charity. He believes, apparently, in only a few stray heroes sprinkled throughout ages of dulness and cowardice. He has even less hope than faith, and seems to think that the line of giants has terminated in himself. His charity to his favourites is indeed unbounded; but on the race in general, especially on the poor 'scoundrels' who have disobeyed the laws, and got into Bridewell, he looks with unmitigated contempt and disgust. He uniformly confounds weakness with guilt, and treats the feeble as if they were false. In this point, we cannot but contrast his conduct with that of still greater writers. John Bunyan is justly said to have loved best his feeble and gentle characters, such as Little Faith, Mr. Fearing, Mr. Feeble-mind, Despondency, and Much-

afraid. And we fancy that the writers of the Bible, too, loved best such tender, childlike ones as Mephibosheth, Lazarus, Barzillai the Gileadite, and the Beloved Disciple. The inspired writers were, as Bunyan also was, strong and stalwart men; but they had tender affections, too, and these delighted to centre on the lowly, the feeble, and the forgotten. Hence, in the pages of Scripture, are preserved certain names and characters which ordinary chronicles would have passed by as beneath notice. Nay, almost the only instance in which fame—fame universal and undying—is predicted of a human being in Scripture, is in reference to a nameless woman, —the woman who anointed Christ's head with precious ointment, and of whom he said, 'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.' What a strange memorial attached thus to one whose very name is unknown! How many names are constantly seeking fame; but here is fame seeking for a name! And the record thus made in the gospels is quite in keeping with the principle of God, in choosing 'the weak things of the world, and the base things of the world, and the things that are not, to confound the mighty, the honourable, and the things that are.' This is consoling, and is intended so to be to the humble, the feeble, and the poor, and to those whom the brutal and hard-hearted

world stamps as weak characters, silly, well-meaning people; as if all men, the very mightiest were not weak when compared to God; as if there were any man so strong as to have a right to despise his fellow; as if there were any so weak as not to be able to do good work, and perhaps work not competent to more powerful men, in behalf of truth and righteousness; and as if the employment of contemptuous language were not calculated to render the feeble still feebler, to drive them to despair or misanthropy, and thus to make the weak wicked. We all remember what the mouse did for the lion in the toils, because the lion had spared him. But, too often, lions of a higher race, by despising meaner creatures, excite their animosity, and have snares woven, instead of broken, by their means. Scripture, so far from encouraging the common spirit of contemning inferior intellects, scarcely ever speaks of diversities of mind at all. When it calls a man a fool, it means a villain; and it says, 'See that ye despise not these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels stedfastly behold the face of my Father which is in heaven;' —so that, if they be weak, their celestial guardians are strong, and ever ready to resent affronts to their charge; for is it not written, that, 'if any one offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea?'"

A word or two explanatory of the reasons for classing the present Memoir with "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH." Thomas Hasker and Samuel Hick, in their origin, both belonged to the humbler walks of life; they underwent the same process of religious training; they were members of the same religious denomination, in which they sustained a similar official status. They were both distinguished by certain peculiarities not ordinarily exhibited; and the sincerity, faith, prayer, and patient toil of each, drew upon them the same marked attention. Although the Soldier was less impulsive than the Blacksmith,—moved with a quieter step and a graver aspect, and had a sounder judgment and a more cultivated mind,—yet each was alike eminently honoured of God in his efforts to do good. Each held with a firm grasp, and diffused to the utmost extent of his ability, the blessings of CHRISTIANITY,—a religion which, in the esteem of both, was destined to put an end to the horrors of war. Than Samuel Hick, no man would have been more ready to "beat swords into plowshares, and spears into pruninghooks;" and, than Thomas Hasker,—whose bosom ever warmed at the recollection of Sammy's kindness to his companions in arms, on their way to Waterloo, when he regaled them with milk from the dairy,—no man would have sooner danced for joy, like David before the Ark, to the music struck from the anvil when so employed. Happy pair! The waves of this

troublesome world roll over them unheeded; the sounds of strife, and violence, and wrong are heard by them no more. Peacefully they "rest from their labours," till the morning of the resurrection; when another trumpet than that which calls the warrior to arms shall rouse them from their slumbers, to be followed by the blissful invitation of Infinite Love—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;"—that, again, to be succeeded by the trump of Jubilee, and the glad hosannahs of a renovated and ransomed world.

A taste has recently been created for the Biography of Christian Warriors, by the publication of the Memoirs of General Havelock, Hedley Vicars, and others. Whether this arises from the fact that WAR,—as well it may, if the Crimea and India be fair specimens,—begins to look very ugly, when viewed in the light of Christianity; and so it is felt to be necessary —in order that the system may be kept in countenance—that examples should be given of how pious a man may be while engaged in depriving his brother of life;—is a point not to be discussed and settled at present. That military life, generally speaking, is unfavourable to religion, and that soldiers, of all others, require the special grace of God to sustain them in their Christian course, is undeniable. And doubtless it is because religion is so rare in the Army,

that the public heart throbs with ecstasy when any extraordinary manifestations of piety are exhibited by military men. This is an act of homage rendered — sometimes unwittingly — to the Religion of the Bible.

The writer earnestly hopes that this Memoir, whilst it gives no encouragement to that warlike spirit which is, unhappily, too rife in the present day, even among professing Christians; may, nevertheless, tend to illustrate the consoling truth, that the grace of God is all-powerful to sustain, even under circumstance and in situations the most adverse and trying.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. J. E.
Feb. 9, 1859.

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS HASKER.

CHAPTER I.

Common-place character—God delights in variety—what constitutes character—the effect of Incident—Sentimentalism—Parentage—Birmingham riots—feverish state of political feeling—Secularities in connection with the Christian Ministry—embarrassments in trade—education—fickleness—waywardness—symptoms of vagrancy—volunteers—the drum and the fife—bad company—the downward tendency of sin—goes to Leicester.

A COMMON-PLACE character, among the thronging millions of human beings in social life, presents to the eye of even an attentive observer no greater variety than a field of wheat waving in the wind, or a greensward overspread with daisies; though each ear has its tale for the agriculturalist, and the "little crimson-tepid thing," drawn from

the monotony around, may awaken the muse of a Burns. In the monotony referred to, that which applies to one of the same class, will apply to the whole. But step aside from the common-place, and take a more comprehensive range, and it will be found, that, among different classes of human beings, differently trained, God presents an endless variety of individuals, as to health, judgment, genius, and whatever goes to distinguish one order from another. The great Author of our being delights in variety, as exemplified in nature, providence, and grace; and man himself is described by a heathen sage, as "an animal fond of novelty." While something like sameness appears on the general surface of the same classes in society, yet, on closer inspection, they will present their several peculiar characteristics. As no blade of grass, no flower of the field, no leaf of the forest, is destitute of its own individuality; so no human being, whether mentally, morally, or physically, is altogether like any other of his fellows.

That which, in an emphatic sense, constitutes *character* in man, whether natural or acquired, as distinguishing one from another, is the result of an assemblage of certain qualities, producing certain prominences and peculiarities, which attract more than ordinary attention, and excite an emotion in the breast—varying, of course, in its degree—somewhat similar to that which is produced in a person, whose eye, after passing

over a dead level, is unexpectedly brought to repose upon a patch of picturesque scenery in the same locality.

With character, we generally find *incident*, either bound up with it, or in some way attendent upon it. "Child, child," said Dr. Johnson to Hannah More, while the fair authoress was reading to him a highly finished sketch of a character upon which she placed some value, and not without hope of eliciting a small modicum of praise,—"Child, child," said he gruffly, and with exhausted patience, "tell me,—has the man broken his leg?" The old moralist could sentimentalize as well as his young friend, and to much better purpose than the insidiously licentious Lawrence Sterne; but he was on the look out for that which constitutes the great charm of biography—*incident*. The reading public expect from biography, what, in the esteem of Northcote, they demand from the painter, viz., that something should be brought out of nature never observed before,—something like that for which, in mechanical science, a patent would be granted. If the subject is such as to be incapable of yielding that which is more or less striking in character, more or less excellent in nature, more or less varied—something, in short, beyond mere common-place, it ought to be left untouched. It is not necessary, however. that the subject presented should figure among Emerson's "Representative Men." There is a wide space between the cedar of Lebanon,

and the hyssop upon the wall; many trees, plants, shrubs, and flowers between the two extremes, on whose beauties the eye may repose, and on whose peculiarities the pen may dwell; many gaps which may yet have to be filled up—and that usefully, without the moral botanist being necessitated to wander through Evelyn's "Sylva" for examples.

Neither root nor branch—to pursue the similitude—in the present case, affords much promise to commence with; though the balance is in favour of the former, for a short period. To drop all metaphor, the father of the subject of these pages, was a Dissenting Minister, in Birmingham, belonging to Lady Huntingdon's Connexion. In this town, Mr. Hasker officiated some time in a chapel built for his use in Paradise Row, ministering to a church gathered together by his own industry. He was, at this time, in good circumstances, and in credit among his people.

About the time of the birth of the subject of the memoir, 1789, it will be recollected by persons acquainted with the history of Birmingham, that the town was in a highly agitated state, in consequence of conflicting political opinions; and that the political agitation rose to its height on the 14th of July, 1791. On that day, the celebration of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, by a public dinner, was succeeded by riots, entailing lasting disgrace upon the town. Whigs and tories were in violent antagonism, the one

against the other;—Church and State on the one side, Dissent and Radicalism on the other; —conflicting opinions and unbridled passions, meanwhile, resulting in the serious destruction of property,—the loss sustained by the celebrated Dr. Priestly, being not the least.

It was a period for testing opinion, each party rallying all its forces; and persons who had no previous training or experience in political squabbles, were drawn into the vortex by the phrenzied spirit of the times. Such appears to have been the case with the minister of the church belonging to Paradise Row. Having allowed his mind to become engrossed with the politics of the day, he slid into company and into habits, which, ultimately, cost him his *status* in the church, proving a heavy affliction to his excellent wife, and a serious injury to his children.

There were four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Hasker, three boys and one girl, of whom Thomas, born January 3rd, 1789, was the oldest. Thomas was one of those creations in nature and grace, which, with a few others of the same class, was likely to excite the attention of a traveller, inducing him to pause in his journey, to examine this singular specimen of the Divine handiwork thus presented to his notice. He occupied an important niche, if not in the temple of fame, in that, at least, of real intrinsic worth.

At the age of from three to four years, Thomas was sent to school; and about the same time, his

father, who appeared to be receding from the spirit of the Christian ministry, entered into partnership with two men, brothers, of the name of Davis, in the building line. They soon failed, involving him in more than pecuniary loss; for instead of taking refuge in God, he sought to alleviate his feelings by a too free use of intoxicating drink. His ministerial credit gradually waned—his hearers diminished—books of an unprofitable character were read—the Bible was partially neglected—a change of sentiment took place—property diminished—the family increased—a servant less was employed for domestic purpose—and Mrs. Hasker fell into a delicate state of health.

Thus matters proceeded, till the year 1795. Mr. Hasker then obtained some instructions in the art of gilding, for which he paid £50. This proved equally unfortunate with his building speculation, his imperfect knowledge of the business disqualifying him for competing with the more expert workmen already in possession of the market. A removal to less expensive premises became necessary; and a shop was opened for confectionery, bacon, butter, &c. This was abandoned in its turn, through incessant losses incurred by bad debts, &c. Mrs. Hasker now commenced the millinery business, which proved equally unfortunate with the speculations on the male side of the house. Another removal became necessary to curtail expenses, and property had

to be sold to disadvantage. Though the gilding was still carried on, it was far from being remunerative..

In the year 1800, Mrs. Hasker was confined of a daughter, called Mary. With this addition to the family, accompanied by a decay of trade, the expenditure of the house was ill met. In 1802, when, in consequence of an improved aspect of affairs on the Continent, a more healthy tone was expected, the trade of Birmingham became still more unsettled, fluctuating between better and worse. By this time, politics had become a passion with Mr. Hasker,—political parties furnishing the chief source of his enjoyment.

Thomas, who was now about thirteen years of age, was taken from school; where, through a father's inattention to progress, and a mother's indulgence, combined with no great aptitude for learning on his own part, with little love for study, and still less industry, he had made no great proficiency. He drew up at the halting point of an ordinary education, embracing reading, writing, and arithmetic; with a mind undisciplined and wayward, ready to fasten upon any object, suited to his fancy, that might present itself.

To pin the mind down to some useful business, as nothing beyond the occupation of an ordinary mechanic lay before him, he started with a person engaged in the manufacture of watch keys and seals, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per

week. But, as was the sire in his secularities, so also was the son; he soon changed. After this, he was allowed unwisely—nay, recklessly, to follow his own whims, alternating between day and night, sabbath and week-day schools, and too often neglecting each. Thus circumstanced, his education was found, at the close of two years, nearly in the same state as when he first left school.

A second attempt was made in 1804, to fix him in some line of business, when he was hired for a period of three years to learn the trade of pearl button making. But his stay here was as brief as that which distinguished him in his first situation. Persons unwilling to work, or to whom confinement is irksome, are always fertile in excuses and objections, when anxious for a change He was again, like another "wastrel," thrown on hand. Without being allowed to roam at large as before, he was put to the plating business Short also, was his stay here; and returning home, he occasionally assisted his father in gilding. In the course of the same year, being of little service at home, he was put to the patten trade. Tools, wood, ties, &c., were purchased Neglect of business followed—an indulgent mother shielded him from a father's frown—and he left home under the pretext of visiting his friends in the country.

When assisting his father at home, he took an opportunity of entering as a "fifer" into the

Loyal Birmingham Volunteers, and was "sworn in" for the purpose. This suited his wayward disposition, as he was fond of change, and it took him in some measure from beneath the parental eye. He received thirteen pence half-penny per day, for each day he was called out, which was paid once a month, and was generally expended as soon as it came into his hand, in drinking, gaming, and other midnight revels. This introduced him to a class of companions several degrees more degrading than those with whom he had previously associated: and here the habit of sin acquired renewed strength, and became more deeply rooted.

The downward course of sin is sometimes slow, but generally sure. Persons do not become rakes, spend-thrifts, profligates, at once. The leap from one extreme to another, is too wide for the first effort. Sin, as a habit, is repulsive at first, and somewhat heavy in the act. A short practice renders it sweet; and that which is sweet, becomes, in process of time, easy. As time glides on, experience makes it light, and the chain being once rivetted, is finally felt as impossible to be broken. Thus it was with the subject of these pages. Sin grew upon him, acquiring strength by indulgence. Every renewed act added to the sum, was another figure, so to speak, placed by the side of an old cipher, augmenting the account to ten, twenty, or a hundred times the amount of the original debt. "The person," says

Bernard, "that escapes without fear in the first sin, may perish in the pit in the second. Should he escape the pit, he may be taken in the snare, for God will rain down snares." He may shake off his evil habits, for awhile, like Samson shaking himself as was his wont, but the Philistines will be upon him. "I will go out," said Samson, "as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord had departed from him." Hardness of heart had set in. So it was in the case before us.

Soon after he was "sworn in," three battalions were ordered out on permanent duty. The first battalion to which he belonged, went to Litchfield, and remained there a short time He had half-a-guinea "marching money," which was spent in dissipation, like that which he had previously received.

CHAPTER II.

Continued fluctuations—leaves the Volunteers—death of Mrs. Hasker—traits of character—money borrowed under false pretences—shiftings—goods on credit—the fife and drum—a last and lost effort—enlists as a soldier—other characteristic traits—power of religion—form and features—destitution of religious knowledge and feeling—defect in domestic training—correct conduct in a parent essential to success—the home circle—military discipline—the drill—stenography.

On his return home, having received some injury in consequence of exposure to heavy rains, he again turned his attention to business, and hired himself for a period of one year to the brass-work employed in the manufacture of umbrellas. But he again slipped the noose, and left in disgrace within the space of three months. After this, he went to another place, and engaged for six shillings per week, taking a small portion of experience with him. Here, alas, as aforetime, he was soon on the move,—a running rebuke to his father for the changes which he himself had rung.

On New Years's Day, 1805, partly through his own restless disposition, and partly through the desire of his mother, he went to Bosworth, to see his brother Samuel. He had been here only a few

days, when, on witnessing the process of stocking-weaving, he took a fancy to learn the trade. He remained at his new employ during a period of about nine months, when he became tired of both trade and friends,—his friends having reason to be as much tired of him as he was of them.

His father, in the interim, had procured his discharge from the volunteers; and he went to work as a journeyman with a person of the name of Palmer, but in what line is not ascertained, —he having tried his hand at so many employments. Whatever might be the character of the father's failings, he must have had no ordinary amount of patience and forbearance, not to be provoked even to anger with the conduct of such a changeling son.

The person into whose service he had entered on leaving the frame-knitting business, appears to have resided at Bosworth,—a letter having been sent thither to inform him of the death of his mother, which took place December 30th, 1805. He left for Birmingham on New Year's Day, 1806. The death of Mrs. Hasker left a sad blank in the family; and the more so as she appears to have been a good woman, though too indulgent in the exercise of the softer maternal feelings. This was not a time for sternness and rebuke; the poor wayward son, therefore, was received with kindness by the father, and presented with a new suit of clothes for the funeral. He was more thoughtless than hard; more easily

led away when occasion offered, than inventive of schemes for personal gratification; impulsive, rather than reflective; the future was out of the question, provided the present moment could be occupied with its whim, its change, its enjoyment. He might, in this respect, have herded with the lowest order of his species. Still, his impulses were not rash and fiery; they were not characterized by fever or frenzy; and were never lasting.

His stay at home, whether employed or unemployed, embraced a period of only two months. He then borrowed eleven shillings in the name of his father, and decamped to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he took up his residence with "Tom Pultney," whom he designated "an old friend," for seven shillings per week. Alas, for such friendship! it is like fiend leagued with fiend, promoting each others ruin, by mutual consent, without intending it. Here he remained till the summer of 1806, when he went to Leicester, where he made his way to his "uncle Thomas," with whom he stopped about a fortnight, at the expiration of which he was thrown upon his own resources. He now sometimes occupied his time in working with his hands as a journeyman in the branch of business in which he was most skilled, or in playing on the fife, to the beat of the drum, for a recruiting party. Here he lingered till the close of the year, took Bosworth in his way to Birmingham, where he stopped a day, and entered Birmingham on Christmas Day.

How he was received by his father, with the eleven shillings borrowed in his name flitting across the recollection of each, can only be inferred from the constant recurrence of such misdemeanours having rendered the heart callous, inducing his father to give him up as incorrigible. We complain of the unkindness of others; but when Cæsar received the poignard of Brutus, whom he beheld as a son, it added to the pang which he felt. The mother being removed from the family circle, the whole of the painful feeling was now concentrated in the heart of one. Unhappily that heart had hardened, like clay, in the fire, instead of being rendered soft, like the metal, by fusion.

As there was no ground for calculating upon him as a fixture, no surprise was excited on his shortly leaving for another sojourn at Leicester. The circumstances connected with this removal, however, rendered it rather more disreputable than those which characterised some other of his migrations. He collected together, from different sources, a quantity of buttons, rings, watch-seals, &c., to the amount of from £4. to £5., and left without paying for them. He soon squandered the whole, and was compelled by sheer want again to seek for work. He found employment with "Old Benjamin Taylor," who appears to have commiserated his circumstances, either from his knowledge of the family, or in consequence of the intercession of friends. A

brief space was now passed in alternations between labour, idleness, and recruiting parties.

At length, his father, at his "wits' end," wrote to him, stating, that a Mr. Harding, a stationer in Derby, was in want of an assistant, and offered twenty shillings per week to the person who should be engaged. He was soon on his feet for the change; sold his old clothes, together with some "fancy rabbits" which he kept, and proceeded to Bosworth, where he expected to receive a recommendation from a stationer in Birmingham, with whom he had previously served. This is another item added to the "all trades" tried before. Character must either have deteriorated in value in the market, or there must have been very little conscience at work on the part of the person who could recommend one so utterly destitute of conduct and stability.

The case had now become desperate, and a last effort was tried. Negligence, as heretofore, ensued, and he was dismissed with disgrace. He was afraid to face his father, and ashamed to return to Leicester, which town he had left without the concurrence of his associates. He therefore wended his way to Nottingham. After some search, he found employment, which would have answered all the purposes of an honest livelihood. But the races were in progress. The temptation was too strong—the dry wood was unable to resist the fire. He engaged with a recruiting party to beat up for recruits, and was again "off

the hinge." He served during the space of a month—received his hire—breakfasted with them—and then left. The races were now over; the door was shut which had been at first thrown open; and all his subsequent applications were refused, in consequence of the work being "too fine" for him. The world was before him: he deliberated; he thought of enlisting into the regulars as a soldier; went to the barracks,—looked round them,—and within an hour, being chafed with disappointment, and out of humour with himself, he enlisted, on the 1st of August, 1808, into the First, or King's Dragoon Guards. His brother enlisted at the same time, but into another regiment. The other three children, died each in the prime of life. Leaving these, and following the subject of the memoir, we have another, among the melancholy instances of youth, loosened from the moorings of home, and left to drift, like a crazy skiff, without rudder or compass—eye to pity, or hand to save, in the midst of a dark and tempestuous ocean.

He had now attained the eighteenth year of his age; was about the middle size, and though not strongly built, had a rough energy of frame, that enabled him, when put to it, to drive his plough over the stoniest field. He could endure hardness with next to a stoical apathy; would move on, though not rapidly, still uncomplainingly, without fear or flinching. Led forward, apparently, like an inferior animal, by the instincts of

his own nature, he never seemed to think of the character of an act, whether good or bad, or extend his views to its results, but simply drudged through it as a matter of course. Though wayward, he was not extremely vicious; nor, with all his heedlessness, was he light and frolicsome. His thoughtlessness was not so much to be laid to the charge of reckless feeling, as to a want of that alertness which lays hold on such circumstances as are calculated to improve a person's condition, and that avidity which retains its grasp so long as there is any likelihood of improvement. Though frequently found loitering and lingering in the lane of life, he had his fits of energy and activity: but these were only occasional. He lacked the quality of perseverance; he never went beyond what the stern necessity of the case or the hour required. Provision for the future formed no article in his creed.

A particularity has been indulged as to the fickleness, the wanderings, the whims, the inconstancy, the follies, the vices, the heedlessness, of this specimen of humanity, beyond what the subject merits, were it not for the purpose of showing, that there is a power, a healing virtue in the religion of Jesus Christ, which is not to be found in anything else. This is the grand CATHOLICON, the universal "HEAL ALL," for the moral maladies of the human race,—a power which can raise man out of the "mire and clay," and, from the

deepest depths of the ravine of human wretchedness,—can elevate him to a throne, and place him among the princes of God's people,—investing him with a power and a dignity which philosophy cannot teach, rank cannot yield, wealth cannot purchase.

Alas, for the antecedents of poor Hasker, up to this period! To look at the exterior, there was as little of the repulsive in his appearance, as there was of the rabid or furious in his disposition. He was more easily led than driven. His features were plain, but not large, harsh, or unpleasing. Connected with a complexion somewhat grey or grizzly, were eyebrows inclined to the shaggy; dark hair, and a sparkling eye, which spoke of thought within; with a slight play of kindly feeling, curling, in his better moods, around the mouth. Though physically formed for active service, disappointment and previous habits had induced an air of indifference. Whatever were the attempts at religious culture, on the part of his parents, the soil appears at this time to have been visited by neither sun nor shower, plough nor harrow, sower nor seed And yet, it cannot be supposed that religious culture had been totally neglected, when his father's earlier connection with the Christian pulpit is considered, and the excellent character of his mother is taken into the account. There seemed to be no sense of God resting upon his spirit; no feeling of responsibility for moral conduct; and the hearing

of one of his ears having been partially affected a few years before, through extreme exposure while bathing, a slight degree of stupor occasionally appeared, which did not constitutionally belong to him, and made him seem less sensible to the influence of existing circumstances than he really was.

Two things, probably, contributed to his utter estrangement of soul from religion; one was the result of his father's religious declension, and the other, his absence from the parental roof. Children are quick in detecting the faults of others, and are apt to employ them in self-defence. The pillar that supports a building must be upright; the minister of the sanctuary must be correct in private; the wine, to be good, must retain its flavour; the several duties of religion must be attended to; the sun travels through all the signs of the zodiac; the perfection of each member of the human body rests in its ability to perform its own office—the ear to hear, the eye to see, the foot to walk—a defect is fatal; the time-piece must have all its wheels; the vessel its rudder; the rose its balm and its beauty; the medicine that lacks its principal ingredient, loses more than half its virtue. Thus, although the father of young Hasker retained his position in the family, he had, to a certain extent, lost his authority. This not only slackened his hold of the curb, but the more readily reconciled him to the removal of his son from under his immediate

control; while an escape from the parental roof, where the last remains of domestic authority still lingered around the hearth-stone, was anxiously sought by the wayward, transgressing son, in order that he might indulge, without restraint, those vagrant habits, and that incessant desire for change, of which he was the subject.

Home had long ceased to be with him a rallying point for thought and affection. He had been driven to it by necessity, rather than allured to it from choice. It was merely a harbour of refuge. He had floated, like a weed upon the water, for years; and even now, he had found a resting-place, as to the future, with all the chances of war before him, and all the probabilities, if not the absolute certainty, of being as unsettled as before. However, he had cast anchor, and was now no longer at the beck of his own will, or the call of his companions in vice, but under the control of another power,—a power of which he was compelled to stand in constant awe. Poor fellow! when brought to his "better senses," he has been heard to say, "I have often thought, when things have been going on smoothly in the army, it is well I enlisted as a soldier, for I am better off than when at large." Rigid discipline was his only safety. This induced him to observe, on another occasion, "The army took care of me, when I was unable to take care of myself."

The same apparently indifferent feeling which had marked his previous career, still attended

him, as far as it could be allowed, when he entered the army. He had no thought of advancement; but, like a vessel, placed in a certain position, he remained there till removed by other agency than his own. He acted from necessity, rather than from any inward promptings to excel, or from any desire to lay up a trifle in store for a future day.

He was under drill, one day, in company with others. One or two of the horses leaped a ditch with tolerable ease It was Hasker's turn, next; the Master of the Horse, who knew his subject, exclaimed pleasantly, — "Here comes an old woman." Hasker having adjusted himself in his saddle, put his heels to the horse for a leap, when the animal shied and wheeled round. "I told you how it would be," said the Master. Hasker, who was not enamoured of his new employment, any more than with many others he had attempted, used to tell of this feat of horsemanship in after life. He was rather awkward and stiff in his gait, though erect. He had patience to a certain extent, and no small degree of firmness and fortitude; but he wanted promptitude and flexibility, together with a certain aptitude for quickly seizing upon and mastering a subject. At all events, he was never intended for a military leader. He wanted stability, force, attractiveness.

Notwithstanding his general disinclination to excel, there was a secret leaning to books, though less with a view to mental culture, than the

gratification of his curiosity as to their contents. He wrote a good, easy, business hand; and found it difficult to pass an old book-stall without turning over a few volumes. On one of these occasions, he lingered till he was ashamed to leave without making a purchase. But he was scant of cash. He at length took up a small volume, without looking into its contents, and asked, "What is the price of this?" "Sixpence," was the reply. This was the whole amount of his capital: he laid down the sixpence, put the book into his pocket, and slunk away, upbraiding himself with the purchase of a book of whose character and contents he was ignorant. On reaching his lodgings, he opened the book in hopeless mood, and was not a little puzzled to find out its use. "Stenography!" said he; "what is that?" He threw it down, and there it lay for some time. Curiosity led him again to look into it. But it continued a mere Chinese puzzle to him, till he came to two lines of honest English, which communicated a gleam of light, and seemed to open his way into the author's design, and the use of the book. This gave a spring to his mental energies unknown before; and with unwonted patience and perseverance, he mastered the subject, so far as to be able to write short-hand with considerable facility. In this simple incident—noticed by way of anticipation—we find a hinge on which much that is useful turned in after life. When he became a family man, he taught his

children short-hand; one son was employed on a public journal; and another, with whom he always corresponded in short-hand, became manager of the colonial bank, at Sandhurst, in Australia.

Before stenography had attracted his attention, the mind of young Hasker seems to have been like an oyster enfolded in its shell,—never appearing to go out of itself, nor beyond the present moment. The present comprised his all,—brief, shifting, and unsatisfactory as it was.

CHAPTER III.

Embarks for Ireland—Dundalk—letter to his Father—conviction of sin—conscience—progressive light—gleams of hope—forgiveness of sin—death of his Father—leaves Dundalk—Londonderry—writes to his friends—anxious for their spiritual welfare—separation from God and union with him—goes to Coleraine—the capital of Londonderry.

The troop having lain some time at Nottingham, received orders to march to Northampton, and, subsequently, to embark for Ireland,—occupying different positions for a period of from two to three years, Dundalk being the first temporary station.

Every thread, though but loosely held, which seemed to attach him to home, appears to have snapped on quitting his native soil; and thus an impassable gulph was placed between his relatives and himself. His thoughts shot across that gulph, and yearnings for the home from which he had voluntarily estranged himself, and which now was beyond his reach, came upon him, as upon a newly yeaned child. A touch of tenderness, with compunctuous visitings, sent him in spirit across the Irish Channel in a letter to his father:

"Dundalk Barracks, July 10, 1810.

"Honoured Father,—I take the liberty of writing to you, to request you to send me a line, to let me know how you are. I have not heard from you during the last twelve months; and the last letter I received from you, informed me of your serious illness.—Dear father, if this letter ever meets your eye, let me entreat you, for God's sake, to favour me with an acknowledgement. I hope you will overlook my past misconduct, and leave the punishment of my sins to that God who punishes the wicked: and happy will it be for me, if I suffer in this world only.—Dear father, you are not ignorant of the misery I have experienced, and am still likely to endure. It is probable that we shall have to go abroad; do not, therefore, aggravate my sufferings by silence or reproaches, but send me a line of comfort, forgiveness, and encouragement. That will give me more pleasure than anything else; though I am not without fear, that this letter, like the others I have sent, under various directions, will come to nothing. Should you, however, by the blessing of God, receive this, I hope you will not fail, by return of post, to send me word how to direct to you, how Mary is, and how to direct to John. This will much oblige, your truly penitent and affectionate son,—THOMAS HASKER."

The sealed fountains appeared now to be breaking up. There was penitence, not only towards

man, but towards God. While walking sentry one night, a sense of desolation, combined with a deep conviction of the guilt of sin, oppressed his spirit. Without mother, without an assurance of a father's forgiveness, or even a certainty as to the fact of his being alive;—cut off from friends and relatives, and "without God in the world;"—the feeling receiving a deeper shade from the stillness and darkness of the night, while pacing slowly to and fro, or standing, statue-like, in his box; —O, what a pang of horror! Thought after thought, like step after step, leading him to the brink of a precipice, and urging him onward without hope of escape!—the whole strikingly illustrating the figurative language of Schiller, as descriptive of the position in which he places one of his characters:—"Surrounded by murderers, hemmed in by hissing vipers, riveted to vice by iron fetters, whirling headlong on the frail reed of sin to the gulph of perdition." What feelings for a soldier on duty, amid the lonely, dark, and silent watches of the night! Imagination throwing its sombre and unearthly gleams across the scene, bringing into prominence forms of terror, or ghastly figures flitting past, seen for a moment, and then giving place to others equally grotesque and terrific.

Conscience, which has not unaptly been compared to a clock, occasionally points the hand to the figures without striking, thus *silently* upbraiding, and admonishing by significant action,

rather than by the audible voice. But in Thomas Hasker, conscience had, in this instance, spoken aloud, and with solemn emphasis. He carried the sentence of death within himself,—life was uncertain under the most favourable circumstances,—and the possibility of war rendered military life still more precarious.

The light which shone on this solemn occasion, though direct, appeared to strike and settle only upon one point, that of *actual sin*, the *guilt* of which appeared in all its enormity. It required additional light to enable him to perceive the *depravity* of the heart,—those deeper depths concealed below, from which all actual transgression springs. He had entered the twilight, which is no less a blessing in religion than in nature, and seemed to walk in it for a short space. It has its advantages, in the outset of a religious life. A sudden transition from darkness to light —from midnight into morning, would only tend to dazzle, surprise, if not overpower and blind. Too sudden and too great a glare, would, in all probability, find us either like Peter on the Mount,—overwhelmed with fear; or like Saul on his way to Damascus, when met by our Lord, —smitten with blindness, and fallen to the ground; instead of standing on our feet, and looking around us, like him who saw "men as trees walking,"—thus, by a gradual process, becoming prepared for that stronger light which is calculated to bring out objects in a more perfect

form. The intermediate twilight gradually prepares the eye for the day, and that again for the unveiled glories of the luminary.

Deep as was his distress, and dim as was the light which directed to the cure of all his maladies, there was still a something within which prevented despondency:

"The wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers his way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Grace was now in its infancy, and his power was not equal to his light. On one occasion, a slight provocation brought out an oath. He felt his weakness. The lamp still shone within, and deep distress ensued. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" Like Peter, as frail as himself, and "overtaken" with the same sin, he "went out and wept bitterly." But he was not long without aid. His spiritual wants led him to form an acquaintance with some religious young men, who invited him to accompany them to a prayer-meeting. Here his good desires were cherished, and his resolutions were invigorated. The better to carry his purposes into execution, he rendered a memento of them permanent, by penning them on paper, as a standing rebuke in case of future failure.

Walking sentry again after this, and in the midst of shades as deep as those which enveloped him when conscience spoke so loudly to him, he pondered on his moral and spiritual condition. In the midst of his distress, however, help reached him from an unexpected quarter. Being obliged, after his enlistment, to attend a place of worship on the Sabbath, certain sentiments and forms of expression in "The Book of Common Prayer," owing to frequent repetition, found lodgment in his memory. These he could call to mind with tolerable accuracy; and as he measured his steps backward and forward on his lonely march, more intent on heaven than earth, a passage from the prayer of absolution occurred to him,—"He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel." Amidst the darkness and solitude by which he was surrounded, light and consolation reached him. The voice of HIM who stilled the Gallilean lake was heard, speaking to the "troubled sea" of conscience, and saying, in accents of omnipotence and love,—"PEACE, BE STILL, and suddenly there was a great calm." From that period, for some time at least, he walked in the light of Jehovah's countenance, proceeding on his joyous Christian course, with a heart, like a well-tuned instrument, full of melody unto the Lord.

While at Dundalk, he received intelligence of the death of his father, which made a deep

impression on his heart; and the more so, as no answer appears to have been returned to his letter of July 10: nor has any memorial survived, as to the manner in which his father finished his course. On this subject he felt keenly, from a knowledge of the position his father occupied in early life, and his own recently enlightened views on the verities and importance of personal religion, in connection with the unseen realities of an invisible world.

The troop to which he was attached left Dundalk, Oct. 26, 1810, a few weeks after he had been made a partaker of the consolations of religion. Here he had formed some religious connections; the removal, therefore, was more calculated to depress than to elate. Dundalk itself, though a seaport and borough in Louth, with a good harbour, and a good trade in grain, had but few attractions for him. . . . The troop halted a few days at Londonderry, where he embraced an opportunity of giving vent to his new-born feelings in a letter to his friends at Bosworth:

"Londonderry, Nov. 3, 1810.

"Dear Friends,—I am sure you will be pleased to read this letter, when I inform you that the gospel has not only reached my ears, but also my heart. It has pleased God to awaken me to a sense of my lost condition; and he has gone further, by shewing me that Christ died for my sins. Though under constant trial and temptation,

and compelled to acknowledge that I am sometimes overcome, I am still able to look to God for fresh supplies of grace; and am so far master of my wicked heart and desires, as to overcome all backwardness to divine things, and yield myself up to reading, prayer, and an attendance on the ordinances of religion, in which I find greater pleasure than I ever did before. I am only a young Christian, but beg that you will pray for me, and give me a word of advice.

"There are two of my comrades who are travelling with me on the road to heaven. We are looked upon as the plague and pest of society. No matter; our Divine Master suffered in the same way. The Lord enable me to be faithful to the end, that I may win the crown of glory which he has promised.

"The troop lies at a great distance from the regiment. But I do not wish to trouble you with worldly affairs;—only, to tell you that, through the abundant grace and goodness of God, I enjoy good health.

"Dear Aunt,—do write to John, and warn him; tell him that the wrath of God abideth upon him. I have not heard from him during the last twelve months. Request him to write to me; and join with me in praying for him; and, O! bring up Samuel and Mary in the fear of the Lord. Rest assured you will not lose your reward. If they do not serve the Lord, still you will have delivered your own soul. Remember what

Solomon says,—'Train up a child in the way he should go,' &c.

"Give my love to all friends and relatives. If you are busy, and cannot find time to write, perhaps aunt Mary will do it. I shall be happy to hear from you soon. Should we not meet again in this world, I hope we shall meet again in a better, where parting is unknown. Pardon every defect in this letter, and excuse me for not naming each particular friend. God knows you are all dear to me. To whom else can I now look? My parents are dead; and here I must shed a tear to their memory. Can say no more. Farewell. Yours, &c.,—THOMAS HASKER."

These child-like lispings exhibit right views and feelings, and shew how soon a person taught of God glides into a mode of phraseology sufficiently indicative of his "whereabout" in the divine life. The last broken sentence—"Can say no more"—is something like the smothered utterance of an agonized heart. Memory recalling the image of a deceased father and mother, surrounded with every endearing association, combined with reflections on their fruitless efforts to reclaim him, brought up, from the depths of his soul, a throb of feeling too intense for expression. Poor, wayward Tom! But the haven is at last gained; the promise is fulfilled,—"Ye shall find rest to your soul."

"It is reserved for the gospel of Jesus Christ," says Dr. Chalmers, "to do away terror from the

heart of man, and yet to leave untarnished the holiness of God. It is the atonement made by Christ which solves the mystery, providing at once for the delivery of the sinner and for the dignity of the Sovereign. This is that great transaction by which the broken fellowship of earth and heaven is re-adjusted; and through this, as a free and open communication, can God rejoice, as before, in all kindness over man, and man again place his confidence in God." What is man separated from God,—but a letter separated from its syllable—a cypher from its figure! With God in Christ, he is everything—without him, nothing!

On the 14th of November, the troop marched for Coleraine, where, with the exception of a short interval, it remained till September, 1811.

Londonderry, as the capital of the county, situated on the Foyle, with its wooden bridge 1068 feet in length, its celebrated siege, and the castellated banks of its river, was well calculated to excite interest in the breast of a stranger, brief as might be the sojourn. But all was lost on Hasker. He was taken up with heaven rather than earth. Religion had become his one thing needful.

CHAPTER IV.

Coleraine—visiting the sick—Christmas—soldier's funeral—pious young men—special providence—sudden declension—sympathy—Dr. A. Clarke—hazardous patrols—James Curtis—religious friendship—zeal—reproving sin—persecution—Drogheda—battle of the Boyne—Popery an appeal to the senses—Dublin—St. Paul's inspiration—mysticism—public worship—Abbey-street Methodists—armourer—Maynooth.

THOUGH sparated from those he loved at Dundalk, and who had been of service to him in his Christian course, he was still more highly favoured on his removal to Coleraine. Between thirty and forty years after, he observed to an early friend with whom he had associated there,—"I always thought, and still think, it was God that sent me thither. I was a young convert, and stood in need of sympathy and encouragement: this I found in the blessed company of some excellent young men." Recalling those days, he asks another,—"Tell me; are you not the young man whose grandmother I used to visit, who had been confined to her bed for a period of three years?" adding,—"I remember brother Rodgers very well, and also a pious young woman, whose name I

forget. It distresses me to learn, that brother H—t—n has lost his way." Then turning upon his friend, he says,—"I am glad you talk to the soldiers. How does your class get on? While exhorting others to urge on their way, let them see that we ourselves are on the stretch. You have not forgotten with what spirit we used to sing at Coleraine:

'A few more rising suns at most,
Will land us safe on Canaan's coast.'"

Adverting again to this period of his history, he observes to one of his Irish friends,—"I embrace this opportunity of wishing you, not a 'merry' but a happy Christmas. Merriment is not exactly the thing for us now. It behoves the aged to be sober, grave, &c. When I was a youth, I had what is called, many a merry Christmas; but there was always something to spoil the hilarity. The first really happy Christmas I ever spent was at Coleraine, in 1810. I was then happy in God; and every Christmas since, in the same frame of mind, has been a happy Christmas. On the morning of the day referred to, I heard the charming Kidd preach from—'Unto us a child is born, &c.' There was not a happier man in Ireland than I was. Bless the Lord! I am happy at the recollection of it, though years have passed away. Had I died then, I should have been buried with military honours. A horse would have been led in solemn procession after the coffin, on which would have been laid a sword and belt. Three volleys would have been fired over

my grave. You would have been there—brother Mc. C. would have been there—and others of my young friends would have been there, and would have wept, and cried, 'alas! my brother.' I yearn not after military honours: only let me hear at last, the welome words,—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

"Alas! my brother," was destined to be no imaginary wail; but a real one, drawn forth by other circumstances, and moaned out in muffled accents, from the lips of the same party referred too, not long after. "You ask me," said he, "whether I ever met with a set of young men, equal to those at Coleraine for piety? I repeat, what I have before said—NEVER! and I must ever consider my removal to Coleraine as a special providence of God. I required the united care, example, kindness, emulation, and consolation, of those young men. I was off my guard on one occasion, and got drawn aside by a comrade into a public house, where I became intoxicated, and entertained the company with songs. Instead, however, of expelling me from Christian society, as I expected and merited, my young friends wept over me, prayed with and for me, advised me, and by the grace of God, were the means of recovering and establishing me." This is a beautiful and tender exemplification of brotherly love. —"Ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

The same fine spirit was breathed by the members of the Coleraine Wesleyan Society, when Adam Clarke was one of its juvenile ornaments; though the face of things had changed, when in June 15th, 1832, he recorded, in an epistle to his Mary, in one of his last visits to the place;—"You recollect I used to praise this Coleraine society, as one of the most Methodistical in all our Connexion. But that generation has passed away, and there is scarcely son or daughter left to light the lamp of the Lord, or to keep watch in the city by night. Order and discipline are now wanting." Adam Clarke and Thomas Hasker, had enjoyed the sunshine of that society in its palmy days; both of whom, in subsequent life, gave evidence of the advantage of early Christian nurture.

While at Coleraine, his duty was not only arduous, but often hazardous; being frequently on horseback, night and day, watching the illicit distillers of Innishowen and elsewhere. From these outlaws, the military had as little favour to expect as the excise-officers; nor were they less conspicuous marks by moonlight, or in the dusk of the evening, when within gun-shot, from behind a hedge, or within the shade of a plantation.

In these excursions, he husbanded a little cash, to which extra service entitled him; and this he generously distributed amongst the poor. Another source of income arose from the mechanical knowledge which had been forced upon him in Birmingham, in shifting from one kind of

employment to another. This was now held in requisition and valued. Part of his leisure time was employed in doing little jobs when requested, for which he was remunerated. The proceeds of these labours, also found their way to persons in necessitous circumstances.

In offices of trust he was always safe; and his integrity was more than an equivalent for a want of pushing, bustling activity. He gave an excellent practical illustration of the motto on the seal of Erasmus, which may be rendered—"*Make haste slowly.*" Not but that he could clap spurs to the sides of his horse in an emergency; but there was nothing spasmodic, as has been seen, in his general character.

Portstuart, Portrush, and along the coast, to the Giants' Causeway, Ballymoney, and many other places, intermediate and more remote, were rendered familiar to him, when on patrol.

Among his religious comrades in arms, *James Curtis*, whom he had been the instrument of alluring into christian fellowship, and whose good wife was a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, stood pre-eminent in his affection and esteem. They were closely knit together, and might have mutually, though unknown to each other, have adopted the cautionary advise of an Irish Bishop,—"Be sure to choose a friend you will never be able to hate;" adding, as an inducement,—"though the society may be interrupted, yet love is an immortal thing." The prelate was correct—"Charity

never faileth." It partakes of the eternity of God. Friendship, founded exclusively on worldly principles, though composed of the best elements of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty; but that which is founded on religion, being spiritual, is unchangeable and imperishable. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is, according to Robert Hall, permitted by the benignity of providence to embellish the world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; but that which has religion for its basis, will ere long be transplanted, in order to adorn the paradise of God. Of religious friendship, Thomas Hasker and James Curtis present to the church and to the world, as the sequel will shew, an example of no ordinary character. They were happy to find in each other a watchful guardian of conduct, opinion, and principle. Neither of them were likely to be deluded by such a guide, to slumber with such a voice to inspire, or to be dejected with such a bosom to lean upon. Some of the friendships formed among the young men belonging to the Coleraine society, ran on to the close of life. Among others, Hugh Fisher and Mc. Corneck, may be noticed; and among the Wesleyan Preachers, Hasker adverted especially to the paternal attention he had received from Mr. Tobias; a man of good sense,—of clean, regular habits,—prompt and energetic in action,—tall and slender,

—with a peculiar expression of countenance,—a ready speaker,—and genuinely Irish.

In his efforts to do good, Hasker never shrank from any thing however distasteful, that pressed upon his attention as a duty. He never shunned opportunities of usefulness. Rather than avoid them, he sought them diligently, and has been known to pull his less zealous comrades out of bed in a morning, to attend an early devotional service. Whoever was wanting, he was sure to be by the "way-side," where his Saviour was wont to pass.

He might not always employ "the meekness of wisdom" in the act of reproving sin; but it was never otherwise than evident, that he was seriously in earnest. Success in this, as experience taught him, requires as much skill as tenderness. Not to reprove sin, was to him, next to its sanction. But the duty must be discharged seasonably—be properly timed; and not when a person is angry. When God came to Adam in the garden, to reprove him, it was in the evening —the cool of the day, emblematical of the pacific designs of heaven towards him. The offender should be allowed to cool down into sober reflection. To go to work with him when inflamed with passion, is as impolitic as to pour cold water into a person in a burning fever. On this subject, Hasker had much to learn. Reproof, to be effectual, should always be administered in language the least provoking. "Instructing in meekness," says

the Apostle, "those that oppose themselves." Peter, who had as rough an exterior as Thomas Hasker, told the Jews, that it was by wicked hands they had "crucified the Lord of life and glory," and exhorted them to "repent." But he softened the severity of the rebuke, by telling them, that the "promise was to them and their children;" thus wounding and healing at the same time. Reproof at best, is a bitter pill to swallow, and should have a slight taste of the honey with it. David compared it to oil; as oil softens the joints, a touch of tenderness will molify and soften the obdurate heart Equally necessary is it to shew that the object of reproof is not to lower or prostrate, but to reclaim; like the surgeon, who, in pricking a vein, in order to draw the bad blood from the system, is careful not to cut into an artery. But Hasker's strong detestation of sin, which had wrought in himself such fearful effects, combined with a certain plainness and bluntness of manner, had an occasional tendency to rouse hostile feeling; and besides, to be reproved by a man who had but recently stepped aside, was a little more than the "carnal mind" could endure.

His hostility to sin, therefore, and his unceasing efforts to do good, brought upon him a certain amount of persecution. He had placed his foot upon the head of the serpent, and it would have been a marvel had he not been saluted with its hisses. But the persecution that set

in upon him was not that of the *arm*,—but that of the *tongue*. The crossed halberts and cat-o-nine-tails kept the arm in check; but could not so restrain the tongue. "When men shall revile you and persecute you," is a mode of torture which penetrates the soul, practised by those whose "words are drawn swords." The primitive Christians had "trial of cruel mockings." The slanderer is as active as the reviler: "they laid to my charge things that I knew not." In both of these ways, the subject of the memoir suffered. St. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus. It was a saying of Ambrose, that "every Abel has his Cain." A persecutor is characterised by Ezekiel, as a "pricking briar;" and the church is represented as "a lily among thorns." Some of the "bosom friends" of Hasker, who did not turn to God with him, turned against him. He had to bear up against their taunts, their jibes, their slanders, their rancorous hate. But in looking at his Saviour, he never averted his eye from the sword and the staves; and the "cross" was an essential article in his creed. Whatever were the implements with which he was assailed, whether wit, slander, coarse ribaldry, or what else, he was not to be diverted from his Christian course. His fall increased his diligence and watchfulness; and his fear of again slipping, preserved him from falling. Fear, in this sense, was a guardian angel planted in his soul, always on duty; and, — like the wakeful hare starting at the rustling of a leaf,—

was the means of saving him in the time of danger.

The time at length arrived when he had to leave his friends at Coleraine. Their affection and intelligence had entwined them round the warmest feelings of his heart. The troop marched, as intimated, in September, 1811. Drogheda, in the county Louth, a sea-port and borough, surrounded by a wall with four gates, divided by the river Boyne into two parishes, was the place of destination. Here he was reminded by the past, of the position in which he might yet be placed by his calling. It was near this place that the celebrated battle of the Boyne was fought, in which William III. gained a complete victory over the army of James II., in 1690. And though he anticipated nothing of the kind in Ireland, he knew not, serene as the sky might appear at the time, how soon the muttering thunder might be heard on the Continent of Europe. He took care, however, to be ready for every assault as a Christian; having his loins girt about with truth, his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; he wore the breastplate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation; the sword of the Spirit, was in his hand; and over and above all, he held aloft the shield of faith. Experience had taught him something of the necessity and use of "the whole armour of God," although, "Gurnall's Christian in Complete Armour" had probably never been thrown in his way.

Though he pitied the deluded Roman Catholic, his Protestantism had led him to vow "*No peace with Rome.*" He had the right feeling, but, as yet, he was no adept in controversy. Walking out one day, he saw a person in humble circumstances before him, whom he suspected to be a Romanist; and being anxious to have a little conversation with him, in the hope—should his conjecture be correct, of being of service to him, he commenced, after some introductory remarks, by adverting to the demoralized state of some of his comrades, who were guilty of drunkenness, swearing, licentiousness, and other excesses, although bearing the protestant name. "That's thrue," said the man, in whom the slumbering fires of popery suddenly burst out, "and what's worse than that: they will even go the lengths of ating mate on a Friday." Hasker's gravity was upset; though he concluded, whatever might be the man's notions of abstinence from meats and drinks, that there were many worse things than eating animal food on a Friday. His object had been to gain admission to the man's heart. But, alas! he soon found that he could get no further than the stomach. Popery is a mere appeal to the senses, in its meats, drinks, images, paintings, incense, music, and vestments. No wonder that he should be repulsed at the very entrance.

After stopping some time at Drogheda, the troop received marching orders for Dublin, halting at different places on the route. Had Hasker

possessed a strong passion for sight-seeing, this route would have furnished him with the most ample sources of gratification,—the interest excited only reaching its acme as the troop entered Dublin, the metropolis of the country. Here, his eye wandered over the many objects of interest for which this ancient city is famed;—its castle, the residence of its viceroy,—its park, embracing an area of seven miles,—its bridges, spanning the Liffey,—its national bank, formerly the Parliament-house,—its squares,—its spacious streets,—its law-courts,—its royal exchange,—its custom-house,—its royal hospital,—its barracks,—its college,—its cathedrals,—twelve parish churches,—twenty-seven Roman Catholic chapels,—numerous meeting houses,—four foreign churches,—and a synagogue of the Jews. But these, with the exception of the Wesleyan chapel, were all lost upon Hasker. He was not in a frame of mind for the indulgence of curiosity. The city had no charms for him, excepting so far as the privileges it afforded to aid him in his religious course.

We are here reminded of Paul at Athens. As he walked the streets of one of the most magnificent cities of ancient times,—famed for its heroes, philosophers, poets, historians, orators, and schools, and unrivalled for its sculpture and its temples,—he could only view it in its religious aspect, as a city "wholly given to idolatry." In a country full of the most classic associations,—

beautiful for its skies and its scenery,—a visit to which would have so wrought on the imaginations, the genius, the passions of other men, as to have drawn from them what would have filled volumes with the richest materials for thought and reflection;—the apostle beheld only a wide and melancholy waste of heathenism, over which presided "Lords many, and gods many," and where the true Jehovah was literally, "The Unknown God." Yet this man—Paul, was endowed with a clear and powerful intellect; a mind well cultivated and ripe from the schools of Tarsus and Jerusalem; familiar, also, as his writings indicate, with the productions of the heathen poets; and fully capable of appreciating the excellent in art, as well as the bold, the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful in nature. But "none of these things moved him." He had been "crucified unto the world," and "the world unto him." He had become a denizen of another country—was no longer of the earth, earthy—but, like Caleb, was under the influence of "another spirit." He had but one object in which to glory,—THE CROSS OF CHRIST; but one purpose in which to employ the energies of his mighty intellect,—*the salvation of a world through the death of Jesus.* Fixing his eye only on that altar, with its humiliating inscription of acknowledged ignorance, he commenced his career of apostolic labour and success, in that polished but idolatrous and wicked city. The same spirit

influenced, the same feelings actuated, though, it may be, in a lower measure and a humbler degree, the subject of this memoir. Yes; there is a parallel between the inspiration of Paul the apostle, and the religious feelings of Thomas Hasker the soldier.

Absorbed however, as he was, in the acquisition of experimental religion, he was not one of those who aimed at a sublime spirituality above visible objects and natural feelings, attempting by assiduous prayer, and abstraction from terrestial things, to raise himself to an intellectual contemplation of the Deity, and a sensible communion with him. Had he yielded himself up to that state of calm contemplativeness, and passive abandonment to the Divine will, which is considered by some as the very perfection of wisdom and virtue, he would soon have had the feeling whipped out of him in the army. But though, strictly speaking, not impulsive, he had nothing of the quietism of the French mystics in his nature. Nor does this belong to the genius of Methodism. He connected active piety with a profession of religion; and *grace* with the *means*, —public, private, and social. He saw in Abbey-street Wesleyan Chapel, what deeply impressed the heart of the writer when he officiated there—and the more so as, on that occasion, he was taken by surprise—the congregation rise *en masse*, when the preacher announced the text, resuming their seats on the reading being finished. A

very proper distinction to be marked by a change of attitude. In the *text*, GOD addresses *man*; in the sermon, man addresses his fellow.

In the Abbey-street Wesleyan Society, one of the oldest in Ireland belonging to the community, he found some of the excellent of the earth; and among these, it is reasonable to suppose, many happy hours were spent. Here he had an opportunity of strengthening his piety by their precepts, and his virtues by their example.

It should seem, that somewhere about this period, he acted in the capacity of armourer,—attending to the business of the Armoury, for which he considered himself, and so thought his superiors, much better qualified than for the activities of the field.

From Dublin after some stay there, the troop received orders to march to Maynooth, a town in the county of Kildare; where there is a royal college for students intended for the Romish Church; and also a college for lay students of the same persuasion.

CHAPTER V.

Maynooth—Popery—progress of sin and error—scriptural light—Limerick—Hasker becomes sponsor—embarks for England—Napoleon's flight from Elba—Ostend—Waterloo—the opposing armies—plan of the battle-field—number of soldiers on the field—the ground occupied—opposite systems of Napoleon and Wellington—desperate position of Napoleon—Blucher and the Prussian army—state of the soldiers through heavy rains—commencement of the conflict.

In Maynooth, Popery assumed a more imposing, though not a less repulsive aspect, to the feelings of Hasker, than it had done before. Popery, according to his apprehension, was not to be cured, but uprooted. He was correct. According to the law of continuity, by which, in ascending, we can only rise step by step; so, by the same law, they who descend, must sink, and that, too, with an ever-increasing velocity. No propagation or multiplication is more rapid than that of evil, whether mental or moral, unless it is checked, —nor any growth more certain. He who is "in for a penny," will find, if he does not fly, he is "in for a pound." He had ascertained this by his own experience; having sunk from one degree of moral wretchedness to another, till he

entered the army; and even then, the ferocious animal was only caged; the full power of sin was still felt in the soul, though prevented from breaking out into indecent revolt. So he viewed Popery,—as evil,—only evil,—and that continually;—living under restraint, in a Protestant state, and checked by law.

What he saw, only tended to endear him more and more to Protestantism; and the low state of English Episcopalianism in Ireland linked him the more closely to Methodism. If the descent of evil was rapid, holiness, in its upward course, was still more slow. He dreaded the one, and struggled his way onward to the other; attaching himself to the best persons to whom he could gain access,—constant in his attendance on the means of grace,—and reproving sin wherever he found it.

Though he was not able to enter into the niceties and subtleties of the controversy between Popery and Protestantism, he gathered up some general notions, to which his better scriptural light had helped him, and which he bodied forth in a way that indicated that the subject had occupied his graver thoughts: "Popery will never raise itself above what it has been, any more than Paganism. It may linger on, for a length of time. It attracts the rich, by its pomps and ceremonies; it is so nice to have a priest always at hand to forgive sin in the name of God,—to be favoured with extreme unction at death,—and then to

leave a sum of money for a certain number of masses to relieve the soul from the pains of purgatory! And, as to the poor, they love to ape the rich; and the priest can do for them, by his Latin and his prayers, what the religion of other sects among the Protestants can do for those that trust in outward ceremonies, while living in the neglect of personal holiness. Splendid cathedrals and churches will no more save a Protestant than a Papist. The British and Foreign Bible Society will correct these errors. Popery is founded in ignorance. With the Papist, 'Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion.' The popish priests, with a Bible in the hand of the people, will have to be more learned than they are, to prove satisfactorily that black is white, and white is black." A little schooling in the presence of a popish population, was no disservice to him.

But the troop having fulfilled its military mission at Maynooth, was ordered off to Limerick, the capital of the county of the same name, in the province of Munster, composed of Irish and English, the town of the latter standing on King's Island, formed by the Shannon, which here admits of vessels of five hundred tons to the quays; the two towns being united by a stately bridge. Here, James Curtis had a child born to him, a boy, named Robert, for whom Thomas Hasker stood sponsor;—another fibre to strengthen the cord of friendship which bound them together. Father, mother, and godfather were each found

walking in the fear of the Lord. But the time was at hand when their sojourn in Ireland was to terminate.

The regiment was ordered to embark for England, in the spring of 1815,—taking up quarters soon after, at Northampton. The occasion of this soon appeared. Portentous clouds were gathering, and concentrating themselves on the Continent of Europe, previously to the bursting forth of another storm, Napoleon, who had landed on the island of Elba, May 3, 1814, escaped from captivity, and had his face turned towards France, Feb. 29, 1815; and when the news of his landing reached the continent at Vienna, the potentates there were listening to the French Vaudeville *La Danse Interomque*. He landed at Cannes, near Frêjus, on the 1st of March, 1815, and in one month and four days entered Paris. Within the next three weeks he became aware that his position was one of extreme peril, and that France rather accepted than welcomed him: so, at least, it was thought. At the end of other two months, he was in the field of Waterloo, where the troops of the allies were concentrated.

The regiment to which Thomas Hasker belonged having embarked for the Continent, landed at Ostend. A soldier belonging to one of the regiments, remarks: "When we landed here, we soon found there was work in hand. Swords were to be ground and well pointed, and the frequent inspection of arms, ammunition, camp

equipage, &c., plainly announced that we were about to take the field. The army, soon after our arrival, had, in consequence of a *secret memorandum* issued by the Duke of Wellington to the chief officers in command, drawn closer together, in the probable expectation of an attack. Louis XVIII., with his suit and a train of followers being with us at Ghent, we were not destitute of information." Hasker, referring to the same period and place, observes: "When we landed at Ostend, the rain fell in torrents; and I was shocked, beyond expression, at the horribly blasphemous language used by a dragoon of another regiment respecting this annoyance. In consequence of the rain, and the disorder of disembarking, I had not the opportunity of reporting him, which I should otherwise have done." After leaving Ostend, Ghent, &c., they passed through the Netherlands, on their way to the vicinity of Brussels, and were soon found on the field, in connection with the concentrated part of the English army.* Hasker, together with his bosom friend, James Curtis, and others, met in band, and had meetings for prayer, anxious to

* Many years after this, (Sep. 5, 1858,) when the writer went over this celebrated field, in company with his friend, G. W. Harrison Esq., of Wakefield, accompanied,—maps and plans in hand,—with an old experienced guide, familiar with the positions occupied, and the principal events of the day, Thomas Hasker (then living) was not forgotten; and his "whereabout" in the midst of the action became an object of interest, coupled with the not remote probability, at one time, that the writer himself might have been somewhere contiguous to the spot, as a helper of the faith of the subject of the memoir and

promote each others spiritual welfare. Matters were hastening to a crisis, and the probability of each becoming the victim of death, was as strong as against any of the others of their companions in arms.

Nothing new can be added to the tale of Waterloo. Volumes have been published upon it, and all succeeding writers must be indebted to those who have travelled the ground before. To such as are familiar with little more than the name—and there are not a few of this class, who have sprung up since the freshness of the conflict upon the public mind passed away, and who heed it as little as many other tales of the past, till some circumstance occurs to call particular attention to it,—to such, it is repeated, a few brief remarks may not be uninteresting, and may present all the appearance of novelty.

It appears from the most authentic published accounts, that the English army arrived at its destined position at five o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, at the end of the forest of Soigne. The extremity of the right wing was

his Christian comrades. Having had it impressed upon his heart to offer himself as a missionary, to follow the British army, to preach to as many of the pious soldiers as might be disposed to attend to his ministry, when opportunities of usefulness might invite such efforts; the impression was communicated to the Rev. Walter Griffith, who cordially approved of the offer of services tendered, and purposed, as was expected, to lay the subject before the Missionary Committee. But the hurried movements on the Continent hastened the decisive day; and the last scene of the great drama closing sooner than was anticipated, the proposition remained unfulfilled.

stationed at Merbe Braine. The enclosed country and deep ravines round the village protected the right flank, and rendered it impossible for the enemy to turn it. In the centre of the right was a country house, called Hougoumont, or Gourmont *(le Château de Goumont)*. The house was loop-holed, and strongly occupied; the garden and orchard were lined with light troops, and the wood before the house was maintained by some companies of the guards. The front of the right was thrown back, to avoid a ravine which would have exposed it, and was nearly at right angles with the centre. It consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first of the Netherlands, and was commanded by Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, supported by the Brunswick and Nassau regiments, with the guards under general Cooke on the right, and the division of general Alten on the left. In front was the farm of La Haie Sainte, which was occupied in great force. The road from Genappe to Brussels ran through the middle of the centre division. The left wing, consisting of the divisions of generals Picton, Lambert, and Kempt, extended to the left of La Haie, which it occupied, and the defiles of which protected the extremity of the left, and prevented it from being turned. The cavalry was principally posted in the rear of the left of the centre: and here we have the position of Thomas Hasker.

Separated by a valley, varying from half to three-fourths of a mile in width, were other heights, following the bending of those on which the British army was posted. The advanced guard of the French reached these heights on the evening of the 17th, and some skirmishes took place between the outposts. Napoleon succeeded in bringing up his whole army, in the course of the night, and his numerous artillery, consisting of more than three hundred pieces.

The French army consisted of eighty thousand men; and the Duke of Wellington had not more than sixty-five thousand. The French were the very *élite* of the army; while this was the first campaign which many of Wellington's troops had seen.

The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent, compared with the numbers engaged, in the recollection of military men. The English line did not extend more than a mile and a half in length, and the French line about two miles. This will partly account for the unparalleled losses which each party sustained, and particularly the destruction caused by the artillery.

The leaders were acknowledged to be the best generals of the age. Napoleon is reported often frankly to have confessed, that the Duke was the second general in the world,—reserving, with his characteristic vanity, the first rank for himself. This acknowledgment is stated always to have

been followed by the lamentation, that he never had the good fortune to cross him. When he set out from Paris, to place himself at the head of his troops, almost his last words to some of his friends were, "I am at last going to measure swords with this Wellington, of whom, I have no doubt, I shall be able to give a good account." Wellington had successively vanquished every marshall that had been opposed to him, and now, for the first time, found himself confronted with their Master. Never, in the annals of modern warfare, had two generals of equal reputation met, or two, in the opinion of military men, whose system of tactics was so diametrically opposed. The plan of Napoleon was simple. It resembled that, which, adopted by our naval commanders, has raised the British navy to the pinnacle of glory. The whole weight of his army was concentrated on one point; either where his opponent appeared to be weakest, or where success must be followed, not merely by discomfiture, but by annihilation. Regiments, divisions, whole armies were sacrificed, without hesitation, to accomplish a favourite object. When one body retired in confusion, another was immediately ordered to supply its place. "Forward! Forward!" was the only reply to every intelligence of repulse or reverse; and candour has acknowledged that his calculations were usually correct, and his efforts were generally crowned with success. The system of Wellington, on the other

hand, was to save his men. Never was general more sparing of the blood of his soldiers. He usually awaited the attack of his opponent. No temporary or partial success could delude him to compromise the safety of his army: his eagle eye detected, at a glance, the first error, the first confusion, or indiscretion of the enemy; and, with his characteristic promptitude, he availed himself of the critical moment,—and the day was his own.

For the first time, these renowned generals were opposed. The previous reputation which each had acquired, the kind of rivalry which existed between them, and the almost universal success which had attended their different systems, would prompt them to the exercise of all the resources of their genius. It was not merely for glory that the battle was to be fought; one of those engagements which might be lost or won, without much pending on the campaign. The fate of Europe hung upon the issue of the day. Napoleon was rushing on, with all his accumulated force. It was the last effort of despair. No new levies were at hand to repair his losses. Victory alone could procure him reinforcements; and if severely repulsed in the engagement, he was undone for ever. On the other hand, if success attended him, the enthusiasm of the French would again be enflamed; thousands, tens of thousands, would probably flock to his standard; the country invaded would be obliged to declare

in his favour, and he would be enabled to protract the war till winter closed the campaign. The generals and their troops felt how much depended on the event of the day, and never was a battle more skilfully or bravely fought.

The Duke of Wellington despatched a courier, on the evening of the day preceding the battle, to prince Blucher, stating that he expected to be attacked, and requesting the co-operation of as many divisions of his army as he could spare. The marshal promised to be with him in person; and proposed, that, should the French army decline the combat, the combined English and Prussian troops should become the assailants. Blucher was as good as his word; he was there, and though late in the day, time enough to share in the triumph.

The night previous to the battle was dreadful. An incessant rain fell in torrents. The soldiers were up to their knees in mud, and many of them, particularly the officers, who had not been able to change their ball dresses on leaving Brussels, laid themselves down on this comfortless bed to rise no more. It was Saturday night, —a sorry preparation for the Sabbath, as was the blood and tumult of the succeeding day for the Sabbath which will have no end. In the morning the limbs of many were stiffened by cold and wet, and they were unable to move. Few places could be found sufficiently free from mud to light a fire; and when the fire was lighted, the

storm, which continued to pour pitilessly down, immediately extinguished it. Poor Hasker, his friend Curtis, and others of the same class, suffered with the rest. Both armies experienced the same inconvenience and painful effects of the storm.

As the troops of the respective armies advanced to their positions, Napoleon ascended an observatory a little in the rear, on the highest ground in that part of the country, beyond Hougoumont on the right. From this spot he commanded the whole of both lines. The Duke of Wellington was equally on the alert, and no less observant.

The rain began to abate about nine o'clock on the Sabbath morning; and at eleven the French were in full position, and ready to advance to the attack. The left wing was commanded by Jerome Bonaparte; the centre, by generals Reille and D'Erlon; and the right by Count Lobau. When the formidable forces of the French were all drawn up on the opposite heights, one of the officers of the Duke ventured to express some alarm, and wished that the Prussians were arrived. "The roads are heavy," replied his Grace; "they cannot be here before two or three o'clock, and my brave fellows will keep double that force at bay till then." About eleven the cannonade began, and soon became general through the whole of the line; and in half an hour the French advanced against the chateau of

Hougoumont. Upwards of forty years after this, when the writer visited the spot, the ruins, in many places, remained as the 18th of June, 1815, had left them: trees perforated by musket balls; walls shattered by the artillery; pieces of burnt timber projecting from the buildings, where so many of the wounded were enveloped in flames; and an orchard, not more than four acres in extent, where, in less than half an hour, fifteen hundred men perished in the conflict.

CHAPTER VI.

Hasker in the battle-field—the conflict—defeat—loss of men, &c.—view of the field—Wellington's sympathy—solicitude for the wounded—Hasker conveyed to the hospital at Brussels—sympathy of the citizens—his devotional spirit—revolting character of war—the hospital and its miseries—the Bible—kindness of the surgeon—versification—character, conquests, exile, and death of Napoleon.

HASKER was soon found in the thick of the battle, though not equally prepared for the onset with some of his more fortunate comrades. "You ask me," he observes, in reply to a friend, "about my horse. All I can say, is, he suffered the fortunes of war. He fell with me, and rose again; then fell into the hands of the French, and I saw him no more. He was a poor thing. I never cared what sort of a horse I had, in consequence of which I generally had a poor one." He confessed to his never having been a skilful rider. This has been confirmed by the testimony of the "Master of Horse," while under drill. What he lacked in skill, he made up in hardihood and courage.

The following is his own account, so far as personal history is concerned, while in the field, in actual contact with the enemy:

"On the 18th of June, we were in a position behind a rising ground, which concealed from our view the French army before us, and stood there a considerable time dismounted, with the horses' bridles in our hands. About eleven o'clock the balls came whistling over the hills, occasionally striking one or other of our men and horses. This was Sunday Morning; and I thought how many thousands of my countrymen are at this moment assembled to worship God! About two o'clock we were ordered to mount and ascend the acclivity, sword in hand. There we found the French Cuirassiers cutting down our Infantry. We charged them, on which they turned about and rode off, we following them, and as many as were overtaken were cut down. I observed, however, that many of them on our right flank got behind us, and thus we were at once pursuing and pursued. The regiment then took a direction to the left, and I found myself opposed to one man. We made several ineffectually passes at each other, and he then rode off. I turned to follow the regiment, but had not proceeded far when my horse fell. Before I had well recovered my feet, one of the cuirassiers rode up, and began cutting and slashing at my head with his sword. I soon fell down with my face to the ground. Presently a man rode by and stabbed me with a lance. I turned round, and was then stabbed with a sword, by a man who walked past me. Very soon another

man came up, with a firelock and bayonet, and, raising both his arms, thrust the bayonet (as he thought) into my side near my heart. The coat I had on was not buttoned, but fastened with brass hooks and eyes. Into one of these eyes the point of the bayonet entered, and was thus prevented penetrating my body. One of my fingers was cut off before I fell; and there I lay, bleeding from at least a dozen places, and was soon covered with blood. I was also at that time plundered by the French soldiers of my watch, money, canteen, haversack, and trousers, notwithstanding the balls from the British army were dropping on all sides as I lay there. The fighting went on with murderous effect till night, when I heard the bugles sounding to march, and some dragoon regiment passed over the spot where I lay. After that I saw some fires not far off, and endeavoured to rise, but staggered like a drunken man, and soon fell. The dead and dying lay thick about me. Hearing two men talking very near, I called to them as well as I could to come and help me. They said they could not for a while. Soon after this, two foreigners passed by, to whom I made signs. They came, and, raising me up between them, took me to one of the fires, and brought a surgeon. They afterwards wrapped a cloak about me, and left me there for the night."

Leaving poor Hasker, in the midst of thousands more, and pursuing the general subject,

with two or three additional remarks, it may be observed, that the struggle for the mastery of the field raged with unabated fury till half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when Napoleon despatched a courier to Paris, with the news, that victory was no longer doubtful. The tide, however, soon turned against him. The English army, as well as the Prussian, is reported to have fought with a valour which it was impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the old French Guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments; and at every charge the French cavalry was overthrown by the English cavalry. At half-past four o'clock the decisive moment arrived. Advantage was taken of it. Towards six, other movements were made more favourable. Shortly after half-past seven, though the issue of the battle was still to be settled, a movement near the village of Smonhen, decided the defeat of the enemy, the whole English line advancing, while circumstances favoured the attack formed by the Prussian army. From this time the retreat of the French army became a route, and, in its dreadful confusion, forcing away everything that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was then half-past nine. The field-marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated the march. The French being pursued without

intermission were absolutely disorganized. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacks. In some of the villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of the drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled, or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down, or made prisoners. It being moonlight, the pursuit was the more successful; and the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn fields or the houses. The carriage of Napoleon was taken at Genappe, with various other equipages; the Emperor having escaped on horseback, and in his haste, left his sword and hat. Thus affairs continued till break of day. The enemy retreated through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces of their numerous artillery. Two-thirds of the French army are stated to have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Among the latter were generals Mouton, Duhesme, and Campans. Four hundred and nine cannon, gun-carriages, waggons, howitzers, &c., were taken by the allied army, on the field, exclusive of those taken by the Prussians on the field and in the pursuit. The allied

army lost in men killed, wounded, and missing, 14,426.

What a scene the field of battle presented after the victory! It is stated to have appeared as if the whole military world had been collected together, and that something beyond human strength and ingenuity had been employed to occasion such destruction. The Duke of Wellington returned over the field to Waterloo, and before reaching La Haye Sainte, was obliged to quit the high road, on account of its being completely blocked up with guns and tumbrels, many of which were upset and lying topsy turvy; while the frequent snort of the horses told but too clearly that the ground they trod was studded and strewn with the slain. His Grace, on regaining the high road, was so affected with the cries of the wounded and the moans of the dying as to shed tears, and on his way did not exchange a word with any of his suite, composed only of five persons, one of whom, the late Sir Colin Campbell, was armed with a cuirassier's sword. The Duke was sombre and dejected, as well he might be. Death had had a regular gala day among his Grace's old and well-tried friends, who had followed him in distant climes, as well as through many an arduous and hard fought field. The Duke might have exclaimed with Pyrrhus, "Such another victory, and we are undone!" In writing to the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Aberdeen, the next day, he observed, "The losses

I have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired."

Solicitude for the wounded prompted the Duke to ride back to Brussels, which he had left the night before the sanguinary contest. The assistance of the town authorities was requested, to collect and remove the wounded from the field, to bury the dead, &c., as well as to restore confidence among the population, and allay the extreme excitement which prevailed throughout Belgium. Right nobly did the inhabitants of Brussels respond to the appeal. The clergy, as might be expected, were foremost in their exertions to relieve the dreadful agonies of the sufferers. The highest in rank rivalled the hardier classes in performing the most trying offices for the mangled heroes that afterwards filled the hospitals, and encumbered even many private dwellings.

The Duke having made preparations for the reception of the wounded at Brussels, they were, of course, conveyed thither. Having left Hasker lying on a little straw, by the side of the road, for the night, he may be allowed to pursue his touching narrative. He observes:

"The next day, I was kindly treated by some English soldiers, come to reinforce the army, and was laid, with many more, on some straw, near the road side. The following morning, several of my comrades were dead, and I prevailed on some

one to take the trousers off one of these, which I managed to put on. There was much crying out for water, and some was brought. I requested to be allowed to taste, but finding there was blood in it, I could not drink. In the course of that day, I saw two or three waggons standing, and the wounded men getting upon them. I made an effort, and succeeded in getting upon one of these; and we rode on towards Brussels. The stench from the bodies of men and horses was horrible. We stopped on the way more than once, when some that had died from the shaking of the waggons were pulled off; and others, who had travelled as far as they could, were taken up. At length we reached Brussels, where we met with all the assistance and sympathy which the kindness of ladies could bestow; and from our weak and critical condition, we were in almost as much danger, from the abundance of wine, cakes, and fruit, as we had been from the powder and balls of the enemy."

Throughout the whole of the time he was in the field, and in its vicinity, he was in a purely devotional frame of mind, as attested by a meeting for prayer with his Christian comrades, the night before the engagement. Under the impression that it was a just war—a war against ambition and despotism, he dashed forward in the onset, exclaiming, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" without reflecting, for a moment, how harmlessly his English exclamation would

fall upon a French ear, or how heedlessly it would be regarded in the frenzy of the conflict, if even understood. He remarked to a friend once, "Had my mouth not been filled with blood, and parched with thirst, I could have broken forth into a song of praise. To have been absent from the body at that time, would have been to be present with the Lord."

It is impossible to look upon a military life but with horror; to think of the renowned in arms hacking and slashing at a fallen enemy, plundering and striping him, while yet alive! Compare this with that beautiful lesson of mercy in the parable of the Good Samaritan. "Go thou and do likewise."

To form something like an estimate of the amount of misery experienced in actual conflict, it is as necessary to visit the HOSPITAL as the FIELD. This will be seen in a letter published in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner," from the late Sir Charles Bell, which gives the following harrowing account of his surgical practice on the wounded at the battle of Waterloo:

"July, 1815.

"My dear Horner,—I write this to you, after having been some days at home, engaged in my usual occupations, and consequently disenchanted of the horrors of the battle of Waterloo. I feel relief in this, for certainly if I had written to you from

Brussels, I should have appeared very extravagant. An absolute revolution took place in my economy, body and soul, so that I, who am known to require eight hours' sleep, found first three hours, and then one hour and a half, sufficient, after days of the most painful excitement and bodily exertion.

"After I had been five days engaged with the prosecution of my object, I found that the best cases, that is, the most horrid wounds left totally without assistance, were to be found in the hospital for the French wounded, This hospital was only forming; they were even now bringing these poor creatures in from the woods. It is impossible to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes. What was heart-rending by day, was intolerable at night; and I rose and wrote, at four o'clock in the morning, to the chief surgeon, Gunning, offering to perform the necessary operations upon the French. At six o'clock I took the knife in my hand, and continued incessantly at work till seven in the evening; and so the second day, and again the third day.

"All the decencies of performing surgical operations were soon neglected: while I amputated one man's thigh, there lay, at one time, thirteen, all beseeching to be taken next; one full of entreaty, one calling upon me to remember my promise to take him next, another execrating. It was a strange thing to feel my clothes stiff

with blood, and my arms powerless with the exertion of using the knife; and more extraordinary still, to find my mind calm amidst such variety of suffering; but to give one of these objects access to your feelings was to allow yourself to be unmanned for the performance of a duty. It was less painful to look upon the whole, than to contemplate one object.

"When I first went round the wards of the wounded prisoners, my sensations were very extraordinary. We had everywhere heard of the manner in which these men had fought; nothing could surpass their devotedness. In a long ward, containing fifty, there was no expression of suffering, no one spoke to his neighbour. There was a resentful, sullen rigidness of face, a fierceness in their dark eyes, as they lay half covered in the sheets.

"*Sunday.*—I was interrupted; and now I perceive I was falling into the mistake of attempting to convey to you the feelings which took possession of me amidst the miseries of Brussels. After being eight days among the wounded, I visited the field of battle. The view of the field, the gallant stories, the charges, the individual instances of enterprise and valour, recalled me to the sense which the world has of victory and Waterloo. But this was transient; a gloomy, uncomfortable view of human nature is the inevitable consequence of looking upon the whole as I did, as I was forced to do.

"It is a misfortune to have our sentiments so at variance with the universal sentiment. But there must ever be associated with the honours of Waterloo, to my eyes, the most shocking signs of woe; to my ear, accents of entreaty; outcry from manly breasts, interrupted forcible expressions of the dying, and *noisome smells*. I must show you my note books, for as I took my notes of cases generally by sketching the object of our remarks, it may convey an excuse for this excess of *sentiment*.—Faithfully yours, C. BELL,"

Here, in the midst of these sights, smells, groans, and surgical operations, lay Thomas Hasker, waiting his turn with others. While in the hospital, the surgeon, whose attention he had attracted, shewed him great kindness; asking him if he understood French, and whether he had any books to read? To each question he appended his negative by signs, not being able to speak. He was then asked whether he was wishful to become acquainted with the French language, and what books he would give the preference to. He expressed a wish, after he was able to speak, to learn the French, and of all books he was desirous of being possessed of a Bible. The surgeon was again at his post in the hospital among the sufferers, and finding Hasker asleep, quietly placed a Bible close by his head. When the slumbering, suffering hero, awoke, and found a copy of the Scriptures lying beside him, he could scarcely have felt more—the surprise

was so great, and the boon was so valued—if it had dropped from heaven, or an angel had been commissioned to deposit it there. He expressed his gratitude to his benefactor, who, in addition to other favours, furnished him with lessons, and elementary works, to enable him to acquire a knowledge of the French language, when able to attend to it,—a language with which he familiarized himself through life, both by speaking and writing it. He held fast and close by his Bible; perused it with frequency, with seriousness, with diligence, with self-application. It was his study by day, and his song by night; his companion in solitude and in society; he read it, believed it, loved it. It was the light of his soul, the source of his joy, the ground of his hope, the well out of which he drew the waters of life and salvation.

He bore, through life, a grateful recollection of the attention of his surgical attendant. What are honours paid to the dead, when brought into competition with a compassionate act vouchsafed to the living? In the one, we have an act of fruitless homage rendered to an unconscious being; in the other, the sorrow of the heart is soothed and mitigated. So true are the quaint but expressive words of old Fuller, in his "Pisgah," "A draught in the spring is not to be repaired by a deluge in autumn;" and, "Two drops seasonably showered down, would preserve the green blade from withering, when the rain cannot revive the roots when once withered."

After the subsidence of pain, and when the healing process had fairly set in, he amused himself, occasionally, by stringing together a few rhymes, which, however, never reached to poetry. As to real poetry, he had, in the language of Willmott, "only the use of the left hand:" he was awkward at it. The poetry of some men is to be sought in their prose. But even here, Hasker was deficient; he wanted music; and there is but little "good music," to repair to Fuller again, "without resin," if the violin is to bring it out. Yet his rhyme exceeded the expectation of his medical attendant.

Leaving Hasker, again, for the more general subject, which is full of instruction, a few remarks may be introduced from Dr. Doron, written in his own peculiar style, by way of closing the drama of Waterloo.

"At Waterloo," says the Doctor, "victory deserted Napoleon. Five days after the battle, the Emperor signed his abdication in favour of his son, whom the senate acknowledged as Napoleon II. The unsceptered monarch expressed a desire to be permitted to pass the remainder of his days in England or America. Within a month after the fatal day of Waterloo, he placed himself under the protection of the British flag, on board the 'Belerophon,' Captain Maitland. He was thence transferred to the 'Northumberland,' on board of which vessel he was conveyed to St. Helena, as 'the prisoner of Europe.' He arrived at his last

dwelling-place on the 15th of October. Exactly one year before, he had been playing at cards with his mother, in his little saloon on the island of Elba; and as the illustrious lady was about to rise, after losing the game, her imperial son said to her, laughingly, "Pay your debts, Madam; pay your debts." Since that time, Napoleon had played a more serious game, against a host of adversaries, and had been defeated. The winners called upon him to pay the penalty.

"From the terrible field of Waterloo, to the calm and solitary island in the Atlantic, was a wide step; quickly, however reluctantly, made. The palaces of Francis the First and Louis le Grand, and a lodging in a couple of rooms at Mr. Belcombe's, presented wide contrasts. The extremes were not greater than were to be discovered in the man himself. He who had set the crown on his own head, who had given the law to Europe, who had swept victoriously over so many fields, and had struggled so furiously and ineffectually in the last of them all, was, beneath Mr. Belcombe's roof, willingly dependent upon others, cautious not to disturb the domestic economy, and, as apt as Alcibiades, to adapt himself to circumstances, was 'a child among children.' The hero of Austerlitz, playing at blind-man's buff, and allowing little Miss Belcombe to enjoy all the delight she could find in dropping sealing-wax on one of the fairest hands that ever belonged to a soldier. That soldier, who had in

the space of a few years filled the world with wonder, Europe with ruin, and France with glory and tears, had now before him little more than five years and a half, wherein to meditate upon what he had done, adjust his mantle ere he fell, and finally die with decency. His subjects for meditation were many and heavy. In his brief yet brilliant career, he had surpassed all other conquerors, since Osymandyas, the first warlike king who desolated the earth, or Palamedes of Argos, the first ranger of an army in battle array. No monarch had ever been so stricken as Napoleon, with that fondness for war which has been called by Erasmus 'the malady of princes.' His struggle with England cost us £1,159,000,000. The six Peninsular campaigns cost France, in men, 600,000 lives. The allies did not suffer less. 1,200,000 beings perished in one corner of Europe alone. From this sacrifice of men and money, in a portion only of the unparalleled struggle, may be guessed at what a fearful cost Napoleon had maintained a few years of glory, and covered France, at last, with an invading and triumphant enemy.*

* The Continental struggle cost the nations who were engaged in it £2,699,000,000. Of this, we find £750,000,000 laid at the door of Great Britain. It appears that Napoleon, during the eleven years of his reign, sacrificed 5,490,000 men, which surpasses the number carried off in the civil wars during three centuries. In the last year of his reign, Napoleon levied, independent of the National Guards, 1,300,000, which is more than 100,000 per month. A frightful report to lay before the PRINCE OF PEACE in the day of final reckoning' Had

"There was exasperation mingled with joy, in the captors; there was the bitter sense, the smarting pain of an irrecoverable fall, in the captured. But if there was a pitiable lack of dignity on either side, the chief cause lay, not in the principal parties, but in the subordinates. Napoleon was surrounded by weak, faithful, foolish, and not over-veracious companions in exile. These would not permit him to be resigned to a condition of existence, almost intolerable, indeed, but which was never likely to be ameliorated while such men stood between him and his victors. A wild bison on a lonely prairie, grand and fearful in his solitude, is a spectacle that has its sublimity; but if the monarch of the plains, pricked to it by the stings of the parasitical animals that cling to him, takes to rolling on his back, flinging his hoofs in the air, and lashing his tail in the grass, he simply looks ridiculous in his helplessness. It was just so with Napoleon in his retirement. There was no dignity in it, till he ceased to be influenced by the meddlings of his too officious

Napoleon I. been an Angel of Mercy instead of a Minister of Vengeance, and the human beings thus sacrificed, been so many salvations to life, through the preaching of the Gospel, what a tale they would tell in the day of God! This is a heavy account for any one man to settle at the GREAT AUDIT, without an order from God, grounded on a direct revelation from heaven. True—man is but the agent employed; still, the man that sweeps the streets is a mere scavenger after all that can be said; and the broom in his hand is entitled to as little honour as himself. What amount of honour is due,—to employ the language of Thomas Hasker,—to a wholesale cut-throat?

followers. When he devoted himself to gardening he became as worthy of respect as Caius Valerius Jovius, at Salona.

"His end was as terrific as he had been to others. On the 30th of April, 1821, he was seized with a death-chill, which broke down the strength of both body and intellect. His disturbed mind wandered from the present to the past, or into the future. It was everywhere, save at St. Helena. In this condition he lay, in alternate states of repose, troubled dreams, disturbed waking thoughts, and often pain, till the 5th of May. On that day, he progressively sank, without a rallying symptom. His death-chamber was undisturbed by a sound, save those caused by the emotion of the friends who watched his last moments. The elements without, however, were not so calm. They were at deadly and flashing strife. Such a storm had not thundered over the island for many years; and amid the deluge of its descending rain, the gleaming of its lightnings, and the peal of its batteries of thunder, the once great Napoleon, murmuring the words *Tête d' armee*, passed away to the tribunal whither he had sent millions by his over-reaching ambition."

These extracts may be closed with a brief quotation from Carlyle, whose style is distinguished with peculiarities unknown to that of Dr. Doran. "It is a mortifying thing," he observes, "for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence; how the

kind earth will soon shroud up the bloody foot-prints; and all that he achieved, and skilfully piled together will be his own canvass city of a camp—this evening loud with life—to morrow all struck and vanished, a few earth pits and heaps of straw." What a picture! Farewell, Waterloo. Thomas Hasker has embarked for England.

CHAPTER VII.

Leaves Brussels—arrives at Northampton—friendships—begins to preach—infirmities—connected with the depôt—London—attends the hospital—disappointment—marriage, birth, death—second courtship—early friendship—woman's mission—dress, flirts, and dandies—unhappy marriages—love, in its fickleness and passion—Mrs. Carter—second marriage—coincidences—John Wesley, Jeremy Taylor—dedication to God—gig accident—comfort, in its English meaning—removes to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

On leaving Brussels, he returned to England by way of Antwerp, and was again quartered at Northampton with the regiment, but in the character of a "disabled man." What scenes had he witnessed during the few intervening months, between leaving Northampton in the spring, and re-entering it on the fall of the leaf, —having seen thousands of his fellow creatures in the interim, strewing the field like leaves in autumn! On that field, he left his unfailing friend, James Curtis, whom he still wrapt—though only in memory—in his "Heart of hearts." The widow of Curtis, with her orphan child for whom Hasker had stood sponsor, went into Devonshire to her late husband's paternal home, a farm-house

in the rural districts, where they remained some time, and then took up their abode in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Thomas Hasker, however, had not as yet finished his work, and was left to reflect and care for the widow and orphan.

He had not been a sufficient length of time in Northampton to attach persons to him as friends, on leaving Ireland, having so soon to embark for the continent; but on his return, it was not long before he gathered that class of persons around him, who manifested a concern for his spiritual welfare, and who were requited by friendly attentions in kind.

He had begun, by this time, to occupy the pulpit in some of the smaller Wesleyan chapels, and preached in his regimentals. His bluntness, honesty, and costume, attracted attention, and drew many to hear the word, whose curiosity could only be awakened in this way. It was the day of small and feeble things with the preacher. He had his frailties as a man, as a Christian, as a teacher. But what was he to do? It is of the nature of religion to communicate; and the duty of every Christian man to teach Christianity as far as he knows it. Thomas Hasker had a fire within which would not—constitutionally dull as he was in his movements—allow him to be quiet. Yes, he had his frailties. "There are not many," says the British Moralist—Dr. Johnson, "who can bear the test of close inspection. Their virtues shine upon us at a distance; it is upon a

nearer approach we discover their failings. The distant ground which is adorned with varieties of flowers, seems to be all flower, and to glow with one continued and unmixed lustre; but when near the spot, we shall discover several weeds interspersed amidst a beautiful assemblage of colours." It is the same in the religious, as in the moral world; and the Doctor might have risked a step or two, beyond the moral virtues.

It is repeated,—Thomas Hasker had his frailties, his infirmities—what you please, which hung around him, like those which are seen mixed up with others. His nature, though regenerate, had not been transfigured into that of the Spirit which accompanied him, under whose shadow he walked, and part of whose fruit he bore. He had not reached the summit of Tabor; he was still at the base of the hill, though on the ascent. "This," however, "ought not," as one observes, "to make any heart heavy;" adding, "if we observe the moon on the side not illuminated by the sun, the reflection of the earth causes her to give a fainter light. The luminaries of piety are subject to similar obscurations, even when the Sun of Righteousness sheds over them His divinest splendour. On one side, the world comes between,—temper, pride, ambition,—each casts its little shade, and dims the clear circumference of beauty." Hasker had little to be proud of; he knew it, and felt it. His were not sins, but infirmities,—not blots or blurs, but shadows. He

was sincere, and God accepted the humble, unostentatious offering of his services.

Nor were his infirmities serious obstructions to his internal quiet. True happiness, even in a wordly sense, resides not in abundance, but in few desires, in slumbering passions, and easily provided wants. His religion brought him a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. His was not a religion, to employ the language of an old divine, "that dwelt upon the face and tongue;—that, like a wanton and undressed tree, spends all its juices in suckers and irregular branches—in leaves and gum, and after all such goodly outsides, you never eat an apple,—are never delighted with the beauties, or with the perfumes of a hopeful blossom." No, no; his religion, in the language of the same writer, "was of another constitution; it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a Christian, in charity and justice,—with less of the form and outside of godliness, than of its moral, essential, and useful parts—such as would make him not seem to be—religious."

While at Northampton, he was connected with the Depôt; but he had not been long there before he was transferred to the hospital in London, to attend on the sick; an office for which he was well qualified, owing to his quiet, steady habits, the sympathies which had been awakened in him by the circumstance of himself having been so

recently an inmate of an hospital, and his readiness and ability to speak a word in season to the sick, as well as to engage in prayer with God on their behalf. How often "the right man" is put in "the right place," by an over-ruling providence, without a consciousness on the part of the agents that they are the instruments of completing the merciful designs of heaven!

Having remained in London about the space of one year and a half, he returned to Northampton. He now thought of entering into the marriage state, being discharged from the army, and settled on a pension. But to what point of the compass was he to turn? No one seemed to attract attention, but the widow of his friend, James Curtis. But where was she to be found? and if found, was she disengaged? and if disengaged, would she accept his hand? He made enquiry,—ascertained her address and residence, and wrote; her mother read the letter, and put it into the fire, without allowing her daughter to know anything of the matter. No answer being received, he directed his attention elsewhere; when his acquaintance with a pious young woman, ripened into love, whom he married, after the lapse of two years from the time of his leaving Brussels. The union was agreeable, but brief. She was a wife, a mother, and in the grave, within the space of ten months, dying on the birth of her first child, a girl—leaving him with the helpless infant to mourn her loss.

On his marriage, with the prospect of a family before him, he deemed it prudent, as well as necessary, to add to his pension by some kind of employment, in order to improve his domestic comforts. With a view to this, instead of attempting any of the many occupations he adopted and threw aside in the earlier part of his career, he engaged in the work of a boot block-maker. To this he applied himself, and obtained a humble maintenance; preaching on the Sabbath, and meeting a class in the course of the week. After some time elapsed, his position forced upon him the propriety of a second marriage. A widower! Some one necessary to attend to his domestic concerns! An infant, deprived of the yearnings of a mother's heart, the warmth and sustenance of a mother's breast! Touching circumstances! Poor Hasker, though not made up of exquisite sensibilities, was no stoic. He felt his position. Whither was he to turn? Though wayward in early life, still there was nothing, strictly speaking, of the romantic in his composition. And yet, it is difficult, in this instance, to free him entirely from a touch of romance. His heart, in its vibrations and pulsations, was invariably, like the needle, oscillating northward. He thought of James Curtis; he loved his memory; he thought of his widow; she esteemed him for his piety, in Ireland; and for the interest he had taken in the religious welfare of her husband, as well as his kindly

attentions to him at Waterloo; certain unintentional preparations were thus in silent operation, and all, provided no legal impediments were in the way, seemed to warrant a second application.

He had lost none of his esteem since he last saw the widow of his friend, and she, as has been observed, had lost none of her Christian solicitude for his welfare, or confidence in his integrity. The links of friendship that knit him to the departed might be loosened, but they were not broken. Absence is a powerful agent in unwinding the chain. Silence led to renewed effort. Denial might have paralyzed it. The first letter might have miscarried;—she might be from home;—she might wish to deliberate on the subject. Such suggestions were not unnatural. He wrote again; but the reply shewed little more than that he was listened to as a friend, and respected for his piety,—not altogether accepted as a suitor. Her mother was opposed to his addresses. He sighed over what he deemed indifference on the part of his old friend, when buoyant with the hope of a courteous return. The door seemed to turn upon a rusty hinge; and little remained for him to do, but moralize on the fragile structure which expectation had led him to build, and the weakness of the reed on which he was induced to rest. Another letter produced the desired effect; and every doubt was dissipated. The heart was released from its bondage.

Love has been represented as blind; but the eyes of both, in this case, were open, not to the *perfection*, but to the *consistency* and *sincerity* of each other. Had the Work of the Rev. W. Landels, entitled, "Woman's Sphere and Work Considered in the Light of Scripture," been then before the public, it might have been concluded, that Thomas Hasker had been guided in his choice by it, in his matrimonial selections. Some houses of business, it is remarked, have blocks fashioned like the human form, called lay-figures, employed for the purpose of exhibiting dress. The author referred to, concludes that those females who act as if the purposes of life were to dress gaily and stylishly,—and so convert themselves into mere lay-figures, are not proper help-meets for man; such persons neither understanding nor living up to the dignity of their mission. She does not deserve the name of woman, he further remarks, whose principal recommendation is the costliness or splendour of her dress. The qualities which fit her for being the help-meet of man, are not external, but internal;—the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit. Such qualities, sensible Christian men look for, in a companion for life, and a mother for their children. The reverend author is correct. The things simpering, mincing, strutting, or sailing along the streets, exhibiting every new fashion in cut and colour, with a "wide-a wake" on the one hand, and a brow of brass with

an apology for a bonnet, on the other, are little better than so many moving sign-boards, lay-figures, or show windows, hired by haberdashers, tailors and milliners, to show off the fashions. Persons attracted with mere outward show, furnish proof, that it is not the person, but the dress that is loved. And where such love is given and accepted, it is sure to issue in a disappointment that embitters mutual life. When both wake up, as Mr. Landels properly states, to the discovery that they have no true regard for each other,—that there is nothing in either for which the other really cares,—when the romance of courtship is really gone, and life's dull realities have dissipated the illusion which her appearance produced in him, and his flattery in her—and they both discover how little estimable there is in either, and how little qualified they are to assist each other in fighting life's battles,—alas, how sad to think of the unavailing dissatisfactions and heart burnings, and remorse, which are oftentimes the result of their mutual mistake. Thomas Hasker and his intended furnished a fine contrast to this; and it is for the instruction of others, that the remarks of Mr. Landels—though somewhat digressive—have been introduced.

It is stated in the memoirs of Mrs. Carter, "that she was for half an hour one evening entirely in love with a Dutchman; and that the next morning she took a dose of algebra fasting, which entirely cured her." This is not remarkable. The

short space of time the fit was on, will account for it. But such love, according to an old writer, had not proceeded from the heart to the eyes—and so from eye to eye—again returning to the fountain from which it flowed. The love of Thomas Hasker was combined with religious esteem. He had not only shewn kindness to, but had received many tokens of kindness from, Mrs. Curtis, whom he esteemed for her virtues. His heart was placed upon its object, and he was accepted. In his first marriage, when adverting to it, he said, "I worked, preached, prayed, and was happy." The same is descriptive of what followed.

He went down to Newcastle on his acceptance, where he was married, remained three days, and returned to Northampton with his bride, and her little boy Robert, then seven years of age. Though the union was agreed upon by letter, it was not like a royal marriage, which is a matter of negotiation without the parties having seen each other; or a Moravian one, in which the bride is selected by others than the bridegroom: they had seen, and were known to each other, though years had elapsed between. Certain coincidences characterised this union: the one was a widower, the other a widow;—one had a motherless girl, the other a fatherless boy;—it was the second marriage of each;—both had been connected with the army, and were in the recipt of a pension;—the one became a father to the little boy, the other a mother to the little girl;—the girl grew up to womanhood,

was married to a local-preacher, and had a family; the boy also advanced to maturity, became a family-man, and a preacher of the gospel. It was a union of hearts. They started with the same capital in temporals and spirituals, the same prospects, the same responsibilities; and were resolved to discharge the trust committed to them with fidelity and affection.

They were now fixed in Northampton, with the probability of closing life there. Both were consistent members of the Wesleyan Society. Thomas Hasker looked upon John Wesley, with veneration,—Wesley, whose mind received its earliest impulse of fervid piety from Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," where treating of purity of intention. "Instantly," Wesley observes, "I resolved to dedicate *all* my life to God—all my thoughts and words and actions, being thoroughly convinced there was no medium, but that every part of life must either be a sacrifice to God or myself." The fire of this noble man's consecrated powers continued to burn through life. Thomas Hasker often animated the flame on the altar of his own heart, by reflecting on the untiring zeal, and disinterested efforts of Wesley. Like Wesley, though with humble pretensions, he received the gospel in its love and simplicity;—his conscience was appeased,—the bewildering thought and feelings, of which he sometimes had to come plain, disappeared as the light of the cross continued to fall broad and full on his mind; and he too, had

dedicated himself to God, in the midst of his duties as a member of civil society, in the perpetuated feeling of which dedicatory act he wished to live and die.

He embraced every opportunity, for the purpose of adding to his piety and usefulness. His employment at this time required constant sitting. This had a tendancy to cramp the system, and induced him, now and then, to take a little walking exercise. "In the spring of April 26th, 1826," says he, "I set out from Northampton to Kettering, a distance of twelve miles, to hear the Rev. R. Newton, so famed for his oratory, who had to preach morning and evening. Nature was beginning to dress herself in her best attire The sun gave promise of a fine day. The birds were tuning their pipes. The air was refreshing; and I felt a buoyancy, and elasticity in my step, which delighted me. That nothing might be wanting to contribute to my happiness, I had a favourite French book in my hand, of a lively character, into which I peeped as I went along,—with the anticipation of hearing one of the first pulpit orators of the day at Kettering. On having measured half the distance of the journey, I was overtaken by two of our leading men in a gig, on the same errand as myself. Having hailed each other, I asked, 'have you room for a passenger?' I think I must have lost my bashfulness in the army, if, indeed, I ever had any. They replied, 'We'll see,' when I was taken up between them. The name of one was

Perkins, and that of the other Dunkley, to whom the horse and gig belonged. There I was, in the enjoyment of a soft seat, and an easy conveyance, after a walk of above seven miles, between two respectable gentleman, high in expectation of an oratorical treat. This was too good to last long. On descending a hill, the horse felt the pressure of the harness and the gig, and began to fling up his heels, and plunge with great violence. Mr. D. lost his hold of the reins, and either fell or jumped out. I prepared to follow, when Mr. P. requested me to sit still, and take my chance. We inclined to the left side of the road, where was a ditch; down went the wheel,—snap went the traces,—away flew the horse. I fell headlong into the ditch, and Mr. Perkins was thrown into the hedge, but neither of us (account for it who can) were hurt. I ran to Mr. D.—There he was, with his knee joint dislocated, and his leg broken—the bone protruding through the stocking. I never saw him after this, as far as I can recollect. He had a long illness, and remained lame long after I left Northampton. I was not in a position to visit him in his illness. To this day (1826,) I have never been perfectly reconciled to gigs, though I get into them occasionally. I retain a vivid recollection of the whole affair.

Referring to his residence at Northampton, he remarks; "Here my wife had two children, and here we lived comfortably during a period of seven years."

"Comfortably" was a term in the sense in which Thomas Hasker used it, which implied substantiality. He had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the French language by this time, to shew him, that it does not contain a word to express the same thought. It is a truly English word; and we may infer, that the French are not so much attached to substantial comforts as the people of old England. Every Englishman knows what is meant by being comfortable, or snug, nor can he deny the charge of wishing to be so. An apprenticeship of "seven years" to "Cottage Comforts," forms an important item in the lease of human life. There is in this English disposition, the desire of comfort, a closer connection between it and the religious propensities of the people than may at first appear. Religion, in fact, is that which makes man happy, gives him peace, cheers his spirits, and banishes anxiety, whether it have a reference to this world, or to the next. It is a necessary ingredient in true comfort—the thing to which an Englishman is so partial. Thomas Hasker knew this, and therefore, to be comfortable, he clung to the religion of the Bible, which constituted him so. Contrast the aspect of such a man with that of the infidel. Look at the eye of the latter, and you will find a certain disquietude about it; a nervous, sickly, restlessness; an ill-concealed alarm and anxiety, evincing the comfortless nature of his unhappy principles, proclaiming at the same time, as by the clang of

a trumpet, that Infidelity will never be able to find a permanent home, among a comfort-loving people like the English

He arrived, together with his family, safely in Newcastle, where he was received by the Wesleyans as an accredited member, leader, and local preacher.

We are not to disassociate his comforts from the exercise inseparable from humanity, and the life-struggle of a soldier of the cross. He had these, and he found them pressing so hard upon him, that he found it necessary to leave Northampton. Among the reasons assigned by him for leaving, he enumerated "aching bones, an increase of the number of blockers, a difficulty in pleasing the masters, a reduction of wage," &c. "I shall not find the same advantages possibly elsewhere," but he added, "I shall have others, and have sense to see them."

He left Northampton for Newcastle in June, 1826, by water. The following were some of his reflections on his passage. "I am on board the British Union, Captain Evans. I have with me four children, and my wife is pregnant. Never was I so dependant on God, as at present, as to temporal affairs; and never, perhaps, did I feel more confident, that the Lord will provide. I felt pleased with this opportunity of having my faith tested—certain that, if with renewed zeal, I seek the Lord, I shall lack no good thing. Let me try, for one twelve months, what praying and

working will effect. The Captain and his men appear dissatisfied with their situations, so that discontent meets us both by sea and land. With a comfortable livelihood, I could be content any where; and I bless God, that, June 4th, 1826, I am still in the pursuit of what I have long desired —a happy death."

CHAPTER VIII.

Newcastle — employment — teaches school — despots — the school does not succeed—prayer—confidence—deals in fish—Warkworth—Billingsgate, with its attendants—persecution—commences fishmonger on his own account—the sign-board—inexperience—temper—rules for business—success—habits.

He found himself in Newcastle in the same circumstances as at Northampton, unable, without employment, to support his family with his pension, and still less so as his family was increasing. In looking on the past, and trying to benefit by what he had seen, suffered, or enjoyed, he was now ready to return to his work in the world, with a wiser and truer heart, having been more fully taught that this life is the seed-time, not only for eternity, but for time itself; and that in all our acts, from the simplest to the highest, we are sowing what, though it may appear for a time to die, or just serve the purpose of the passing moment, only dies to be quickened and to bear fruit; experience being, not only a wise instructor, but a rich fruit-bearing tree. Though he intended, at first, to renew his old employment, and obtained work with Mr. Andrew Marshall, he

found he was not able to secure a constancy, and being less remunerative than other branches of the trade, he contemplated some other mode of occupying his time.

A school was suggested, for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic; and to establish himself in this, he opened a place in Byker, a small village about a mile east of Newcastle, close by the site of the old Roman wall. How far—to say nothing of mental qualifications—he was possessed of patience to endure the trying occupation of hearing one urchin after another repeat *a—b—ab*, of hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and to pace, like a horse in a mill, the same dull, dragging round, day after day, is matter of conjecture; it did not, however, lessen his love for children, in whose religious welfare he always felt an interest; and this preserved him from exercising the brutal discipline of the Udals and Busbys, and Bourjers and Parrs, and other less notorious tyrants, who have trodden in their steps, reducing that which ought to be a pleasure, to what old Lily calls—"the wearisome bitterness of the scholar's learning." But whether the defect was in the teacher, the pupil, or a scanty juvenile population, the fact is unquestionable, that the school did not answer.

Equally certain it is, that though there was not much gentleness in his manner, there was nothing of the tyrant in his nature. When Dionysius was driven from the throne, he taught a school.

Cicero sneers at him for engaging in the most creditable of occupations in the time of his adversity: and why? he would have it, that the ex-tyrant did this in order that he might indulge in an oppression over boys which he could no longer exercise over men. This is sufficiently severe, and yet may be perfectly correct. It should be recollected, however, apart from schooling, that the most beneficent liberators have often been the most despotic characters. Luther, when asked what he thought of the election of Charles V. to the empire, answered, that he thought well of it; "The ravens," said he, "must have a kite; the world cannot do without stern governors, by whom they may be ruled." This is said to have been exactly the royal and ruling theory of Miss Seward's grandfather, Dr. Hunter, of whom it is stated, "he never taught a boy in his life: *he* whipped, and *they* learned." In Thomas Hasker's case, it is believed, that a scanty population, poor withal, led to a failure in the attempt to establish a school at Byker.

His own tale is simple and honest: "I taught the school by day, and worked at my old trade for some of the boot-makers of Newcastle after school hours. We put R. Curtis apprentice, being fourteen years of age. But it would not do; the school failed, and we got poorer and poorer. One morning early, I went, as usual, to a well for water, knelt down, and told the Lord all about it; observing, that my clothes were wearing out,—

that I had no prospect of new ones,—that I was His servant, and both He and I should be brought into disgrace." The familiarity of this statement, would be characterized with greater reverence before God, but not with less sincerity. It shews the man. Though the prayer was offered up at the resting-place of the water-carriers, it was not permitted to lie there. It was offered up in sincerity, and heard of afterwards in its answer, to the joy of his heart.

During a vacant day, when the children were not at school, he strolled down to Tynemouth, to enjoy the sea air, after confinement. While walking along the sands, the banks, and the cliffs, in contemplative mood, he thought on his failing school, his straitened circumstances, and the necessity of seeking other employment for a living. His way seemed blocked up; not an opening appeared. Just at that moment, when despair seemed to be setting in with a darkness that might be felt, he raised his heart to God; and like the prophet, in view of herdless stalls and leafless fig-trees, darted his eye across the ocean, which lay before him with its floating millions, and exclaimed, in the desperation of faith, "Why, God can supply me with food out of that sea!" Brave soul! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt, and according to thy faith. Think of the God of the ocean after this.

He stated to Mr. A. Marshall, who was his class leader, the failure of the school. At this

time, Mr. Muir, of Warkworth, who had supplied Newcastle with salmon from the Coquet, whose locks were close by the Hermitage, immortalized by Percy's beautiful ballad of the Hermit, was in want of an agent to sell his fish on the Sand-hill, where he had a stall. He had been much annoyed by a worthless man whom he had employed, and resolved to replace him by a trustworthy person of sober habits. Mr. A. Marshall recommended Thomas Hasker, in whose integrity he had unlimited confidence. Hasker was engaged, and took his stand on Sand-hill.

His engagement was from May to October, and his wage twenty-one shillings per week. He tried it, and gave satisfaction. No wonder; he was honest, and could be depended upon.

The person dismissed was a man after the heart of the "fish-wives." He could bluster, swear, and "take glass about with them." Thomas Hasker belonged to another school, and soon found a "troubled sea" in connection with the article in which he dealt. The sisterhood on Sand-hill, like their elder sisters of Billingsgate, blew a hurricane about his ears; and not being very nice as to the missiles they employed, any more than select in the choice of their words, they occasionally assailed him with such fish as were most likely to hang together, while dealing round their blows, as well as the most likely to soil his clothes. He became the constant object of their jibes, sneers, slanders, and profanity.

They had a commanding advantage over him in their *sex*, and in his personal *piety;* for while he had too much of the heroic dignity of Waterloo in him, to engage in "handicuff" with a female, he had too much religion and personal respect for himself to return evil for evil. The sisterhood, with their predecessors, had enjoyed undisturbed possession of Sand-hill, from time immemorial, and were resolved to secure the monopoly to themselves, in fellowship with kindred spirits. Two or three of the most boisterous were females who had secured large property by their trade, and being generally well primed before the work of annoyance commenced, they were ready, from the potent draughts they had swallowed, to risk a summons before a bench of magistrates; while they found in each, such persons as were regardless of a false oath, provided it would aid a friend.

Hasker's friends, aware of the annoyance he had experienced on Sand-hill, though time had worn off much of its asperity, were desirous of getting him into smooth water. Mr. Thomas Brunting informed him, that Mr. Grainger intended, among other portions of his plan, to build a shop for a fishmonger in Blacket-street; intimating, at the same time, the suitability of the situation for the purpose, and his readiness to use his influence with Mr. Grainger to give him the preference. The way being made clear, he entered upon the premises, on his own account,

in connection with his agency, which he continued to occupy till he gave up business, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Brown, a useful local preacher, who married his daughter by his first wife. His sales, hitherto, were confined to salmon. Of other fish, he had a very imperfect knowledge, confining himself to his own article of sale, and keeping himself sufficiently apart from the stalls of others.

In commencing business in a new place, and more fully on his own ground, a sign-board became necessary. Orders were given for its execution—plain—but in gilt letters. Looking at it when affixed to the front of the house, he was startled, and appeared like a person roused from a reverie. "FISHMONGER!" said he to himself, "Why, I know no more about fish than fish know about me!" appending to the exclamation of surprise,—"What a piece of presumption!" He had dealt only in salmon, as has been observed, for which he had the agency. He now took a wider range, and dealt in some kinds of fish of which he professed to have less knowledge. A gentleman called and gave him an order, having engaged a party to take dinner at his house. When the fish was presented at table, it was not at all to his taste, either as to kind or quality. This gave high offence, and the gentleman embraced the earliest opportunity for firing off a full charge of indignant feeling, telling him that he must be either a fool or a knave for sending

such fish to his house,—either ignorant of his business, or having designed to cheat him. Hasker apologized, stating in plain, frank terms, that he sent the best fish to his knowledge, and that, if there was anything amiss, he [the gentleman] must charge it upon his *ignorance*. This confession was sufficient, and the gentleman, who had candour enough to allow, and intelligence enough to perceive, a difference between *inexperience* and *design*, instantly returned, with a heartiness that did him credit, "You are an *honest man*, and shall have my custom in future;" satisfying himself by making his own selection, till he had full confidence in the knowledge and experience of his dealer, who was soon competent to discern, so to speak, between cod and ling, turbot and sole, together with the quality of each.

Some men would have bristled up for war, on "*knave* or *fool*" being brought so near their own door. But Thomas Hasker, was alive to the fact,—to employ the language of an old writer,—that angry passion is a fire, and angry words are like a breath to fan it, sending out fire, like steel and flint, by mutual collision, instead of receiving the fury and indiscretion of another, like a stone sinking into a bed of moss, and soft compliance. He could speak sharply, not tartly; was rough and honest, not morose; and though rough, not coarse. He was not susceptible of so much impulsive emotion, as to hurry him into indiscretions of temper and language; but was more a man of thought than

of feeling. His convictions were generally deep and clear, and pretty uniformly expressed, but more in the language of reason than emotion.

Having, as will have been perceived, but little experience in the way of selling, except as an agent under the guidance of an employer, and none in the shape of purchasing stock, he had now, being on his own responsibility, to balance between the buyer and the seller, between profit and loss. He carried into business with him, in lieu of experience, integrity and common sense for his guidance. These, however, have been sufficient to conduct many business men of the first class, to a theatre the most noble as to successful enterprise. The rules on which he appears to have proceeded from the first, were; to engage in no business incompatible with the strictest morality, and on which he could not daily crave and expect the blessing of the Most High;—to follow, while master for himself, only one vocation, whatever might be the temptations to the speedy acquisition of wealth by speculation;—to adopt no "tricks in trade," involving deception and untruthfulness, however long sanctioned by custom;—never to incur a debt beyond his own resources, or the strongest probability of discharging it within the appointed time;—always to live within his means;—and to devote a certain portion of his property to charitable and religious purposes, in the church and in the world. These simple rules, graven on the tablet of an honest heart, saved him from the

feverish excitement of speculators and adventurers, secured to him a comfortable competency, and entailed upon him the character of "a fair dealer."—"We started," said he, adverting to his commencement in business, at the close of 1828, "to sell fish in a shop all the year round—a thing that had not been done in Newcastle before. My wife and I worked hard; and God blessed our endeavours. Within the space of seventeen years, we saved upwards of £1000, on the interest of which we lived, after retiring from business." Though the latter part of this statement is somewhat anticipatory of personal history, the way is still open to pursue its thread in the unoccupied space between beginning and closing the transactions of commercial life.

His *habits*, generally speaking, were good; but whether there was a sufficient spring within to bring them into immediate action, and give to them proportionate energy, is questionable. There were four habits which the late Dr. Waugh embodied in his counsels and example, and which he considered essential to the proper management of temporal concerns, viz., punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch; stating that, without the first, time is wasted, and nothing is done properly, as to time and place;—that without the second, mistakes the most hurtful, either to the person himself, or to others, may be committed; that, without the third, nothing can be done well; and, without the fourth, advantageous opportu-

nities are often lost, which cannot be recalled. For punctuality and steadiness, Thomas Hasker could be depended upon; nor less as to accuracy, as far as knowledge and experience extended; but he moved, though steadily, too leisurely for despatch. This was the spring which was lacking—if lacking at all—though with the other three, he was often at the head of men of despatch, who were faulty in other respects.

CHAPTER IX.

Morning prayer-meeting—peculiarities—trials in business—confidence in God—friends and friendship—specimen of preaching — late attendance — provocation, anger, resentment — conscience — economy — thrift—etiquette—little things—unobtrusive good—the business of life—choice of preachers, as to style and matter—heartless, pointless, formal preaching—choice of books—manner, style, and matter.

One thing is highly creditable to him, and that is, his attention to the religious ordinances established in the community to which he belonged. The same diligence characterised him in 1826 as in Ireland in 1810, when he first became decidedly religious. If there was a favourite devotional meeting over others, it was a prayer-meeting held in connection with Brunswick chapel, at seven o'clock in the morning, which had been well attended by some of the choicest spirits belonging to the society for a series of years, among whom Thomas Hasker took his stand on his settlement in Newcastle. Among those whose voices were heard in intercessory prayer, with the constancy of the morning's return, may be named, in addition to the subject of the memoir, Messrs. W. Hails, W. Nesham, I. Spencer, A. Marshall, and

T. Brunting. W. Hails was a strong minded man, an excellent Hebrew scholar, and distinguished himself as a controvertist, in some tracts against Socinianism, and a refutation of the infidel principles found in Volney's Ruin of Empires.

Thomas Hasker, as a member of the Wesleyan society was circumspect in all his movements; as a class-leader, diligent, faithful, and affectionate; and as a local preacher, generally acceptable, and in some places popular. Certain eccentricities, or, say peculiarities of thought and expression, contributed to his popularity, which will receive due attention for the sake of others, as well as for the purpose of illustrating character.

His faith was tested occasionally at the commencement of business. Fish did not float in with the regularity of the tides. "We have had only ten trout and two salmon from Warkworth, this morning. I could only get four shillings for my trouble, the quantity was so small, not forty pounds in all. But I hope we shall do better in the course of the week: indeed, there is no doubt of it." Added to exercises in trade, his hearing was becoming worse. "What a roaring," he exclaims, "there is in my head; I call it music; but it wont do; there is as good music in a steam engine." To this must be appended, a difficulty in obtaining payment from some of his customers for articles sold.

Was he dispirited? Listen to him: "Winter is coming on apace; and if you and I live as we

ought to do, in the exercise of faith and prayer, it will be a happy winter to both, O, the power, the divine, the blessed effects of religion! It turns winter into summer, and night into day. Thank God! this is not an untried theory. I have, ere this, on the coldest winter night, at ten o'clock, walked the streets of Newcastle, with a heavy bag of oysters on my back, as happy as I could be out of heaven." These are not the tones usually heard from fish-dealers; their music is of another sort,—much more discordant to the ear.

He had his friends, and these, as such, bore him up under his struggles. And who so likely to secure friends as the humble, self-denying, large-hearted Christian? His distinguishing qualities are just those which are calculated to make and keep them; while others often choose their friends at random, after which, by slow degrees, they find them out, hold them loosely, and finally part with them lightly, if not cheerfully. There is weight and meaning in the cautionary remark of the prophet Micah, as it regards the friendship of the world—"trust ye not in a friend." Even a sincere friend may have too much laid upon him. When too great a weight is in the superstructure, the pillars beneath give way. Glass is useful, but if pressed too hard it will break, and then we are left to regret our want of prudence and foresight. —"Trust ye not in a friend;" he may prove like the brook to the thirsty traveller, who, on visiting

it in the heat of summer, finds that it has run dry.—"Trust ye not in a friend;" lest you should find him like a broken tooth or a foot out of joint, causing only disappointment and pain. Thomas Hasker was encircled by another class of friends, and had also the prudence to show, by his industry, that he was not disposed to lean too much upon them.

This he followed up, in his own peculiar way, in the pulpit, by leading his hearers to place their confidence alone in God. He was at Kenton, a village a short distance from Newcastle. "You have been preaching." "What was your subject?" "I made some remarks on the fourth and fifth verses of Psalm cxlii." "What was your course of observation?" "To make the subject as practical as possible, I shewed, first, that such was the general apathy of man in reference to his fellow, that to whichsoever 'hand' we turned, no one 'cared' for the 'soul' of another, ver. 4; and, secondly, 'refuge' failing here, every man ought to 'care' for himself, by 'crying' to God for help, who cares for all, and who is the 'refuge and portion' of all, 'in the land of the living,' ver. 5, who put their trust in him."

Being punctual himself in attending to his appointments, he felt a little annoyed, after walking some miles, to find persons, whose residence was in the vicinity of the chapel, interrupting the service by late attendance. One of the most respectable hearers at Fawden was habitually

late. This gentleman, under the impression that his position would screen him from rebuke, stalked up the aisle to his seat, a glove in the one hand, and his hat in the other. Hasker paused, shrugged his shoulder, and rubbed his mouth with his hand—a usual habit with him—and addressing the congregation, as if the offender had neither part nor lot in the matter, said, "There is an old proverb, which is as true as it is old,—'If we are not at worship *before* time, we cannot be there *at* time.'" Then proceeded with the service, as though no interruption had occurred, and the offender belonged to another place.

He had a good sense of the proprieties of life, and when trenched upon, generally felt, though not forward to speak; and he had as little anger or resentment as most men. When provoked—and provocations are strewed in abundance along the path of life—the stronger feelings never appeared in the extreme; and this is no feeble expression of the commanding influence of divine grace. The command of anger, in the esteem of Adam Smith, appears on many occasions, not less generous and noble than fear. The proper expression of just indignation composes many of the most admired passages of ancient and modern eloquence; being nothing but anger properly restrained and attempered for the occasion: but while in the orator it is the result of art, with the Christian it is matter of conscience. It is in mind and morals, as in the

ordinary affairs of civil life, every stitch let down,—may force us to unravel a score. The blustering, noisy passion, which goes beyond this, is always odious and offensive, and is more injurious to ourselves, than the person by whom our anger is stirred. "Be ye angry and sin not," was the principle on which Thomas Hasker acted.

Conscience was carried into little things, as well as the greater concerns of life; and the conscience that is faulty here, is not properly constituted. He was economical from conscience. "I doubt," said he playfully, "whether Queen Victoria is so careful of her income as we are." But though economical, he was not mean. Thrift is one of the best means of thriving. This is a truth that forces itself at once upon the understanding; and few truths are greater favourites with the selfish than, "a pin a day is a groat in the year;" "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But while religion imposes its safe-guards, inordinate desire, in these days of inordinate gains, steps in, and perverts what otherwise is intended for good, and elicits praise. Selfishness will never be satisfied till it has dug every mine, drained every stream, and galloped round the world with the sun. Many are so insensible to the value of a regular increase, however slow, that they will disdainfully dash out, "a fig for your groat!" Still, such maxims, taken in their true spirit, are admirable prudential rules for commerce and

housekeeping. But their usefulness was not limited to the purse by the subject of these pages. That still more valuable portion of his property—his time—stood in equal need of good husbandry. He found that it was only by making much of his minutes, that he could make much of his days and his years. He was industrious, but not hurriedly so.

Though attentive to points of conscience, it is not to be understood that he concerned himself with the little points of etiquette attended to by the educated portion of society. It is by little acts of watchful kindness, in the intercourse of social life, recurring daily and hourly, and which, if sought for, are constantly starting up, that affection is won and preserved, at the trivial expense of a few words, tones, gestures, or agreeable looks. But Hasker was not versed in these courtesies. His manners belonged to patriarchal times, rather than to the nineteenth century. These, in his esteem, were, in many cases, mere superfluities, though not those of naughtiness. His conscious integrity would not allow him to employ them to eke out character. He was straightforward, and nothing beyond that was expected from him; with it, he was always understood and acceptable. He had a strong conviction that many of these little niceties were tainted with hypocrisy, and attended to for the sake of appearance; selfish vanity being at the root, rather than any real regard for the person

addressed. Wisdom has generally its microscope in its hand, whether the wisdom from above or the wisdom from beneath. Hasker's was from above, which led him to the housekeeping of the soul; considering those who attended to etiquette, while neglecting the weightier concerns of religion—"Penny wise, and pound foolish."

He was not negligent, however, of those claims which the world has upon the church, which the irreligious part of the community have upon professing Christians; though not, strictly speaking, a person who reached the heart by obtruding religious conversations on reluctant ears. He effected his purposes generally—not omitting direct addresses—by religious principles embodied in an upright walk, by acts of self-restraint and self-denial, and by disinterested efforts for the temporal and spiritual good of those who had never done him a kindness, and some of whom were but indifferently disposed as to his well-being. Human life was considered by him as a school for heaven, and this was the topic of his illustrations and admonitions to others, when drawn out of himself by—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Every day was a day of business,—a merchandise for heaven as well as earth, and the Christian in his esteem, is expected to offer to God "a chaplet of good works at night." And this task-work of probation is to be done under the light of the Cross. We are not allowed to build beyond the boundary of its shadow. The

Christian is taught to gaze, as a writer observes, into his Master's face, that some beauty of holiness may be reflected on his own.

To his steady adherence to meetings for prayer and Christian fellowship, must be added—so long as he was able to hear—the delight which he took in the ministration of the Word of Life. Here, however, it has to be remarked, that his tastes, his training, and the peculiar construction of his mind, prevented, what some would deem, a due appreciation of the elegancies of the pulpit. He had no patience with men of merely polished diction,—"men who delight in finely balanced periods, artful interrogation, and sharp antithesis, with all the varied yet harmonious symmetry of style." Even among the Apostles, the style of Peter and of Jude suited him much better than that of Paul. The tempestuous energy of old Henry Smith, of Elizabethan memory, was more to his taste than the polished elegance of John Foster or Robert Hall;—John Bunyan pleased him better than John Howe;—the sententious Thomas Watson, of Walbrook, than the parenthetical Jeremy Taylor, with all his brilliancies. The famous "Billy Dawson," without the graces of composition, would, by a single pulpit effort, have furnished him with thinking material for a dozen sermons, enabling him to pile thought upon thought, while more polished shafts would have missed their aim, and left him untouched. They were not dainties that met his

spiritual tastes and requirements, but the substantialities of old English fare.

This, as in other cases, determined him in his choice of preachers. Some of the officials belonging to the Newcastle circuit agreed to invite a preacher to labour among them, who, in their esteem, was likely to suit the people. A few of the friends, for the sake of promoting harmony at the quarterly board, were convened together, to converse on the subject. "Well, friend Hasker," said one, "let us have your opinion: are you satisfied with the man of our choice?" Pausing a moment, he replied, "opinion is one thing, and satisfaction is another. If a soldier were tied to the halberts, and sentenced to receive a certain number of lashes, half-a-dozen strokes would be quite sufficient to *satisfy* him, without the remotest wish to receive, much less to ask, for the full compliment." The illustration, in this case, embodied his *opinion;* expressive of a fear of unsuitability;—that though a few of the earliest pulpit exhibitions might tell, a doubt was entertained whether, at the end of the year, the congregations would be so far *satisfied* with his services, as to solicit their continuance a second year. The question with him, combined with personal piety, was, "Will he wear well? has he good working material?"

He knew that preachers were to be found, popular to a certain extent, who made no painful demand upon the attention, in consequence of

their meaning always lying on the surface. By giving no trouble, such preachers, of course, excite no emotion; their imagery, as A. Willmott observes, is trite, and their thoughts never concentrate into emphasis; they have no crisis in their argument; a sedate formality, and a calm monotony of good sense, pervade the whole. Such men, by the same writer, have been compared to the *pailing* that encircles a park, instead of the *park* itself; decent—even—and, to all appearance, useful, but entirely on the outside of nature. These were preachers who neither met the taste nor judgment of Thomas Hasker. How could they? They are next to useless in the church of God, whether for rousing the attention and conscience of the sinner, or feeding the flock of Christ with "knowledge and understanding;"—mere "drones in the hive;"—daggers without points, swords without an edge, fire-arms without ball;—they make no incision—never wound the conscience—never reach the heart. For all practical purposes, they are next to useless; they do not even merit the title of PAILING. They shew the people their duty, it is true; but it is without awakening attention to its performance; always formal and uninteresting,—without invention or dignity,—neither expanding old thoughts nor suggesting new. But though he could not relish anything short of a sound, earnest, rousing, pointed, encouraging, experimental, and practical ministry, he was not one who com-

plained, and sought to excite prejudice in others; what he could not profit by in one, he silently sought in another, leaving others to select for themselves, and guarding, at the same time, against bringing upon himself the obloquy attached to a mere "sermon-hunter."

Books were met and disposed of somewhat in the same way as preachers. Booksellers have been quaintly denominated the midwives of literature, because of the manner in which they perform their office, the healthy or sickly state of the literature in which they deal, and from the circumstance of their being amenable to the public for the manner in which they perform their functions. Old books neglected by others, were Thomas Hasker's medals and treasures; and though he lacked skill to impart grace to a rude outline, or brilliancy to a faded colour, he could dash in some strong masses of light and shade, which often produced startling effects in the pulpit. "A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and cherished up on purpose to a life beyond life." Such was the value Thomas Hasker placed upon Milton's own works.

To portray him as a preacher, would be no easy task. There was no spontaneous bloom; no great fertility seemed to appear in the furrow turned up by his plough. Still, there was something to be seen, felt, and dwelt upon. He was not one of those discursive guides, so to speak,

who take a spectator to different points of view, bringing things out with a more gay and diversified lustre, according to the scenery, in sun or shadow. He never took his hearers round and round about, without carrying them forward. His views were as little decked with flowers as his roads were Macadamised. His hearers were more disposed for delay, than to be hurried on; to linger among the homely truths presented to them. Though not always clear, and laying no claim to a polished style, yet occasional fire was emitted from the gloom, and language kindled into that which superior minds would not be ashamed to utter. At other times, he was more eloquent in thought than word, leaving an impression that treasure was near. His value, as a preacher, was felt by serious hearers, like a walk into a plain farming district, after an escape from "a gaudy display of flower pots and shrubberies, trimly cut yews, embowered walks, and statued terraces; being adapted to minds of a picturesque and meditative nature." There was construction, but no embellishment; an evident outlay of reading and thought. Nowhere is there greater variety than in the pulpit. Some have finish, but lack execution. Others hesitate, like "persons writing under the cramp in the hand." The eye of genius seems to lose its brightness in watching. There was no ostentation of words in Thomas Hasker. His words were, generally, plain, simple, and "fitly spoken;" often

terse and sententious, with now and then an iron nerve about his manner and address, together with occasional flashes of thought that were startling, and broke upon his hearers like a peal of thunder. Yet with all this startling boldness, there was kindness.

The divisions and sub-divisions of his sermons were known by their *matter* rather than by any distinct jingling announcement of *numbers*. His sentences were generally short, sometimes rough —terse— pointed— and, now and then, earnest rather than impassioned; the whole address being fused and blended into something like cohesion and strength, by his own faith, and a touch or two of imagination. He took human nature as he found it, without looking for beauties; and his address, thrown into something like harmony— aiming at one end—the benefit of his hearers, yet when taken to pieces, appeared—simply understood as compositions, like the pictures of some artists,—draughts previously taken from scattered scenes and prospects, more picturesque than lovely or beautiful in character. Hence it was, that they struck from their peculiarity, without at all courting or expecting admiration.

He was generally *practical*—referring particularly to conduct,—to those actions which are inspired by a wholesome creed: and when not on practice, he was rather *experimental* than *doctrinal*. His power was over the conscience and the understanding, rather than the affections;—prompting

to duty, rather than raising to ecstacy. He often roughened into grotesque thoughts and epithets, though he had no wing for upward flight. His skill did not lie so much in unlocking the treasures of others, as in slipping off with a pure ingot of gold, and adding it to his own stores, in order to enrich himself and his hearers. He never enriched the understanding, however, at the expense of the heart. Though not stirring, he did not loose sight of the emotional; the feelings were regarded, imagination was cherished, curiosity was attracted, attention was kept up. There was no magisterial air to shut out sympathy. He was always on the floor with his hearers and brethren —the same after property was acquired, as before.

From what has been stated, it is manifest, that he could not, in the language of Pascal, take thoughts from others of a sickly and a faint blossom, from their native bed, and make them more verdant and blooming by transplanting them, and using them for his own purposes. They would require a kindlier soil and a sunnier climate than Thomas Hasker could command, to effect the change. Soldier as he was, and drilled as he had been, he never properly understood the military discipline of his thoughts. He knew but little of the rigid accuracy of grammatical rules. He had light enough, however, to perceive, and heart enough to condemn, that bloodless preaching which is acquired by the undigested perusal of books, without any apparent sanctity of spirit.

CHAPTER X.

Local preachers—their number, labours, and importance —preaching—Proverbs—love of—Blunt and Trench's works—Proverbs defined—various kinds—Proverbs of Solomon—Stainlaw's Maxims—King Charles' Golden Rules—War—address to his children—old age—Joseph Hall—writing sermons—embarassment in pulpit preparations—Wesleyan Conference —diligence.

As a local preacher, he belonged to a class of the most useful members of the Christian church, apart from the regularly established ministry. The following remarks, taken from the Report of the "Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association," for 1858, will "show the amount of labour performed by these men of God, and how deeply the connexion, our country, and the world at large, are indebted to such unpaid labourers in their Master's work, and ought to act as a stimulus to induce all true Christian philanthropists to endeavour to assist them in the season of affliction and in the decline of life. Especially when it is borne in mind that the extra labour, both of body and soul, their constant exposure to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and the long walks they have to take in the dark wet nights, after

being heated by preaching in crowded rooms and chapels, tend to destroy health and shorten life.

"Their labours cannot be estimated with precision; but we may give a statement regarding one circuit as a specimen of the whole. If we multiply that by the number of circuits in Great Britain, we shall be able to arrive at something like an average of the work done each Sabbath, and also during the year. In the circuit to which we shall refer, there were, at the time we have selected for illustration, thirty preaching places. The nearest is one mile, the most distant ten miles from the circuit town. On each Sunday, fifty-seven sermons must be preached. This requires, on an average, one hundred and sixty miles of travelling, or some of the congregations must be disappointed. How is the work to be accomplished? Of preachers sent by the Conference there are four, and of those resident in the locality fifty-four. Twenty-six of the latter, therefore, are required every Sunday, in addition to the former, and they must preach forty-eight sermons and travel one hundred and forty miles. Thus, we have the labours of the local preachers of one circuit. But we have in Great Britain 460 circuits, the local ministers preach 22,080 sermons, and travel 64,400 miles every Lord's day. Multiply this weekly labour by fifty-two, the number of Sabbaths in the year, and we shall have the following totals: sermons, 1,148,160; miles, 3,340,000." Certainly, men who perform

such Herculean labours as these without fee or reward, are worthy of all honour, and richly merit at the hands of the Church liberal support in the decline of life.

At missionary, Sabbath school, and other meetings, T. Hasker was always ready to give an address. On some of these occasions he was asked to mingle his remarks with a spice of personal history. Yielding to the solicitations of the friends at a social meeting, he dwelt particularly on his strong reliance on the providence of God, and the returns he had experienced for the confidence he had exercised. Dwelling on early privations and wretchedness, and then tracking his steps in the path in which providence had led him in later life, he generally closed with a gush of grateful feeling.

His sermons were never long and tedious. On one occasion he was in danger of being too short. He had drawn up a general plan, and concluded that there would be sufficient matter to occupy the usual time allotted for a sermon. When he had gone through the first part, his memory, though not often at fault, failed him; and looking for the second in his mental repository, it was not forthcoming. He felt a little embarassed, but finished off with a sentence or two, to take away any apparent abruptness; and proceeded with the hymn. He had only advanced a short way in singing, when the second part of his sermon occurred, which he had not announced

at the commencement, according to modern custom; and taking his watch out of his pocket, as a cover for his failure; he said, "O, I see we have a little time on hand yet, which will allow something more to be said on the text;" so saying, he laid aside the hymn book, and brought up the rear of his thoughts, his hearers being left to put their own construction upon it, whether to interpret it as matter of choice or matter of necessity, designed or accidental. Being capable, however, of an eccentric move of this kind, it passed off without observation; and was, to say the least, an act of adroitness which not many would have had the presence of mind to resort to.

One thing which led to the *practical* character of his ministrations, was his more than usual attention to the PROVERBS of Solomon, on which he often grounded his pulpit addresses, and which exercised a considerable influence on both his thinking and his style. He did not extend this love of the proverbial to the proverbs of France, Spain, Italy, Greece, or those of the oriental nations generally, further than some of them might be incorporated in those of our own; nor did he render himself acquainted with Professor Blunt's "Treatise on Proverbs," or "Trench's Proverbs and their Lessons." He found delight and instruction sufficient on the subject in those ascribed to Solomon. The two writers noticed, however, omitting others, would have imparted a stronger relish for the subject.

Trench's book is properly characterised as occupying in ordinary literature, the same place that the proverb on which it treats occupies in ordinary composition—shortness, sense, and salt—which it possessed from the first; and it now possesses the fourth and only remaining qualification, which is popularity. The subjects of Professor Blunt's persuasive pen are almost exclusively theological and ecclesiastical. His connection with proverbs is not considered that of the *litterateur*, who tells you how a tool was originally *invented*, but that of the *artist*, who *uses* it.

In his taste for proverbs, we have proof of his good sense. What is their character and object? The Hebrews understood the term proverb, as signifying to *rule* or *govern;* denoting a set or collection of weighty, wise, and therefore authoritative sayings, by which a man's whole conduct, civil and religious, is to be governed; sayings containing rules for the government of life. Thomas Hasker had a key to this definition in Proverbs 1, 2, 3, 4.—"To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to the simple, to the young men knowledge and discretion."

He did not, however, enter into the various niceties connected with proverbs—as adages, aphorisms, apophthegms, maxims, sayings, etc. which, though slightly differing from each other in some

cases, are classified by our Lexiographers among English synonymes. He took the term in the sense in which it is generally understood, as embracing the sayings of wise men, who were accustomed to teach precepts of virtue and wisdom, by short sentences—sometimes expressed in plain and proper terms,—sometimes in those which were obscure, figurative, and enigmatical,—sometimes accompanied with profound, as well as acute sense, the more deeply to imprint them on the mind,—and rendered so portable by their brevity as to be easily carried about in the memory.—Those proverbs especially, which had a touch of quaintness about them, interested him most, and he not unfrequently grounded equally quaint, yet pertinent, observations upon them.

Every civilized nation is known to have a vast stock of accredited proverbs, and any attempt to trace them separately to their respective sources, is deemed as vain as to search for the title-deed of each particular field in an ancient inheritance, or the channel in which each particular guinea found its way into the miser's hoard. Many of them are foundlings which the common sense of the country has taken up and adopted.

The question, whether the proverbs, under the name of Solomon, were all made at the same time —are the work of different writers—and have been collected by various hands, did not enter into his enquiries. He knew that it is not stated that Solomon *wrote* them, but that he *spoke* them; that

the sum total has been delivered to man by divine inspiration; and that whoever might have been the original writers of the distinct parts—whether collected by Isaiah, Hilkiah, or Shebna the Scribe, the DIVINE SPIRIT has made them all His own, by handing them down to us in the form in which we find them. Here Thomas Hasker cast anchor, when he accepted the Bible as the word of God; and afterwards made many a successful voyage, through these, on his way to the *interior* of "The Isle of Mann."

Such maxims as are to be found in Stainslaus' "Traits of Moral Courage for Every-day Life," are what he would have delighted in; as—"have the courage to pay your debts at once;—do without what you do not need;—know when to speak, and when to be silent;—set down every penny you spend, and look at the sum total weekly;—pass your host's lackey without giving him a shilling, when you cannot afford it, and more especially when he has not earned it;—acknowledge that you are poor;—confess a fault;—keep to a resolution when it is a good one;—make no secret of your age;—make your will—a *just* one;—face difficulties, which are often like thieves, and run away if you only look at them;—avoid accommodation bills;—refrain from borrowing money even from your dearest friend;—be suspicious of projects promising large interest;—tell a man why you wont, rather than that you can't lend him money;—enchance every gift by making it at *some*

sacrifice;—wear old clothes till you can afford to pay for new;—openly obey God in spite of the ridicule of man," etc. These rules are as practical in their use, as the "Golden Rules of King Charles;" and these and such like, were agreeable to the taste, as well as what recommended themselves to the judgement of Thomas Hasker.

He was much more pleased with the better portion of the maxims of royalty and nobility, than with their practice, especially those deeds, which arose from their passion for war, having had a taste of the field, and of which he entertained the most degrading views; speaking of it, when adverting to the subject, in such a way as to excite only an abhorrence of the system.

He was at West-Moor, preaching, when a good woman shook hands with him. "Why said he," you have lost a finger. How did you come by that?" "I lost it," she replied, "in the harvest field, when shearing." "Ah! said he," you were better employed than I was, when I lost mine: I was engaged in *cutting men's throats*, when mine was cut off." "CUT-THROATS!" How revolting the term? And yet, this was the view he took of military life; a view sufficient to constitute him a member of the "Peace Society."

He had a happy method of improving even ordinary subjects, as the following address to his children will show.

"Another week has elapsed, and turned up nothing new, as to outward circumstances. A dull

uniformity prevails. And yet to the eye of reason, various things press upon our notice. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. What does the day say! look around —above—beneath—every where God is seen. Prepare to meet Him. Every moment we are either pleasing or displeasing Him. Character and dealings for eternity, are forming a record, which is regularly kept. The day, reason, revelation—each says 'haste, be ready!' And what says the night? Look out, look up,—yes, overhead—where is the infinite profound, with its greater and lesser lights—bright, silent, rolling, beaming, hurled forth by the hand of God—each declaring His glory. And now retire and seek repose on a bed which He has provided for thee, humbly and confidently committing thyself to the care of One that neither sleeps nor slumbers. To the intelligent and devout, there is no day so dull, no night so dark, but yields instruction, consolation, and hope. 'Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.'

'Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die.'

Poor, fallen, fellow-men; Let us, my dear children, pray for them, that repentance may visit them; but let us have nothing in common with them—bear no resemblance to them.

"Whenever you meet an old man, make a study of him. He may have something objectionable

in his appearance. Never heed. Approach him. Ingratiate yourself a little into his favor, question him, pump, catechise, get into his history. You will learn something—If we be unable to cure any evil that annoys, still, here is a lesson—'He is but a picture of what we might have been.' But there is another grey head quite the reverse. We admire his temper, his character, his smiling face, etc. We again draw nigh; but from what motives, and in what spirit? we ask, pump, quiz, mark, learn, digest, etc. What then. Go to yonder death-bed. We find him happy; we wonder—we surmise; he was a happy old man before he reached his couch;—inquiry is pushed a little further, and he is found to have been a happy young man. Wonder ceases. The tree was planted in youth, and we have fruit in old age. O my dear children, this is for you. Be instructed. We are ever learning, and may hope to come to a knowledge of the truth. The commandment is exceeding broad. We are defective at best. We cannot do without Christ. Our fine performances will avail us nothing. It is through faith in the blood of Christ, that we are saved."

One, among his other excellencies, was his patient toil. He was always ready to oblige his local brethren, and to supply a vacant pulpit; not from any sense of self sufficiency, but from the fact of his heart being in the work. A local preacher seeing him in the chapel at Tynemouth one morning, said to him, after service, "You must

preach for me in the evening." He replied promptly, "I will, if you will take tea with me at my lodgings." It was agreed. He requested his friend to look out Hymns for the service. "What Hymns do you wish me to select? was the enquiry. "O any you please," he replied, "if they only refer to JESUS." This was his favourite theme, when not occupied with the Proverbs of the Hebrew Monarch.

He could take the pulpit on as short a notice as most of his brethren in the same position as himself. Joseph Hall, afterwards of Norwich, tells us, that he preached three times in a week at Waltham, without ever venturing to climb the pulpit, till he had previously penned every word in the same order in which he hoped to deliver it. Hasker often wrote his addresses in short hand; but he was not slavishly bound to them. He "listed not," like Hall, "to be the slave of syllables." To persons who enjoy a lively faculty of verbal retention, the task may not be very severe; but to persons of weaker memory, it entails great toil. His stiffness was forgotten in his good, rough sense, and his evident intention to do the people good. His friend Mr Armstrong, being unable to take his regular appointment, asked him to supply his place. The latter being jaded in consequence of previous harassing toil, hesitated; Mr. A. pressed him: "Well," said Hasker, "you may go; I will take it; but I am so tired, that I must lie down, and either sleep or think about

a subject." This would not have done for Joseph Hall, of whose powers Hasker had scarcely a tithe.

But his very lack of the intellectuality and treasurers of such men, led him to tread the ground with comparative firmness, which they would have footed with caution and trepidation; perceiving so much the more clearly than himself the importance of the work to be entered upon; nor less the qualifications and preparations necessary, in order to its accomplishment.

He was not, however, without his occasional embarrassments, as to fitting subjects, owing to the pressure of business. He had to preach at Fawdon, and was at a loss to fix on either text or subject. He concluded on an exhortation, in order to which he read a few verses, to give himself latitude. All was in the rough; but he warmed as he proceeded, and his hearers, from the pith and point thrown into what he said, threw aside the rough rind, which was neither too thick nor too tough for handling, and found their way to the kernel, in which they found nutricious food, being as well satisfied as they would have been, if he had dealt out the more formal materials of a sermon. Not quite satisfied with himself, and desirous of improving the devotional feeling of the occasion, he directed his attention towards a good man, who was somewhat more select in expression and sentiment than others of his brethren, saying—"Let us have one of your nice prayers, brother Wilkinson:" a request put in

such a form by another than the preacher, and to another than the good man in question, would have been offensive: but they knew each other, could bear with each other, and the service was acceptable to the people.

The Wesleyan Conference, for the first time, was held in the north, in 1840, and had its sittings at Newcastle. The Rev. John Hanwell took his meals at Mr. Hasker's, and rendered himself agreeable by his plain manners, coupled with a fund of useful anecdote. He slept at the house of another friend. The Rev. John Knowles, a man somewhat stiff in his manners, but well read, of strong sense and orderly habits, both lodged and boarded in the family. In consequence of Mr. Hasker's deafness increasing, his enjoyment both of his guests and of the Conference was in some measure abridged.

What he lost in hearing, he contrived to make up by reading and writing; "Had you been on the road," said he, referring to his walks and his habits, "you would have seen me with spectacles on my nose, the 'Night Thoughts' in my hand, and various other thoughts in my head; then again, like a person thoughtful and serious at class, or in a lovefeast." Next, dropping on business,—"Nothing from Blyth, to day, and nothing in the market to suit, except salmon, of which I got a little;" thus looking to both worlds, to soul and body—grace in the heart, as well as a silver lining for the purse. Nor was he forgetful of

friends at a distance, with whom he maintained a free correspondence for mutual benefit, exclaiming,—"Thanks to the whigs and reformers; friends at the greatest distance, can hear from each other at the small cost of a penny!" In this way he attended to business, enriched his mind, and cherished his better feelings; saying in reference to the latter, "I have traversed the streets of Newcastle with a heavy load of oysters on my back as happy as I could be out of heaven."

CHAPTER XI.

Retires from business—advantages of labour—Saturday night—contentment—accident—loss of hearing—silence of Nature in its operations—conversation—the way to meet physical defects—touching incident in Dr. Kitto's Life—total deafness—friends—correspondence—lack of pastoral care—a backslider—politics—personal experience—Cowper.

In 1844, he retired from business, with a modest competency, which, while it shewed the blessing of God on the industry that preceded, was equally expressive of his freedom from the "greed of lucre," by leaving him, after rearing his family,—with an independence which could only be maintained by frugality. Still, as in other cases, the change was a crisis in his history; nor can it be otherwise. The man whose circumstances oblige him to be constantly employed to procure the necessaries of life and support his family, is little aware of the unhappiness he prays for, when he solicits wealth and ease. To be constantly employed in a lawful vocation, is to be happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and entered upon a life of ease, find, to their cost, that they soon waste away for want of employment, and invite the

grave. Thousands among these retired "do-nothings" would have been a blessing to the world, and have added to the common stock of human happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earn, by unassuming industry, the "daily bread" which nourished them. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and ruin was the result. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and, in embracing a phantom, found the reality of a lingering death. Let such as are sighing for pomp and ease beware. They know not what they wish. There is sound philosophy in labour. The "sweat of the brow"—ay, and the sweat of the brain too, is one of the blessings of the curse. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however great; no honours, however glorious, can yield solid enjoyment, in companionship with indolence. Discontent, without action, will be sure to lurk in the breast. The secret of happiness lies in this,—to be always content with our lot, and never to sigh after wealth or the fascinations of power and fashion. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of trade, and can, at night, repose an undistracted head on the pillow, with the composure of an infant on the lap of its mother. The idle and the rich are rarely at rest, and still less contented. They are petulant, fretful, irascible. Nature and art have but few attractions for such persons.

They are on the off-side with their views and feelings. While in this state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death is at work undermining their constitutions.

What is to become of Thomas Hasker, under these circumstances, in his retirement? Had he not been a *Christian* man, his friends might have trembled for him. But there is other employment besides that of selling fish;—another sphere of action, in which a man may exert all his powers, besides the world. The church still insists upon its claims. He had parted from the world, with its "diligence in business;" but the voice from the sanctuary—"fervent in spirit" —was, by that very circumstance, rendered more emphatic. Follow him, and listen to him, when, at the close of the week, he is about to bar the shop door against the world; accosting it, in effect, in the language of Abraham to his servants —"Abide ye here, and I will go yonder and worship;" or Lord Burleigh, who, with his robes of office, laid aside its cares, saying, "Lie there, Lord Chancellor:" yes, listen to him: "Aug. 3, 1844. Saturday night. Worried, jaded, sick of life's 'hum drum.' And am I actually liberated from daily toil and worldly cares? What a privilege! Well, now, what is Methodism to me, or what am I to Methodism? What is anything to me now? I have been every thing a man can be. Could a Roman emperor say more? 'One thing is needful.' Have I not seen all—felt all? What

more? God is great, and there is nothing else great. He made us at first, and yet sustains us. We and all things are but the shadow of Himself. A transitory garment veiling Eternal Splendour! We must submit to God. Our whole strength lies in resigned submission to Him, in all He does, whether for this world or another. Whatever He sends to us—were it death, or even worse than death—will be good, will be best. We resign ourselves to God. O God, give me grace to pass this last stage of my earthly existence worthy of THEE and of myself" The shop was closed. "Saturday night" dropt its curtain, and shut out the world. The Sabbath dawned, and the soul became a place of worship.

When once securely ensconced in his retreat, his thoughts were less interrupted and disjointed, as well as more freely and intelligibly expressed. To a friend; "Blessed be the Lord, I am surrounded with mercies. When I left the fish shop in 1844, I entered with my family into a snug habitation with six or seven apartments, out of the bustle, and yet in the centre of the town,—a small garden in the back part,—a green field in view, and a low rent. There seemed to be nothing more to be desired. I wrote, in large letters, and suspended them in my bed-chamber,—

> 'Blessed be the hand Divine, which gently laid
> My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.'"

This "humble shed" was No. 7, Saville Court. There he passed many happy days, though un

able, with full voice and without hesitancy, to attune his spirits to "Paradise Regained" "The first taste of retired repose," said he, "did not last long At the close of 1845, the bank failed, and robbed me of £350, threatening to take the remainder. For weeks and months my poor heart, instead of being at rest, was tossed like the sea; and I was led to conclude, that I should, at last, be compelled to leave my humble shed for one still more humble." Then, in a tone of triumph, though other trials succeeded, he exclaims, at a subsequent period, "Blessed be God, I am here yet, after all my fears; and though, after occupying No. 7, I lost my hearing, and broke my leg, I am still where I like to be,—on the sunny side of the hedge. My eye is fixed on heaven. Earth can go no further. Like old Barzillai, what have I to do with 'the voice of singing men or singing women?' Happy, No. 7. Our Father's house in heaven, it would seem, is divided into 'mansions.' Shall I ask, Are they numbered? and what number shall be appropriated to me? We shall see. Jesus has gone to prepare the place, and the mansion itself will be dignified and adorned in proportion as we are prepared for it here. Let us lose no time, but be always getting ready." There is something touching in the association of his loss of hearing, with the "voice of singing men and singing women," —he having been rendered incapable, by reason of his infirmity, of entering into the rapt feeling

of a Christian assembly in the sanctuary, singing "the Songs of Zion."

His own account of the accident which occurred, and which he notices, is thus related:—"I was walking quietly down Pilgrim-street, on the morning of the 7th of January, where a heap of coals lay on the pavement; and instead of going round, I thought I could step over them—fell, and broke my leg. I was then laid up—a useless thing both in church and state. On getting abroad, I had to walk with a stick, and lived in hope that my leg would be as well as ever. But you have one side of the case. I was surrounded by a tender wife and affectionate children; the pain went off in a fortnight; I wanted for nothing. I saw the bad weather out of the window, but what was that to me? Besides, I seemed to be getting over the fear of total ruin at the bank. I had books in abundance; and, what is best of all, I had access, with confidence, at a throne of grace, in which I stand. Oh, the power of religion, turning pain into peace! Here is an example, how a man may, at once, become an object of pity and envy. Present to your mind an old man, feeble, almost toothless, deaf, lame, &c., and you have something to move you to pity. Then, again, think of an old disciple, like 'Paul the aged,' as to years; or Abraham, or Jacob, coming to the grave, like a shock of corn, ripe for the garner, and you have something to envy. A man may be the former, and if no better,

it is his fault—his folly. His 'numberless escapes in ruin end:' so says Dr. Young."

His loss of hearing, respecting which he so often expressed not only his acquiescence, but his gratitude to God, was in the main an advantage; placing him in the position as to real feeling, in companionship with a good man, who, by accident lost an eye, and who, when sympathized with by friends, said, "I am more afraid of the one that is left, than sorry for the one that is lost." Such inlets of good, if not rigidly watched, may become the inlets of evil. Thomas Hasker's deafness, led to general silence on his part, and that again led to solitude, where in the silence and stillness of the soul, he read and mused on what contributed to spiritual growth in religion. It is a fact, that has not escaped a contemplative mind, "that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sun-light breaks upon a dark world and floods it with glory, and as one bright wave after another, millions of miles away, falls from the fountain. There is no creaking of heavy axles, or groaning of cumbrous machinery, as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system perform their revolutions. The great trees fling forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flower; but the whole transition is unheard. The change

from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the great transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice,—the roar of the hurricane,—the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature, a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in upon the universal calm." There is a lesson in this for man. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive. Every star works noiselessly, and often unseen.

Thomas Hasker was not unheard, though social conversation, generally speaking, had become a dead calm. He preached, he prayed, he sang—but, in the latter instance, his music was within—it was the melody of the heart. He not unfrequently took his seat in the meetings of the Society of Friends, in which he reaped as much instruction as in his own place of worship, where, to him, equal silence reigned in a voice unheard, but where, in each case, he furnished ample evidence of the fact—and so spoke to others by his example, that his soul was at work with God. When in his own place of worship, he watched the attitude and movements of the preacher, the expression and attitude of the hearers, and directed his adjustments accordingly; as of old, when his eye was directed to the fugleman—the inner man moving in harmony with what the eye dictated. When the heart is right with God,

there is more work done than many are aware, and more successful bargains struck, amid the taciturnity of FRIENDS, than among many of the gay, noisy, chattering brokers and merchants on "change."

That is an affecting incident in the life of Dr. Kitto, who, while caressing his children, climbing upon his knees, and entwining their arms round his neck, regrets, in surveying their charms, that in consequence of his want of hearing, he never heard the music of their voice—was never allowed to listen to the enjoyment of their innocent prattle. This was not the fate of Thomas Hasker, though he was denied the pleasure of listening to his children in riper years, when their conversation, seasoned with grace, would have been as welcome to his ear as the lispings of childhood, if not more so.

The human voice, at length, in all its fulness, was unheard and unheeded by him, and the eye, as a substitute, had to discharge its duties. He carried a slate in his pocket, which was the medium of communication between himself, the family, and others. Total deafness was sudden in its issue, and took place about 1845. He had a party to dinner; and his digestive organs being out of order, he became sick, and reached violently. His sickness increased, and during the night, he had a sensation, as if "something had cracked and given way in his ear." After the sensation subsided, which was as sudden as the

attack, he told Mrs. Hasker, adding, "I cannot hear my own voice." All was over; it was like the hush of the grave. The last person he was able to collect anything from as a preacher was the Rev. N. Rouse. He sought relief in London, and elsewhere, from the first medical advisers, but in vain.

"Some persons," said he,—a point already adverted to—"pity me, because of my loss of hearing; but the loss is not so great as is imagined; if I cannot hear that which is good, I cannot, on the other hand, hear the profitless conversation which forms the staple of ordinary talk."

Whatever might be the views and feelings of others, a few observations which he dropped by the way, as he proceeded on his pilgrimage, will show, that, with all his infirmities, he had that which rendered life not only supportable but agreeable

"It takes a great deal of grace," says he to a friend, "to wean one from the world. I want to conceive myself as a *condemned man*, waiting for execution. Yet even in that case, I should like to enjoy whatever comforts the prison allows, and to keep on good terms with my fellow prisoners. You complain that some of your correspondents are negligent. I may be one of them, for I am rather slow, Yet, if we write to those only who write to us again, what thank have we? Then comes the thought: How strange it is, that I

should have an old friend from three to four hundred miles off, with seas rolling between us, who, when I write, writes to me again! Yes, it is strange; and let that be inserted among the ten thousand mercies that fall to our lot. Young people smile at me, and I at them. There are two or three old disciples, with whom I associate; but, except my 'canny' old wife, few come near me, not even the preachers; the latter, I suppose, are afraid, lest I should hint something on the subject of *zeal*, &c., and they don't like that. I deem it a privilege to have two or three old friends to correspond with, and am anxious to hold them —friends of kindred spirits, and of equal ages, who linger on this side the grave. It seems as though the old, stiff clay, does not amalgamate with the new and soft."

While a lack of pastoral care was regretted, he felt still more keenly any departure from the path of rectitude, the latter quickening his diligence, and exciting holy fear. A few topics are touched in the following remarks, intermingled with the wellings of the heart.

"I am struck with the contrast you found, on your visit to Coleraine, in G. H., between what he was, and what he now is; or between what he is, and what he might have been, had he been faithful. Why, when I was among you, he seemed the most humble, the most devout, and the most promising of any of us. What do we owe to divine grace? How true! 'Two men shall be working in

the field, one shall be taken and the other left.' Since then, I have often trembled lest I should turn back like the dog to his vomit. I am 'a brand plucked from the burning.' Let us unite in singing—'Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be the glory.' 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.' Having been led and fed, cheered and blessed thus far, I trust God will enable me to hold out to the end. My hope is in Christ. Though I have made strenuous efforts, I am ashamed of all I have done, and most of all of my prayers. I even repent of all I do, as to the manner of doing it. Then think how much has been ommitted, that might, and ought to have been done. Verily we are shut up to the faith: there is no alternative—Christ, or hell-fire; there is no other name; we need no other. 'All, all I want is there.' . . . . Excuse me, but I have no time to write to your friend at Ballymena, though I esteem him highly for your sake; and should you both reach heaven before me, I hope you will introduce me to him on my arrival. The reason why a paper has not been sent, is, my son-in-law has gone into the country a few weeks with his wife, who is poorly. I have received the 'Nation.' An attempt is made to rouse the passions. What will be the end of these things? I have long thought, that, in looking into politics, we have an illustration of Solomon's remark—'He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.' Should wise men meddle with these things, or let them

alone? A great deal may be said on both sides. I maintain that my eternal salvation is of greater importance to me, than the temporal welfare, or ill-fare, of all the kingdoms on earth. In the few newspapers I read, I find ample confirmation of the scriptural doctrine of human depravity. Let us give ourselves to prayer, and bear in mind, that 'the Lord reigneth, be the earth never so unquiet.' Bless God, my soul is happy.

"The gloomy days of winter are hastening on. Let the shutters be closed, the fire be stirred, and let us make ourselves comfortable. But stay; we must not make to much of these things. There is a more excellent way. We must give up our mind to labour and suffering, if called to it. Nay, more; while traversing the streets of Newcastle or Ballymena, in the cold and snow, we must turn to devotion for comfort, and in that comfort find positive enjoyment. Is not God our Father, what then, shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus! The gloom of night should remind us that God is near; the spangled heavens should remind us of Him,—and every step we take, that we are nearer home. Thank God, my health is good, my family are well, and my soul is happy, though by no means so grateful as I ought to be.

"I met with some poetry some years ago, which pleased me much, and profited me too, as I hope it will you, and some of your young people. The latter will perhaps like it the better, as it is not

very Methodistical. I have often met with better poetry, but rarely with better sense. I herewith send it. Read it. I fear you will not be able to make it out the first time. Read it again—nay, twenty times. Let us not stop with admiring, but proceed to practice, and pray for help. . . . . Mr. H. is settled here, and is, I hope, well, and doing well. But I have not seen him since he was ordained. . . . . You speak of poor Tom's illness, moulting, &c.; stating, however, that he sets up his pipes, and plays as well as ever. That reminds us of the Christian, whose youth is renewed like that of the eagle. Did you ever read Cowper's 'Nightingale?'

> . . . . . 'That all day long,
> Had cheered the village with his song;
> Nor yet, at eve, his note suspended,—
> Nor yet, when even-tide was ended.'

I am sorry to learn, that you have been obliged to sell your field, and cow; but almost any thing is preferable to being in debt! Two things appear plain to me; first, that we are too short-sighted to pronounce on any thing that occurs, which we deem to be for the worst, as it might turn out for the best; secondly, that you and I shall soon be done with every thing here below. But let us be thankful. Matters are not so bad after all. The old wife is still living; some of the children, I trust, are kind; we have a bible in the house: poor Tom is in the cage; and best of all,—we started for heaven together, and through mercy,

are on the way yet, and very near home. Besides you have a friend at Newcastle, who if he can do nothing more than pray for you, may drop a word now and then, of consolation: and a word fitly spoken, is compared to 'apples of gold, in pictures of silver.' We are poor things at best, and the wonder is, that we have so many mercies; but God is love. Blessed be God, this year has been one of the best years of my life, though attended with a full proportion of weakness and folly. My deafness is as bad, or worse than ever; I have other ailments, but 'none of these things move me.' We have God for our friend, and, as the saying is, 'He is to wise to err, and to good to be unkind;' I may add, though the times appear unpropitious, He is too powerful to be out-done, and too faithful to forsake those that put their trust in Him. The best way for us to enjoy life is, to set ourselves down as *nothing*—for so we really are —and then all we receive is clear gain. 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

CHAPTER XII.

A royal maxim—retirement—Sir Thomas Brown—a backslider—pulpit impediments—a public meeting—old age—silence in social life—attempt at usefulness—delicacy of feeling—a beneficial blunder—promptitude in doing good—address to children—character and its influences—John Foster—outline of an address—writing and its advantages—Mason Good—the Bible, its variety, beauty, &c.—Edward Miall—books, reading, &c.

THERE are three things, according to the maxim of a Welsh king, that are best kept closed,—the mouth, the fist, and the thought; and there are three things that are best kept open,—the ear, the eye, and the understanding. Alas, for Thomas Hasker, though he was not at all loquacious or quarrelsome, or unnecessarily communicative, all hope of an *open ear* ever returning seemed to be further off as time advanced.

Retirement, as has been intimated, met his case, and was turned to good account by his love of quiet, his taste for reading, and his free exercise of the pen. "Unthinking heads," says Sir Thomas Brown, "who have not learned to be alone, are in a prison to themselves, if they be

not also with others; whereas, on the contrary, they whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves. He who must needs have company, must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude, and the society of thyself; nor be only content but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotency. Darkness may bound the eyes, not the imagination. A man may enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself. Thus, the old ascetic Christians found a paradise in a desert, and with little converse on earth, held a conversation in heaven; astronomized in caves, and though they beheld not the stars, had the glory of heaven before them." Thomas Hasker's thinking head found him full employment in the church. It is not by material, but by mental and moral power that human action is governed. How noiseless is thought, yet how effective! No rolling drums, no tramp of marching squadrons, no sound of the trumpet, no tumultuous noise from the wheels of heavy luggage waggons now disturbed his solitude. But though generally silent within doors at home, he was not always silent without.

The door of his ear was closed to the voice of others, but his own rough, grating voice—not being able to modulate it—found access to the ears of those whom he addressed. "I was walking from Jesmond," says he, "and met with a

person whom I had not seen some time, who once run well, but had relapsed into sin. I said to him, 'You need not talk to me, for I cannot hear you; but you can hear me, and I will talk to you.'" He then adverted to early days, with great fidelity and tenderness, contrasted the past with the present, and urged upon him the necessity of prompt and serious attention to personal religion, concluding with,—"I cannot tell how you feel, or what you think of what I have said, owing to my want of hearing, but I leave it with you—think it over—and make the best of it." He took an affectionate leave of him, trusting that the seed thus scattered by the wayside might nevertheless take root.

On his first visit to Sheriff-Hill, after total deafness, he ascended the pulpit as usual, and taking a glance round the congregation, enquired, "Is brother Potter here?" Not perceiving the person, after a second inquisitive glance he then directed his attention to another person, and naming him, said, "Come, brother ——— and give out my hymns." He was unable to tell when the lines announced were sung, except by the motion of the lips, which risked a pause either too long between lines, or a too early anticipated close.

He attended a public meeting in the Mechanics' Institute, Blaydon. On being appointed to speak, and a sign given to that effect, he stalked across the platform, took up the Bible, and, handing it

to the chairman, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, said, "Read the twelfth chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes." The chairman acquiescing with his wish, read the chapter and closed the book, on which he rose, commencing with—"It is lamentable to see an ignorant old man—a wicked old man—an unsaved old man;" grounding on the sacred text, "A Persuasive to Early Piety," drawing a melancholy picture of old age, with its attendant infirmities, without a ray of divine light, a spark of celestial fire, with a clouded intellect, benumbed feelings, and a dark futurity, bringing the whole to bear upon the occasion for which the meeting was convened.

Though he sometimes sat in a social party, like a cipher, while others were enjoying themselves in free conversation, he selected his moments for breaking silence, and introduced some graver remarks than the apparently lighter feelings of the company seemed to indicate to his mind had occupied attention, saying, "You have had your talk, and have entertained or instructed each other on subjects to your liking; it is my turn now." Then followed some of the proverbs of Solomon, applicable to every-day life, or some other subject, spiced with useful, piquant, quaint remark; not unfrequently turning the tide of conversation into a more useful channel, than that in which it had previously flowed; while his plainness and abruptness found a ready apology in his want of hearing, as to any unexpected

change of subject. On this infirmity, his abrupt manners are to be charged, rather than to indifference or any want of sympathetic feeling.

He was appointed to preach at the Felling, where two or three friends were invited to take tea with him at the house of a friend, to enjoy his society. He informed the good people, who had pressed their point, by writing it on his slate, that he had some friends at home, who expected his return. He apologized, hoping that his apology was sufficient; but not aware how it was accepted, as it was not communicated in writing, he was left to form his own opinion on the subject. Still, he thought he saw something like anxiety, blended with disappointment, in the expression of the countenance, as he left the house. This operated to his discomfort, though he could not prudently alter the circumstances of the case. The feeling of having given offence to the family, by what might be construed into stubborness, or the want of an accommodating spirit, returned again and again; and he could find no relief to his solicitude to relieve them, from any unpleasant effects arising from disappointment, till, at the close of the week, he walked over to the Felling, a distance of from five to six miles from his own house—to and fro—to unburthen his mind, converse with the family, and pour out his prayers on their behalf. His spirit was such, as to lead him to adopt the same means to heal what he deemed a wound, though unintentionally made,

as if it had been purposely inflicted, and which, at most, was chiefly conjured up by his own fears.

This disappointment had its counterpart at the same village, which may be noticed by way of striking a balance. He was appointed to preach at Gateshead in the evening, and was invited to take tea with Mr. Little. He started early, but unfortunately forgot the name and place of residence of his intended entertainer. He had, however, a dreamy impression, that it was either near, or somewhere on the way to the Felling, which was the occasion of his taking time by the forelock. He wandered on, without meeting with a friend to guess out his wishes. He concluded, that by describing the person of the friend who gave him the invitation, his friends at the Felling, who were familiar with most of the families that entertained the preachers, would be able to aid him in his enquiries. These friends were more anxious, as it was verging on tea-time, to secure him as a guest at their own table, than to become finger-posts to direct him to the table of another. Time had been upon the wing—the friends pressed—he yielded, intending to fill up the hiatus on a future occasion, satisfied there was no wilful neglect. As his want of hearing would not allow him to maintain conversation with the good friends—about a score of whom were present—and anxious to turn the occassion to a good account, he took the sermon from his pocket,

written in short-hand, which he intended to preach in the evening, and read it to them, not by way of ostentation, or any value he had put upon its intrinsic worth, but by way of supplying any want of conversation on his part, and which he might, had he been able to hear, have contributed to the general stock. Any contribution which he might leave in the way, however foreign to that which had occupied attention, was the more disinterested, as he would leave them, not being able to hear any thing, his debtors.

He was more than even-handed with the good people at Felling, not barely socially, but in the service of the sanctuary. He walked into the chapel on a Sabbath forenoon, The teachers were employed in teaching the children of the Sabbath school. As there was no appearance of an adult congregation, he concluded he was a little before the time, and that the teachers were just closing the school. He, accordingly, ascended the pulpit, and was preparing for public service, that he might be ready to commence on the gathering of the people; but was soon made sensible of the fact that the public service was not in the morning, but in the afternoon. He had mistaken the time, in looking at the plan. It was of no importance. His heart was always in tune for the work of God. He was ready for every good word and work. The door had only to be thrown open—to turn upon its hinge—or the latch to be lifted to shew that admission was

allowed, and in he went without ceremony. "Well," said he, when sensible of his error, "the children are here, and I can address them." He soon caught their attention, and rivetted it to their profit, by accommodating himself, in style and matter, to their capacity. As to his manner, it never failed to attract the attention, whether of old or young.

Giving an account of a service in which he was engaged, he observed: "On Sabbath, as in duty bound, I was at Arthur's Hill. My friend Parker being with me, officiated as curate. Having completed his part, I entered the sacred desk, and spoke about forty minutes, on 'I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content.' I told them that this was a very high state of grace; very rare, whatever might be said of it in modern times. I introduced St. Paul to the meeting, and proposed to him a few questions:

1. Did you attain this state of mind all at once, as an immediate gift of God? No.

2. Are you naturally of a quiet, easy, contented disposition? No; quite the contrary. A regular agitator.

3. Have you been generally in easy circumstances, so that there has been little or nothing to disturb your tranquillity? Quite the contrary; I have been flogged, stoned, shipwrecked, &c.

4 How then came you to be always content? I have '*learned*' it, and am still learning it—'everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed!'

"The good people seemed pleased, and, I hope, were profited; but they did not know that I was preaching to myself as much as to them. When lame and deaf, it is well to study to be quiet and content."

It is in little things that character unobtrusively steals out, as a multitude of little things contribute to its formation. "While the essential being," says Foster, "defies the universe to extinguish, absorb, transmute it, you will find it will come out with dispositions and habits which will shew where it has been, and what it has undergone. You may descry on it the marks and colours of many of the things by which it has, in passing, been touched or arrested. The formation of the character from so many materials, reminds one of that mighty appropriating attraction, which the fanciful hypothesis that the resurrection should re-assemble the same particles which composed the body before, must draw them from that dust and trees, from animals, and oceans, and winds." All that Thomas Hasker had passed through, and all he was now passing through, were so many touchings and finishings of the hand of a Divine Artist, throwing into the shade "the old," and bringing out "the new man," that he might appear in "the image of Him that created him."

He rarely allowed an opportunity of doing good to pass unimproved. The following scattered thoughts were addressed to a friend. "If you wish

to know what a man's real state and condition is, try to find out *the state of his mind.* Think, if you can, of a patient, humble, thankful mind. If you can only find these qualities, there will not be much the matter. I do not pretend to possess these in their fulness, and other essential qualities, but, thank God, I know something about them; and you and I know something of that Religion which includes them, and have proclaimed it, and delighted in it, several years It is equal to any crisis, even DEATH. There is no work, knowledge, device, or wisdom in the grave, or I would, should I die first, transmit a letter to you from thence, and tell you not only what death is, but what is beyond it. We shall know all about it very soon; and we shall know a great many things recorded in 'The BOOK,' where it is asserted, that 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' I scarcely know how Methodism goes on here, being comparatively isolated. I attend my class, &c., and look into two or three papers weekly, just to mark how the world goes on. There are disturbances abroad, and we are not very quiet at home; yet as a nation, we have much to be thankful for, not to say, to be proud of. We can lie down at night—remain unmolested—rise in the morning—and worship God after our own fashion. Is your soul prospering? I should succeed better, if I prayed more We are told that 'knowledge is power.' Certain it is, that prayer is power. It moves heaven and earth. How do you get on

with the Bible?" Thus, though himself afflicted with physical darkness, he sought to shed on others the light of a pure and grateful spirit.

Mention has been made of the hours of quiet thought which his deafness ceded to him for pulpit preparation; and a hint has been given respecting writing, as to the occupation of time. He wrote much, not with a view to the press, but for personal improvement. He made extracts from different works, in prose and verse, penned his own thoughts on different subjects, dealt freely in short-hand, and maintained a respectable correspondence at home and abroad. He derived much advantage from this mode of employing his time; "an art," which, Mason Good observes, "gives stability to thought, forms a cabinet for our ideas, and presents, in imperishable colours, a speaking portraiture of the soul. Without this," he continues, "everything would be doubt and darkness, and death-shade; all knowledge would be traditionary, and all experience local; civil ized life would relapse into barbarism, and man would have to run through his little, and comparatively insignificant round of existence, the perpetual sport of ignorance and error, uninstructed by science, unregulated by laws, and unconsoled by revelation."

"REVELATION!" To this we owe our all; and but for its Divine Author, writing, as an art, would have remained unknown. The first writing of which we have any account, is that of the

moral law; the Decalogue, God is said to have written with his own finger; prior to that, there is no account of any writing; while after it, when necessary, writing is always mentioned. The first yearnings of Thomas Hasker, in the hospital at Brussels, when covered with wounds, were after a Bible; and this Divine Book was his daily companion; over which his mind was ever hovering, and on which his pen was so frequently employed. It was "holy ground," and is beautifully delineated by Mr. Edward Miall, whose powerful and transparent pen has been already held in requisition on another subject, though not of equal importance with the present.

"It is the same with the Word of God," he observes, "as with his works. The same inexhaustible fulness, the same illimitable variety, the same absence of technical order, the same unobtrusiveness in its method of teaching, is found to distinguish the first equally with the last. Moral lessons of highest import, are embodied, not in formulas, but in facts,—not in creeds, but in history. There is the most exquisite order, without any apparent system. All strikes one as having grown up by chance, yet results in the completest harmony. Biography, history, poetry, prophecy—symbol, allegory, argument, exhortation—dry records of names, and touching effusions of feeling—the mysterious and the palpable—the temporal and the eternal—are thrown into form so inartificial, and are woven

into an entire piece with so wonderful but so evasive a skill, as to contrast most pointedly with all human methods of disclosing mind to mind. In such forms of skill and loveliness, the Eternal Soul has chosen to enwrap itself, in order to become visible to the souls of men. The riches of knowledge lie not upon the surface—the beauty is beauty only to the eye of sympathy—the Spirit is only to be discerned by spirit. Throughout there is a hiding power—a veiling of loveliness from the careless and profane. The oracles are delivered in accents audible only to a reverent listener. The secrets are concealed from all but those that will be at earnest pains to discover them. He who would gaze upon the beauty must first be at the pains to raise the veil. He who would transfer to his own mind the Divine thought must acquire the language in which it is written —must master the symbols in which it is expressed. Life in the spirit can only appropriate to itself life in the works, ways, and word of God —can only mingle and identify itself with that in them which is essentially divine, by penetrating by an active exertion of its own powers the exterior and palpable forms in which it is enshrined. In our present state spirit looks not upon spirit but through an intervening medium —and to pass through that medium, in order to communion, man's soul must gird itself for continual effort." This book was Thomas Hasker's delight, both in its spirit and in its

letter; he felt its power, saw its beauties, and rejoiced in its possession.

He did not, however, confine himself to the sacred page, as occasion has already been taken to observe. But his retirement from business furnished him with time to take a wider range than his former position would admit. Every reader must feel the force of Dr. Channing's remark's on this subject: "It is chiefly through books that we enjoy the society of superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest and best of our race; no matter how poor I am; no matter how prosperous the men themselves, they will not object to enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing of 'Paradise Lost,' if others will open to me the world of imagination and the working of the human heart, and Franklin enter to enrich me with practical wisdom,—I shall feel no want of intellectual companionship, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live." So

felt Thomas Hasker, who, on one occasion, brought out a splendid folio edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," to shew the writer, in which he prided himself as the proprietor, but whose matter, in his esteem, threw binding, paper, and typography into the shade. He purchased books to read, not to look at.

Speaking of newspapers, he says, "I like those best which are studded with good speeches. I keep no company; do little else but read and write—not forgetting prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.

London—Dr. Curtis—hope and desire—signs of grace—Rev. J. Caughey—incentives to gratitude—humble life—Rasselas—letter to Mrs. Hasker—domestic comfort—contentment—"household loves"—bank failure—investment—Edward Miall—speculation and its miseries—second visit to London—Billingsgate—interview with his medical adviser—youthful conceit—soft words—returns to the country.

In the summer of 1845, he went to London to consult Dr. Curtis respecting his hearing, but derived no benefit whatever from the treatment adopted; nor had he indeed—though he did not despair—any great expectation of relief. He was impelled by desire, rather than inspired by hope; to which may be added the advice of his friends, who were interested in his comfort. Had he even indulged a strong hope, he was in such a frame of mind as would not allow the "heart" to be "sick," however long it might be "deferred." But it was otherwise. His impelling power had not acquired the strength of hope, but simply resolved itself into a desire of improvement: the former wrestles with difficulties, and never relinquishes, till the thing hoped for is attained; the latter, in its exercise, is feeble and

transcient. His hope was stronger for the soul than for the body. In the one, we have the Christian, who casts anchor upwards; in the other, the mariner, who lets his cable slip, and drops his anchor downward. Hasker's was in heaven, *looking for that blessed hope*—sure and stedfast—amid the changing vicissitudes of life. "Yesterday," says he, "the docter repeated his usual treatment of the ear, which is simple, and without pain, taking the old wool out, and putting new in. He dismissed me with another prescription; so now, in all, I have a gargle for the throat, drops for the ears, ointment for the back part of the ears, and pills for the interior. This, you will conclude, is a fair trial, though there is nothing for the nose. I have to go again to-day. You may infer from my manner, that I am in pretty good humour, and if so, you are correct. I have no headache, and have some hope that the means employed will be useful, though as yet, I have found no relief. . . . I have read John's letter. He tells me he has been at Sunderland, to hear Mr. Caughey, and that 'many were brought in!' I am led to suspect, that he himself was left *out*. The time may come. The Lord grant it; the sooner the better. Alas, I shall never *hear* that good man; but I thank God I was 'brought *in*' five and thirty years ago, and through divine grace, an '*in*' yet. . . . What a grand thing this penny postage is! This, and railways, seems to turn the world upside down.

Two hundred and twenty miles for ten shillings and sixpence, and twenty letters for one shilling and eightpence. And yet the number of grumblers remains undiminished. Let you and I avoid the evil. . . . I have not, up to this moment, bought a book in French; nor is it likely I shall. And yet, it is probable, that books are destined to be my only instructors, not to say comforters, as I trust God will be my chief comforter, and next to Him, my dear wife and children."

While in the metropolis, he met with the family of his old friend, D. Mc. C., of Coleraine, with whom he was wont to take sweet counsel, in the early part of his Christian pilgrimage. "There are two brothers and a sister," says he, "the latter a bonny lass, about the age of Bessy. They will do well together. To-morrow, I purpose spending the day with them. They treated us very kindly when we called, and seemed impressibly delighted to see us. But what can they do, poor things? One of the brothers is a journeyman painter, the other a shoemaker; and the sister is a dress-maker. They have good work, and good wages—a neat room, with a sofa in it." This is a pretty picture of humble life, and just such a one as delighted the heart of Hasker; order, cleanliness, contentment, industry.

On his return, and in the enjoyment of home, he was found at his books again. Taking up Johnson's "Rasselas," he remarks, "the last chapter is entitled, 'The Conclusion,' in which

nothing is concluded. Curious enough. What should we think of the wants of a man who wants nothing?"

The following letter to Mrs. Hasker, who had been spending a short time at Gilsland, in the autumn, exhibits the feeling of his kind heart as a husband, and shews the influence of religion on the comforts of home:

"No. 7, Saville Court, Oct. 19, 1845.

"My dear wife,—Never did husband sit down to write to his beloved partner, to say more kind and useful things than I do. Glory be to God, my soul has long been in a prosperous state, and is still prospering I am happy; but, under God, I have to acknowledge that I am principally indebted to the kindness and care which you have manifested in the excellent management of all my domestic affairs, and the readiness with which you have passed over my weaknesses. May God, in mercy, requite you with his favour in this life, and with glory in the life to come You have had too much good sense to talk much about your own doings—though a little will creep out now and then—but actions speak louder than words, and the present comfortable—not to say respectable—condition of our family, sufficiently attests as to the person that has been at the head of affairs. May your life be spared, to be the stay and solace of your husband and children.

"And now, my dear Ellenor, let us try to make the decline of life as smooth as possible; let us,

at the same time, ascribe all praise to God; Not unto us, with all our care and pains,—not unto us, but to Him be all the praise.

> What sorrows have we found,
> What hopes, and joys, and fears;
> What mercies, through the round
> Of six and twenty years?

A little while, and we shall be separated; but only to be re-united—re-united for ever. You will keep this letter by you, and should you survive me, you will have this written testimony of my love and esteem. Yes, let us smooth the remainder of life by mutual acts of kindness; by making home still more agreeable; by living still nearer to God. Union with God is at the base of all. We cannot make others happy, unless we are happy ourselves. Possessed of domestic peace and piety, the world may then scowl and frown as it is disposed. I should not have written so much in a preaching strain, had this not been the Sabbath; but you know I am in the habit of preaching on the Sabbath. The following stanzas quaintly express my thoughts on different things:

> No borrow'd joys; they're all our own,
> While, to the world, we live unknown,
> Or, by it are forgot.
> Monarchs! we envy not your state;
> We look with pity on the great,
> And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed—
But then, how little do we need,
Since Nature's calls are few?
In this, the art of living lies,
To want no more than will suffice,
And make that little do.

We relish, therefore, with content,
What Providence has kindly sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For should the stock be deem'd but small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned, when ills betide,—
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given.
This, this my dear, is wisdom's part,—
The incense of a grateful heart,
Whose fragrance enters heaven.

Why, Ellenor, you will think this sheet is like one of the old Love-Letters I used to send years gone by. And why not? Sure I am, that I am a lover still, and I think with good reason.

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday, and purpose leaving by the ten o'clock train. Should the weather prove unfavourable, I will postpone the journey; otherwise, try to meet your wishes, let the weather be what it may.

"You have the four Elements,—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water; but there is a fifth element,—*Faith*, and that is best of all, being the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Present my respects to the late *Miss* S., and believe me, in word and deed,

Your very affectionate husband,—T. HASKER."

There is no hypocrisy here. He was writing to one whom it was impossible to deceive, and who could affix the seal to the truth or hollowness of the whole. "Household loves," says a popular writer, "are graceful things; they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth; but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before him, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household treasures are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags, and toil, and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place." This was the source of Thomas Hasker's domestic enjoyments, in seasons of scanty fare, as well as when his wants were more amply supplied.

In the spring of 1846, both faith and patience were put to the test. In addressing a friend, he observes, "I am in trouble, and, therefore, cannot enlarge now. I put £300 into a bank; the bank has failed; I am a shareholder, and am responsi-

ble for £300 more. The liabilities amount to three or four hundred thousand pounds. This occurred about two months ago, and very little is settled yet. Communicate this to brother Mc C.; and both of you pray for me without ceasing, that the Lord may direct, support, comfort, and bring me through unscathed. How is my eventful history to terminate? I am often very poorly, sometimes laid up; and so also is my wife. This affair, I hope, will work for my good. Who knoweth what is good for a man all the days of his vain life? Don't allow your imagination to carry you away with the thought that I am brought to total ruin and beggary. Not yet. I have much to be thankful for."

Again, April 13. "You will be anxious to know what has become of me. I am just where I was, and as I was, six or seven years ago. As to the bank case, I may observe, that a friend of mine, a pious man, advised me to invest the money I had at liberty in shares. I took his advise, and received £6 per cent. some few years. Each succeeding year a flattering report was printed. Judge my surprise, when a failure was announced. Though I know not the issue, you will be glad to know that my faith is firm. It is good for a Christian to be tried now and then. Let this teach us to set our affections on things above. It is through great tribulation we enter the kingdom of God. Let us be joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer."

Though he noticed his loss by the failure of the bank, yet the feeling did not arise from any real love of money. Few men in his position, after reaping the reward of hard toil, were less anxious than himself about wealth, as to its possession or accumulation, beyond that which duty to his family required, in the shape of prudent care and expenditure. The very first hundred pounds he had saved in business, he took to his old friend Mr. Andrew Marshall, who had been the instrument of introducing him to business, saying, "I have saved a hundred pounds; I have no need of it; my business is doing well; if the loan of it will be any accommodation to you, you are welcome to it."

It is not to be supposed that his connection with the bank arose from any disposition to speculate. He was no speculator. His money was placed there, not with a view to "buy in" and "sell out," watching the markets, the rise and fall of stock, and to profit by the same,—but simply as an *investment*, to receive any interest the bank, by fair trading, might allow, as in the returns of his own business. But, like many others, he was led to confess, as to the confidence reposed, "I had, perhaps, too little of the serpent, and too much of the dove, or I should not have been in this hobble."

Some remarks of Edward Miall, on the speculations and speculators of recent times, cannot be too generally read, by way of caution to the

unwary, and as conveying a cutting rebuke to a class of genteel swindlers, who are more fit for the tread-mill than the "change," though passing under the assumed name of "bank directors," instead of destroyers of public confidence.

"No method of acquiring wealth," says the writer referred to, 'has done half so much to paralyse religious principle, and to bring reproach upon the Gospel, or, at least upon the organizations which undertake to exemplify it, as that which may be described by the term speculation. 'The powers that be,' by the unjust and immoral process of funding the nation's liabilities, have invested speculation with an air of legitimacy and respectability to which it is ill entitled. It produces nothing. Strictly speaking, it exchanges nothing. It meets no social want. It ministers to no useful purpose. It is purely a traffic in chance—a trade in the uncertainties of the future—a mode of dealing in which gain on the one side must be equivalent to loss on the other—in one word, gambling. The state of mind induced by it can never be satisfactory to reflecting conscientiousness. The excitement it awakens is of a melancholy character. The desires it exercises are exclusively selfish. Its failures are accompanied by no consolation. Its triumphs are achieved at the expense of some one else. Its transactions inevitably inflict disappointment and mortification on the one side or the other—and its real purport is, to throw that mortifica-

tion, if possible, on the other party. It assorts neither with piety nor charity—and, utterly unlike trade, its ends are reached without scattering a single blessing by the way. Who does not retain a lively recollection of the railway frenzy? Who does not look back upon it with shame? The annals of no country under heaven, perhaps, ever exhibited a more glaring instance of an entire population 'hasting to be rich.' What a variety of schemes got up merely as a pretext for insane gambling! What a rush of competitors after the hollowest bubbles that craft and impudence inflate! It was as if every man in the kingdom had assets, real or imaginary, had agreed with every other man to throw them simultaneously into the air; and then scramble for the downfal. There was a sharpness, a selfishness, a lurking gleam of cupidity, upon all countenances. There was anxiety in the bosom of nearly every family. All the useful modes of making a living became insipid—almost irksome. Every body watched to take advantage of every body else. Society exhibited but one phase—and that a bad one—pecuniary Ishmaelitism. It was scarcely possible not to have anticipated the end, Most men knew well enough, that, in a short time, there would be a collapse, and that ruin must needs be the portion of myriads. But it mattered nothing. All flattered themselves that before that catastrophe themselves would have picked up an independence—and then let the storm

burst upon the less wary, and the incapable. The crisis arrived. Premiums shewed a tendency to decline. Scrip was less buoyant. Then again set in a universal rush—not to buy, but to sell—a death-like competition to shift disaster, if possible, each one from his own shoulder to the shoulders of his unfortunate neighbour. And during the entire progress of the national delirium, the passions evoked by it, the habits created, the tendencies fostered, the spirit engendered, were evil—personally and socially, morally and religiously."

What a picture! And yet the sting is in its truthfulness. Three or four of those MAN TRAPS, called "Joint-Stock Banks," rose and fell successively in Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and Thomas Hasker, with many others, were caught in them to their hurt,—the latter including whole families, single persons, the master, the servant, the fatherless, the widow, and these, not only losing their all, but responsible for the liabilities of others, who had been allowed by their friends—the directors, to overdraw their accounts to the tune of ten, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand pounds and upwards,—the directors themselves, their friends and associates, afterwards walking at large, "fat and well-favoured," with brows of brass, parading the public streets! Thomas Hasker was one of the few, who were fortunate enough to escape ruin, though not from inconvenience and loss.

The subject of these pages paid a second visit to the metropolis in the summer of 1846, a notice of which appears in his correspondence.

August 4. "We took a stroll," says he, "to Billingsgate, where we were surprised to see the quantity of fish of all sorts; and as it was the first day for oysters, we stopped some time at the market to see them delivered from the vessels, where there was a great deal of jostling and bustle, as you will suppose. All was close and perfect silence to me, as I *heard* nothing. We then moved on to Soho Square, having shaved on the way, and then went to No. 2, Museum-Street, Bloomsbury, where we succeeded tolerably well in securing lodgings. On going to the doctor's, the door was opened by a plump servant, in full livery, with a powdered head, who ushered us into a grand room, where we sat an hour; the room itself, as if intended to impress us with the dignity of an M. D. I could not resist the thought and feeling—'I fear I shall have to help to pay for this!' By and by, we were introduced—ah me! I have an instinctive horror of *doctors*—into the presence of Mr. Harrison Curtis, who conducted us from the literary room in which he was sitting, into another, apparently more private, where he placed me in what I supposed to be an *operating* chair, but it turned out to be only an *examining* one. He looked into my ears with a couple of glasses to assist vision. He asked few or no questions, but did

not forget to ask for his fee. He gave a prescription to Bessy to take to No. 104, Strand, put a bit of wool into each ear, and then kindly told us to call again. Off we marched to the Strand, where an old gentleman took out the wool which Mr. C. had put in, dipped some more into a bottle containing a liquid, and gave it to Bessy, together with a small bottle of Indian rubber, with a tube in it, to force water into the ears, charging four shillings for it, making a polite bow, and dismissing us. I cannot hear, and the principal difference is, I am *minus* one pound five shillings. Let us hope for the best. The liquid is producing some effect; at any rate there is a great disturbance in my head about it. London will not be London to me, unless I can *hear* as well as *see*. Let me say with respect to Mr. Curtis, that he has no pompous airs, no official affectation. He went quietly to work, like a master. Had you been with us, you would have penetrated him, and seen at once whether he was likely to do any good. I should be sick of No. 7, if I knew not who was in it."

August 6. "I rose as usual at six o'clock, after a good night's rest, though not without dreams. I dreamed that you were going about the house in a poor state of health, and that I was not much better. When I awoke, I found myself in London. I looked out at the window. The sun shone beautifully. If London were the only place where it was to be seen, I should envy it; but the orb is

as bright at No. 7, as in the metropolis. I am thankful for *sight*. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. But what shall we do in the dreary days of winter? Here I must check myself. Have we not a snug little parlour? And religion teaches us to enjoy whatever is good belonging to the day, and to leave to-morrow to provide for itself. I applied my watch to my ear; but no improvement. The disease lies too deep for medical skill. I must fall back upon my Philosophy and my Religion: the former teaches me—'What cannot be cured must be endured;' the latter—'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I hope that I shall ever love God. Pray for me, and bear with me. 'Soft words are as an honeycomb,—sweet to the soul and health to the bones.' But how can any person like me *bawl* out 'soft words?' Does not the very act of bawling take away the softness. But we are told that 'actions speak louder than words.' Soft actions, then, may be substituted. Let us be kind to each other. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' John, Ellen, and Fanny, would, no doubt, like to hear something about the Museum. I have been there, and saw nothing that affected me much. It is novelty that gives the charm. I have seen or read about almost everything there; and if they will only be good children, and try to improve themselves in useful knowledge, the probability is that they may sometime see for themselves.

The chief hindrance to improvement is conceit; the mistaken notion, that they know a great deal already, and, unanxious for themselves, they only wish—'as duteous sons, their fathers were more wise.' . . . . And now, my '*canny*' wife, I have to be with Dr. Curtis again, at eleven o'clock, a. m. You will be glad to hear my health is good. Of appetite, I say nothing, as that was scarcely ever known to fail. Just a word: cannot you contrive, on weary washing-days, without laying yourself up, to engage an extra female? Better do this than pay the doctor for his attendance, as well as for his nauseous and sometimes his murderous medicine. We are just going down to breakfast. So life passes away. Glory be to God, his promises are sure. 'Thy bread shall be given.' Hitherto he has helped us. I hope you still think of going to Gilsland; but let us think of going to heaven."

August 7. "We waited on Mr. C., who went through the same process as before, with the addition of changing the wool, after which he drew a camel hair brush, dipt in some ingredient, and drew it behind my ears, which gave me some pain, and has left a soreness. He then prescribed some pills, and last, though not least, charged another guinea for his fee. The pills cost a shilling. I took three last night, and feel poorly with headache. We are to see him again to-day. He may have succeeded with others. Perhaps he has no other mode of treatment. Perhaps I cannot be cured without a miracle. At any rate, it

would seem to be well to have a 'soul inured to hardship, grief, and pain!' Positively I like the sentiment, and yet I don't like it; I know not what to make of it—and I half wish I were in heaven. Dr. Young says it is impious in a good man to be sad. So it is. I will try to cheer up. Religion holds out a friendly hand to us."

On leaving the metropolis for home, he says,—"You may expect to receive me on Tuesday, about the middle of the day, like a weary worn out hunter, who has been out all day, and caught nothing but a bad cold;—a torn jacket, and covered with mud to boot."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Metropolis—H. Fisher—family—symptoms of old age—conjugal happiness—trials and their sanctified use—"Apostolical Succession"—D. O'Connell—comforts of life—good educed out of evil—visit to a friend—strange feelings—thankfulness—growth in grace—relieving consideration—the Pope and Popery—discussion—address to a son—money, health, knowledge, religion—N. Meadows.

HAVING reached home, his friends were anxious to know whether he had derived any benefit from the medical gentleman he had consulted; and no one more so than his old friend, Mr. Hugh Fisher, of Ballymana, whom he addressed in a somewhat playful mood, in evidence of his not being dispirited, though unimproved.

August 19. "While lying in bed the other night, among other things, I thought of you; and while half asleep, the following reverie escaped the mind;—

My dearest Hugh,—
It will not do—
But you must have a letter:
Then, where 's the ink?
Here goes—I think
The sooner done the better.

My hearing is not at all improved. We shall see

what time will do. He who took it away can restore it; and it is not for me to fret at my time of life. We are still alive to stir and stimulate each other to love and good works. Die when I may, it will be pleasing to know that I have been helpful to you and others. . . . . I saw three of Arthur's children when in London. They were very kind to me for their father's sake. They seemed to be both comfortable and respectable. The daughter is the very picture of Arthur. She is succeeding well in dress-making. I was pleased—vastly pleased—to see them. It seemed to bring me nearer, in feeling, to Coleraine than I had been for years. . . . . I have no wish to live in London. It is a great bustling place, though I could not hear the noise. But there seemed to be no God; still, it is not for me to judge. There might be many, hurrying to and fro, diligent in business and fervent in spirit. From outward appearance, one would be led to think, that a person might get to heaven from Newcastle, Ballymana, or Coleraine better than the metropolis. True, the grace of God is sufficient; but everybody is not possessed of *resolution*. I don't think that is the right word. Should it not be a trembling solicitude for the salvation of the soul? By mercy and truth iniquity is purged, and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil. Give my love to wife and family,—not forgetting poor Tom, far away. Paul told Timothy to allow no one to

despise his youth. And let you and I take care that no man shall be able to say we are '*old fools*,' but go down the hill with a good grace, that we may come to the grave in peace. You will not hear again from me at present, unless something very bad shall occur; so that if you should not hear, you may conclude 'no news is good news.' When you are at church, and prayer is made for all that are afflicted in mind, body, and estate, think of my deafness and the bank; and when you bless God for his goodness and loving-kindness to all men, think of me, and say—'The Lord hath done *great things* for him, whereof he is glad.'" Hasker's life was not so much one of joy, as of grateful emotion—calm and steady.

Referring to domestic circumstances about this time, he remarks, "My daughter, of whom I spoke, is married to a young man, a local preacher, who, with my next daughter, keep the fish shop. Robert Curtis married about two months ago; and I have a son sixteen years of age, and two daughters younger living with me. My wife and I feel the infirmities of age coming upon us; but the best of all is, God is with us. The heyday of youth is gone But the faithfulness and goodness of God, of more than thirty years continuance, since the happy days we spent at Coleraine, yield a peace and satisfaction to the mind much more valuable than all the ecstasies and transports experienced by even pious youth. The blossoms of spring are beautiful, as also are

the fruits of summer; but the golden, the ripe fruit of autumn is best of all. After all, I find sin will not die of old age, nor will it die a natural death; it must be crucified; there is nothing else for it: we must not, therefore, throw the knife aside yet. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory; aye, and he will give it. . . . . The weather is dull and moist. We have had no frost yet. . . . I am now fifty-seven years of age, yet I feel as worn out as if I were sixty-seven,—quite grey-headed. You would not know me now. Here, however, I am;—quiet, retired, and as happy as I ever was in my life. Yet 'the smoothest hour of nature has its pains.' Death is now the object of my contemplation, and also expectation. O, to be ready and even. This shall be the case. The God whom I serve, and whose I am, is able. The gift of Christ is a sufficient pledge."

Though his friends were generally glad to see him, they were not always so thoughtful in making provision for him and for his local brethren as was compatible with scriptural law,—"The labourer is worthy of his hire." The good people in one of the country places neglected to provide dinner for his brethren and himself. Complaint having been made, he observed at the close of the service, without uttering a word of rebuke,—"If any one will invite me to dinner, I have only to state that I shall not refuse the favour." Three or four persons pressed

round him, and no more was heard of a want of provisions.

He addresses his excellent wife, at Gilsland, thus, August 23: "Thank God I am happy, notwithstanding my want of hearing. I should not be quite so happy if I could not scrawl and try to make you happy. There is no solitary happiness; no, not in heaven itself. 'Joy flies monopolists.' We are to love and be kind to each other, but not idolatrously. God must have the first place in our affections. God first, whoever comes next. We are to love all in God, and for God, that our love may be consummated in heaven, where the marriage tie ceases, and we become as the angels of God; God being all and in all. In examining my book, I find this is our wedding-day—and a Sunday too! What hath God wrought the last twenty-seven years? Monday, August 24: Thank God, all is well. Fanny has gone to school,—Ellenor is cleaning up the house,—John is going to the bank,—and two letters are going to post—one for yourself, and both by the hand of your loving husband."

And again, on the 28th: "I have scarcely seen any one; I have kept myself secluded; and you are witness that I can talk better with my pen than with my tongue But both will be useless ere long; the pen will drop from my hand, and the tongue will be silent in the grave; I wish to use both for the glory of God, and the comfort and edification of others, while I can exercise

them. . . . . This deafness is a calamity, as it falls—at least, so it seems—heavier upon you than me; but instead of fretting, let us nobly prepare our minds to endure it, and even greater privations. Should the latter never come, so much the better; if they do, we have only to say, 'It is no more than was expected' God has been kind to us. I remember your mother once saying, after we were settled in business, 'Providence seems to prosper everything you take in hand.' No one knows that better than ourselves. And shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil? O, that a grateful recollection of His goodness may fill our hearts with love, and our mouths with praise; and so crush in the birth every murmuring thought. . . . . We have talked of palmy days before now; I know not we ever had better. I hope our last will be our best. Let us cling to each other as the ivy does to the oak. When once the oak goes down, the ivy does not long survive it. I want my death to be a nice one; no complaining,—all contentment,—all thankfulness. Let us think of each other in our prayers. There is nothing like prayer for promoting love; and the time may be near—such are the fluctuations of human affairs—when both love and patience may be put to the severest test."

The year closed about the same as it commenced, and as other years had done before—attending to the interests of religion in himself

and others. October 22. "Do you remember," he asks a friend, "what you said about 'Apostolic Succession?' I was pleased to find your opinion coincide with my own. By the enclosed, you may see what I thought in 1840. It is the only copy I have left, and I am glad I had it for you. Alas, I may say—and I feel it with greater truth than St. Paul himself—'I am not meet to be called an apostle.' I love ease—Paul loved labour; Paul was crucified to the world—I love a little of its comforts and enjoyments. I like to be comfortably fed, comfortably clothed and lodged. I must, therefore, relinquish all pretensions to apostleship, and consider myself infinitely honoured and happy

'If the Lord shall count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet.'

Well, my good friend, by the grace of God, we love the same Saviour, and serve the same Master; and though we may not shine like Paul in heaven, I trust we shall all get there, and that even now, we can say—'What I am, I am by the grace of God.' . . . . . Let us cheer up. Though your potatoes have failed on your side of the water, and the bank has broken on mine, there is yet corn in Egypt Others may grumble as they will, but let us live up to our privilege. What is that? you say. Why, rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus. What a foolish thing it was for the Pilgrims to allow themselves

to lie shut up in 'Doubting Castle,' when each had a key in his bosom that would unlock any door in the place. . . . . There is a popular preacher, the celebrated John Angel James of Birmingham, preaching in Newcastle; but not being able to hear—though I should gladly have availed myself of the privilege of listening to him, I have stopped at home to address you. 'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.' Good, in this case, comes out of evil. 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' . . . . . I have received a letter from G. H. He talks about mental and moral improvement, but says nothing about faith in Christ, or the love of God in the heart, Both are good—mental and moral—but let me have the life of God in the soul. I am snugly lodged in my winter quarters. Should anything come to disturb me, in my next I will let you know. 'The best of men are but men at best.' . . . . . Popery shews the cloven foot now and then. It will be the ruin of Ireland. We have a better creed, and should live a better life. I doubt whether O'Connell is the downright friend of Ireland, after all his blarney. Why does he pocket so much of the money of the poor? But I am no politician."

November 7. "I have been stopping with a friend, or rather, with the son of one, in the country; and while here, have preached two or three times. It seems strange for me to be talking to others, and cannot hear what I say. If

you were here, you might be useful as a clerk, to give out the hymns, as I sometimes begin giving out one line before the congregation have finished the other. I hope I shall not injure myself, when I begin to talk of the love of Christ, the advantages of religion, and the pleasures of devotion. When I get warm, I begin to bawl and shout, I know not how. My hope is, that when I come to the closing scene, to life's last moments, I may bawl and shout, or *whisper*, if you please, should I not have strength—'Glory to God; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course,' &c. At present, I am living the life of a gentleman; I go out and come in when I please,—have nothing to mind, only to be in at meal times.

'I blush in all things to abound,
The servant is above his Lord.'

I would not address you thus, did I not believe you to be incapable of envy, and that every mercy manifested to me, will, as soon as you are apprized of it, enkindle in your breast a glow of grateful feeling I have just been reading Ezek. xvi. 63, as applicable to my state; the passage will suit you. Farewell. While you mourn the failure of the potatoe crops, be thankful for the penny postage. You can hear from me."

To the same friend, December 9. "The bank business remains unsettled, and is likely to be so for years, but possibly not so destructive as was at first feared. My deafness, and the roaring in my ears, continue the same. The best news I

have to communicate is, that my faith, hope, and love do not fail, but I think are on the increase. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour. He, who is mighty, hath done great things for me, and holy be his name. He hath holpen his servant for his name's sake. God is our chief good, our only good. We have received all from Him, we expect all from Him, and can only be happy in Him. O, my beloved brother Hugh, let us exalt His name together. Take a glance at Coleraine, and that will throw our minds back thirty-five or thirty-six years. Wipe away that tear, and then finish the letter. What changes have come over us since then! For me—married twice—a grandfather—deaf, and grey with age—yet still alive.

'Still is my table spread,
My foes stand silent by;
I feed on living bread,
My cruse is never dry.'

The year 1846 is about to close. What will 1847 produce? Heaven, perhaps. At all events, let us finish the old year with praise, and begin the new with prayer."

In these extracts, the subject of the memoir has been permitted more largely to speak of himself, with a view to shew the workings of the hidden man of the heart. When friend meets friend, whether face to face, or in private correspondence, the formality of appearing in public is thrown aside, and heart speaks to heart.

The sacred precept—"take heed how ye hear," was inapplicable to him. Still, though unable to hear a single syllable, in ordinary conversation, his ears were nailed, so to speak, to the door-posts of the house of God. In this he resembled an excellent woman, who, though deaf, was one of the first in her attendance on the means of grace, and who, being asked why she attended, when she could derive no advantage from the word spoken, replied—"I go to the house of God, from a conviction, that, while I am there, I am in the society of some of the best people in the world, who can aid me by their prayers; and because, in the next place, though I cannot hear the sermon, a neighbour directs me to the text, on which I meditate, and from which I always derive benefit." Thomas Hasker added another advantage to his infirmity. "Bless the Lord," said he to a friend, on leaving a place of worship, "though I am deprived of many positive blessings in consequence of my deafness, I am prevented from hearing idle tales respecting people." It preserved him from much speaking too. An open mouth, with him, was the sign of an empty heart; as an open box gives indications of emptiness, while cash and jewels are placed under lock and key.

"You ask my opinion," he remarked, "of the Pope and popery. He has fled; and when some persons requested to see him, they were told he was at his devotions, and could not be disturbed.

Don't be alarmed. The printing press is at work. Bibles are circulating by thousands. A young man, a local preacher, in our circuit, turned papist some time ago. I ceased to wonder, when, on enquiry, I found he had fallen in love with a young female of the Romish persuasion:

> 'And when a lady 's in the case,
> You know, all other things give place.'

We had a discussion, some time back, between a clergyman and a Roman catholic, in Brunswick chapel. The latter—for I could then hear tolerably—astonished me. His learning was equal to his eloquence; and if the protestant clergyman, who sparkled with wit, had not been equally eloquent, and a man of piety, he would have appeared to disadvantage. But with equal ability, good argumentative powers, and TRUTH on his side, he came off with flying colours."

To his son John, he observed one day. "I address myself particularly to you, who, I hope, will ponder what is included in the following couplet—

> 'These four last things remember well
> Death and judgment, heaven and hell.'

But there is a fifth, which should not be forgotten —*Old Age;* and there are four things to be laid up for it, each of which will be wanted—*Money*, *Health*, *Knowledge*, and *Religion*. 1. *Money*. Poets and orators declaim against it, as nothing worth; but they lie,—believe them not. If, when old, you have money, you can wrap your withered and

shrivelled limbs in furs, and can have your bed covered at night; if fond of reading, books in abundance; if you wish to go from home, you can be carried. Talk of charity, benevolence! He is the benevolent man, who, having made provision, disdains to hang upon others, or go to the workhouse, but staves off the money that would have come to him, and lets it go to his more destitute neighbours. There are cases and times, nevertheless, in which we ought to give way. 2. *Health.* This is more important than the other. We can do better without the one than the other. Let us take care, then, that, by exercise, temperance, and all other prudent means, we keep a sound body, and a cheerful temper. 'A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine; a sorrowful spirit is as rottenness to the bones.' But we cannot command health. Besides, it is sometimes for the good of the Christian that he is afflicted. But let us do what lies within the range of our power to preserve the body in a healthy state. Leave its affliction to God. 3. *Knowledge.* Here, again, I hold this to be of greater importance than either of the former. I would rather be a pauper in the workhouse, with mind richly stored with useful knowledge, than a wealthy blockhead. Think of it—*old* and *ignorant!* 4. *Religion.* This, you will allow, is the most important and the most desirable of all. In it, we have true riches—the health and happiness of the soul—the enjoyment of God, in the knowledge of whom rests our eternal life.

This, thank God, is within our reach. The three former may not, with all our toil and care, be within our grasp. But, mark! I do not wish you to esteem one acquisition above another, so as to prefer one to the neglect of another. No; I am anxious that you should seek and secure all. The first may be useful to promote health and purchase books; the second may be useful in the acquisition of knowledge; the third, to forward religion. There is not a moment to be lost. If you would know what is to be done, read a small work on the Sabbath, entitled 'The Pearl,' by a labourer's daughter."

In addition to his correspondents across the Irish Channel, he was in communication with some of his old friends at Northampton. To Mr. N. Meadows of Northampton, he remarks, "I was reminded of you this morning, when leaving class, by meeting a thin man, dressed in black, advanced in age, and a tailor by trade. I knew him to be poor, yet he was smartly dressed, and walked with an air befitting the 'Three Tailors of Tooly-Street,' who designated their address—'We, the People of England.' But, it was owing to his age, and being of your own trade, that brought you to recollection. You will be glad to learn that I can get to my class; and if you had heard me this morning, you would have said—'The old soldier over again.' My good wife has been assisting at the shop, and is nearly 'knocked up.' I get off under cover of a broken leg, but

am able to go to the post office by the help of a stick. . . . . Your last contains an account of a visit to Kettering, and of your preaching in the Baptist chapel at Northampton. All is right—all good—go on, and 'die game.' You cannot labour long, but I hope you will have an interval of rest before you drop into the grave. I like those last words in Daniel; 'But go thou thy way, till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days.' You will perceive I have altered the last word but one; but local preachers have a licence; nay, I have a version of the Bible wherein the very word is found. Cheer up, 'old boy.' I love old age, and never enjoyed it more. It is good for us to bear the yoke in our youth; better still, to bear the burden and heat of the day; but best of all, to be brought in like a shock of corn, ripe for the garner, shouting hallelujah!

'Ye fair, by nature, formed to move,
O, praise th' Eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire;
Let *age* take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His blest name, and soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.'

Poor old, weary, worn-out age, cannot *shout*. Then let it *sigh*. We cannot boast; but, through the mercy of God, we have much to rejoice in, and still more to wonder at."

CHAPTER XV.

Napoleon III.—disruption in Methodism—subjects of grievance—departure from Wesley's plans—Conference encroachments on the liberties of the people—financial resources—little good done compared with cost—opprobrious epithets—class and ticket money—expulsions—despotism—membership—sympathy—Philip of Arragon— George Osborne — irresponsible power— "Question under Penalty" — John Wesley—some good in some tyrants—informers—heartless expression of Dr. Bunting—the Jacksons—preaching—thanksgiving day.

In 1848—9, the same unsettled state of public affairs which distinguished the commencement of Hasker's military career marked the present period of his history. He had been in the field against Napoleon I., and the public were taken by surprise in the announcement of Napoleon III. "The latter," says Dr. Doron—"Louis Napoleon —seated himself on the three-legged stool of the Republic—'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' as cleverly as Melanthus, who himself was a runaway king, on the throne of Thymœtas, king of Athens,—a stool which he has so neatly covered with imperial green velvet, 'powdered with the

busy bees of Charlemagne.'" Hasker read, pondered, divined,—but was no politician. He avoided the rock on which his father foundered.

The year 1849 brought convulsions nearer home, of an ecclesiastical character; and he found it impossible to rid himself entirely of "Christian politics." A disruption in the Wesleyan body to which he belonged, set brother against brother, and opinions and principles were so widely sundered, that persons of the most pacific character found it difficult to stand neuter in the midst of the "strife of tongues" which distinguished the occasion.

As the subject of these pages separated himself from the Wesleyan Connexion during the heat of the battle, it is but justice to his memory to take some notice of the fact, though it would lead the writer sadly astray to enter largly into the subject. The justification of the good man rests on the validity of his own plea for the step which he took in pairing off from the community in which he had been so long and usefully employed, and to which he had been so tenderly united.

On the occasion to which reference is made,—the Wesleyan body lost upwards of 100,000 members, including some thousands of local preachers, class leaders, stewards, trustees, Sabbath-school teachers, ranging from five to fifty years' standing in the Church, together with several thousands of Sabbath-scholars, averaging, at least, a loss of

£100,000 per annum to the several collections and institutions; the said members having either been ruthlessly cut off from the body, or voluntarily withdrawn because of the abuses of which complaint was made. To these are to be added upwards of a thousand officials, of high respectability, denominated "Mediationists;" who, although they appealed to Conference—had their appeals* thrown back upon them without redress—constituting another class of grievances, which were separately published—the same persons, nevertheless, remaining in the body, hoping, dissatisfied as they were, that their presence and influence might, if not stay the plague, contribute to moderate matters. The following extract from the "Wesleyan Reformer," embodies a few of the grievances of the remonstrants:

"A crisis has arrived in the affairs of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. No one can doubt the fact, however he may wish to hide it. Like a ship under the management of an unskilful com-commander, Methodism is, at last, amongst the breakers, and destruction seems to await her. For the last fifty years she has been steered a course which has gradually diverged from that laid down by John Wesley. Her salvation depends upon the resolve of her crew, that she shall be put upon another tack. If the People do not resolutely and determinately interfere,

* The appeals and kindly interference of these were characterized by the Rev. S. D. Waddy as a huge "IMPERTINENCE!"

Methodism will soon be numbered among the things that were.

"We mean to say, that there has been a wide and lamentable departure from the honesty and simplicity of John Wesley; from his sincerity and zeal; from his laborious industry; and, by consequence, his success. The assumptions of mere priestism are substituted for his apostolic example. The consolidation of hierarchial pretensions seems more the object, than the extension of the kingdom of Christ.* This has been the aim ever since the Concessions of 1797 were wrung by an injured people from the unwilling Conference. It has been more apparent since 1814, when a provision of the boasted Poll Deed was violated, to make room for the growth of a young aspirant's increasing ambition. The rapid degeneracy of the Conference subsequent to that vote, has been apparent in the desire for power, wealth, and influence in the preachers; by their love of ease and their claim for prerogative; by the unhappy divisions they have from time to time produced by their tyranny and unscriptural proceedings; and by their gradually diminishing success as aggressive agents in the cause of the Redeemer, till, at the present moment, the vast agency, maintained at great cost,† is almost ineffective in the work of a world's evangelization.‡

* See Appendix, No. 1. † Appendix, No. 2.
‡ Appendix, No. 3.

"Some of the recent proceedings of the Conference have been outrages on justice, mercy, and truth, and directly opposed to the writings of Mr. Wesley, and the Protestant version of the sacred Scriptures. In 1849, the Revs. Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith, were expelled from the Conference, in opposition to the dictates of common sense, the suggestions of enlightened humanity, the genius of freedom and free utterance, the express statutes of Wesleyan Methodism, the doctrinal injunctions of its founder, and the positive requirements of the great standard of appeal—the Word of God.

"The Conference of 1850 followed close in the wake of its predecessor. The Rev. Jas. Bromley was expelled for demonstrating that the Conference of 1849, had violated the Divine laws. The Rev. Thos. Rowland was degraded for stating his opinions mildly, yet firmly, in a private Wesleyan court, where, with four of his fellow-preachers, he was an assessor. One preacher for censuring the Conference by letter, was deemed deserving the severest rebuke. Another was reprehended for reading Reform publications; another, for uttering an expression favourable to Reform, had a spy set over him for a year; and another was summoned to the bar of the Conference, because his wife had indulged in free expressions on Reform at the tea table! The spy system has been established! Men, ornaments of Methodism, have been degraded and insulted. The pulpit

has become the place for railing and invective, and the sanctuary for ministerial bravado and insult.* The preachers have imperiously grasped the reins of discipline, flouted at the headship of Christ, and openly rejected the teaching of His Word.

"Faith in Christ, the only qualification for membership in the first Christian churches—the great doctrine taught so successfully by John Wesley; that article of belief by which the church either stands or falls—is no longer regarded by the Conference as a sufficient recommendation to church union. Deep-rooted piety, and extensive usefulness, are esteemed as worthless, when compared with an avowed attachment to Methodism 'as it is,' and large offerings at its shrine distinguish 'the salt of Methodism.'† The Inquisition has already been set on foot in many class meetings, and is prospectively established in all. A member is asked by the preacher in the class, if he is guilty of some supposed offence. He refuses to answer, and thus turn the class meeting into an Inquisition: and he is instantly driven from church communion! Answer, or die a Methodistical death, is the alternative put by modern Wesleyan preachers. In the dominant faction are men who are doing the work of Romanism. They have cleared the way for the approach of the 'Papal Aggression,' and Roman Catholic schools, side by side, with Methodist

* Appendix, No. 4. † Appendix, No. 5.

schools, and by the aid of the Methodist Conference, are pensioned by the State."

Such are a few of the points in dispute, simply and briefly grouped together, but argued out in an endless number of tracts, with proofs of the existence of the evils complained of, by an appeal to facts, including persons, places, documents, and measures. Thomas Hasker was no grumbler. But he could not help seeing these things, and more especially when forced upon his notice in his own circuit by the Rev. William Birt and others—hundreds being severed from the church, among whom were some of its most useful members—its brightest ornaments—his oldest and dearest friends, as Mr. John Reay, of Carville, R. S. Stanley, and others. And for what? Because they *sympathized* with Christian ministers, who had been unjustly, unscripturally, inhumanly, and mercilessly dealt with; some of whom had ministered to them for a course of years; and because they had reluctantly come to the conclusion of "stopping supplies," or more properly, *diverting* them into other channels, contributing, as the "Free Church of Scotland" had done before them, within a brief space, between two and three hundred thousand pounds towards the erection and fitting up of places of worship, the support of the ministry, Sabbath schools, and other matters, necessarily arising from a new establishment, and extra courses of action. Sympathy is the only relic of goodness left from

the fall, handed down by the primeval pair, as a legacy to their poor sinning children, to knit them to each other in the midst of the sufferings entailed upon them by their first transgression. When the exercise of one of the first and finest elements in our common nature, is attempted to be trodden under foot by the hoof of despotism, society, whether civil or ecclesiastical, must be in a perilous state.

Philip of Arragon resembled Kohen Khan, who once asked General Ferrier the simple query,—"What is a king, who cannot, when he pleases, bastinado one of his subjects, and cut off his head?" Where such a right did not exist, the Khan declared,—"it is turning the world upside down; the most terrible thing that can be seen; it must be permanent anarchy I think," added the sublime Afghan logician,—"despotism, therefore, appears the best form of government for doing good." This despotism was maintained by Wesleyan preachers, and is outspoken by the Rev. GEORGE OSBORN, declaring that "the Wesleyan Conference have the power (righteously is another thing!) to do what they please,—even to expel a preacher for not tying his shoe strings the right way." The arbitrary exercise of this assumed power was sufficiently attested at the Conference of 1849, when a minister was expelled of between forty and fifty years standing, without a charge, without an accuser, without witness, without evidence—because he refused to answer an impertinent

question, which the most accomplished villain, according to British usage, would be cautioned against answering! "Question under Penalty" ought to have been allowed to remain in the Inquisition, the Star Chamber, and High Commission Court, and not to have built its nest in the Wesleyan Conference;—an Assembly called into existence by John Wesley, who asserted "the right of private judgment," — that "the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side,"—that "every man is supposed to be innocent till proved guilty,"—and that "no man should be condemned without a hearing." Noble sentiments.*

It is not to be denied, that some of the most stringent despots are sometimes capable of great actions, and such qualification may be given to one particular proceeding of Alexander the Great. When an informer came to him with a criminal charge against an absent person, the monarch used to clap his hand over one ear, reserving *that*, as he said, for the story of the accused. Even Tiberius so far respected the powers of taxation as to remark, that a truly royal shepherd would shear his flock close, but would not devour them. Antoninus Pius, who, in spite of his reputation, was a sharp ruler, preferring the weal of his people to military glory, once declared, that he should feel more pride in saving the life of one of his own subjects, than in killing five hundred of the enemy.

* Appendix, No. 6.

What say the preachers, composing the Conference, to these matters,—opening both ears on mere *suspicion*, refusing to listen to the right of *appeal;* —to the system of *taxation* and *compulsory* payment;—the practice of *sheep-shearing* by the week, the month, the quarter, and the year;—and the awful utterance of the late Dr. Bunting, "I am ready at the cost of the loss of any number of members, to maintain the great fundamental principles of our constitution!!!" Jesus left the ninety and nine, and went into the wilderness to seek one.

There is a phrase of a Polish Duke which gained him the applause of Rosseau—"I prefer a dangerous liberty to quiet slavery." So it was, in a chastened sense, with Thomas Hasker. He therefore, with hundreds more in Newcastle, and the adjoining towns and villages, united himself to the liberal party. But being a man of peace, he mused quietly, steadily, without noise or commotion.

He was applauded by the public, in connection with those who filed off on the occassion, in support of liberal principles. The different sections of the Chritian Church manifested their sympathy with the separatists and the expelled; the ministers were invited, to occupy the pulpits of the Primitive Methodists, the Methodist New Connexion, the Associationists, Baptists, Independents, Congregationalists. &c., &c., in London, Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, Worcester, Derby,

Leicester, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and various other places, where they received the friendly countenance of Drs. Campbell, Burns, Legge, Radford, A. Fletcher, W. Anderson, of Glasgow, and a host of other Christian ministers belonging to different denominations noticed. With the exception of the "Watchman," the Conference organ, edited by the son of a preacher, and a "Derby paper," edited by the brother of another preacher, nearly the entire of the periodical press, Metropolitan and Provincial, from the "Daily Times" downward, affixed a deep, broad, black, indelible seal of reprobation upon the act of the Conference, in stringent leading articles on the subject, the editors themselves, educated men,—which is the more remarkable—differing, in many instances from each other, in their religious and politicial creeds, as well as on other subjects, yet all—ninety-five in number—*united* as the heart and voice of one man in their expressions of censure. The Conference party taunted the Reformers, and asked on the occasion, "could the three expelled preachers be right, and five or six hundred wise and holy men be wrong?" Reverse this, and apply it to the two solitary periodicals referred to. —Could *they* be right, and *all* the other journals wrong?*

Mr. Hasker was soon in full employ; places of worship were opened in the town and neighbourhood, whose pulpits he regularly supplied. He

* Appendix No. 7.

studiously avoided, however, taking the subject of "Agitation" into the pulpit; the pulpit had its own materials for the work for which it was called into existence; and as his want of hearing prevented him from entering the social circle, and listening to the bickerings of private debate, he passed on his way, in the enjoyment of his usual quiet, without being alarmed by the storm which was raging over head. When he read the tracts, &c., on either side, on the various points at issue, and observed a spirit, accompanied with irritating language, unsuited to the occasion, it wounded his feelings, and occasioned expressions of regret.

Referring to a party squabble, he observed to a friend—

> "'Like cats and dogs they spend their days,
> Like turtle doves their nights;'"

asking, "Who, thus spend their days?" adding, "I really think it a pity that such persons should ever get up; they should remain in bed when they are there."

To a friend, he said, at the close of the year, "I do not mix myself up with the movement that is going on, though I agree with you, that a reformation has long been wanted, and recent affairs will, I trust, hasten it,—at all events, that a check will be given to the evils. But the preachers would never have gone the lengths to which they have proceeded, if the *rich* men had not prompted and led them on."

Whatever might be the spirit manifested by conflicting parties, whatever the state of the political or religious atmosphere, he passed through the cloud and the storm, and came out of it the same Christian man as he entered; always pressing home the importance of personal religion, in public and in private, and applying it in the language of John, with "Look to yourselves." He was preaching one Sabbath, about this period, in the vicinity of the town, and the sermon being adverted to, he observed—"It was too commonplace for pointed remark." Calling still further attention to it, he said, "I dwelt chiefly on the word '*wisdom*,' and defined it as that of—*a man doing the best he can for himself;* stating, that I included in *self*, both *soul and body*." Then directing his attention more immediately to his friend, he exclaimed, "What a queer thing man is! There is nothing like him in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; and yet there is that which is as high as heaven, and deep as hell. Witness the seraphic Fletcher, who was heard to say, 'Lord, withhold thy hand, or enlarge the vessel!' Witness the notorious Burke of Edinburgh, who, after making his victims drunk, held their heads under water till life was extinct, and then sold their bodies for five pounds each!" Breaking away again from the subject, but only to return to it for practical use, he said—"'Know thyself;'" adding, "'Thou wilt never know thyself.' So says Thomas

Carlyle. 'Then, know thy duty, and do it.' That, I think, is a very wise saying of Carlyle. Let us remember it as long as we live. If we want to know our duty, let us study Christ. Let self, with such a model, while working after it, be what it may, all will be well. 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' This includes every thing we can be; for, living or dying, we can but be *happy*. Then follows—'The path of duty leads infallibly to felicity.' You perceive how naturally I fall into the didactic. When there, I get on swimmingly, or, as some would say, 'like a house on fire.'" In this way, he was winding round to a personal application, closing with—"These things properly considered, understood, pondered, digested, there need be nothing more in the didactic style on the present occasion." Here the pulpit was introduced into private life.

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1849, being a day appointed by Her Majesty for public thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the removal of the cholera from the land, no heart was more thankful than that of the subject of these pages, coupling with this national deliverance his own hair-breadth escapes, observing to a friend,—"Let it be proclaimed to the ends of the earth, that England, proud of her fleets and of her armies, has directed that public thanks should be given to Almighty God, for removing a dire calamity from our shores. Yes, let Catholic Europe know, that Protestant England has called upon its vast population to join

in thanksgivings—'We praise thee, O, God—We acknowledge thee to be the Lord.' With some persons, it may be a mere matter of form, and to others it may be a holiday for drunkenness and licentiousness; but that is their fault. Every right-minded man and woman will be thankful, and love their country the better for it." He further added, "I am not one of those that would lend a hand to pull down the Established Church. There are evils connected with it, without doubt; still, I am not certain, that either Methodists or Dissenters, were they in power, would ordain such a day. The Church, for a certainty, has done it—the shops are closed—business is suspended—and all ranks are hying away to their separate places of worship. My prayer is, that gratitude may fill the heart of every man, woman, and child. No one has more cause to praise God than I have. That is a fine sentiment, 'He regardeth the low estate of his handmaid, for his mercy endureth for ever.'" He then, with deep feeling, gave a brief summary of the favours he had received at the hand of God, and the deliverances He had wrought out for him; concluding with—"True, I have lost my hearing, but it was not till I could afford to lose it: my Father in heaven took care of that. Talk of a thanksgiving day,—every day should be a thanksgiving day. Thou art pleased by 'lavished love to make us groan beneath our gratitude.'"

With all the grateful feeling of which he was

the subject, his infirmity was frequently felt like a "thorn in the flesh." "Last night," said he, "I travelled three miles into the country, and spoke on—'Is not this a brand taken out of the fire?' A member of my class gave out the hymns. I spoke and shouted till the roaring in my head rose like a tempest."

CHAPTER XVI.

*Prayer and praise—Time—devotional spirit—address to his children—Dr. R. Newton—preaching—quiet—Reform Movement—expulsion—"Methodism as it is"—Mr. J. Reay—Agitation—faith and feeling—gratitude and love—Sabbath scholars—Bounaparte—the Bible—*JESUS *everywhere.*

PRAYER and praise have not unaptly, though quaintly, been characterized as the "lungs of the Christian;" drawing in by the one a happy life from heaven, and breathing it back to Him that gave it by the other. So the virtues of religion circulated in Thomas Hasker,—coming from God as a principle, and returning to Him as an offering; thus teaching the Christian both to receive his gifts and duly to acknowledge the benefaction.

When unemployed in reading, he loved to muse alone. Habit had rendered it as agreeable as it was profitable. Two persons who called upon him when indisposed, seemed to be under the impression that their society would be agreeable to him in "whiling away a little time." The trouble of writing to them on his slate induced silence; and seeing no good end to be answered by prolonged stay, he bluntly and abruptly

dismissed them, with—"There, now, you know I cannot hear, you have been long enough—good bye." He computed life, like Archbishop Leighton, not by years, months, days, and hours, but as one day, with its morning, noon, and evening, and the days that had fled, as in the possession of *death* rather than as inherited by himself. He set a high value on TIME. He felt, constitutionally, that the past was as a dream, and the evening of his day was gathering its shadows around him, designating himself, as he so often did, an "old man."

His devotional spirit was always in the ascendant. Adverting to that sentiment,—"This I had, because I kept Thy testimonies;" "This I had," he repeated; adding, "Had what? why, heaven, I suppose, on the way to heaven. 'This I had!' Had what? Ah, it was something too good, and too great, to be told. This I *have*—have JESUS:

> 'O make but trial of his love,
> Experience will decide;
> How blessed are they, and only they,
> Who in his love confide.'"

While he preserved the fire of devotion alive on the altar of his own heart, he felt great anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his children, frequently addressing them both singly and collectively. In the latter case, he observed,—"Imagine an angel to be sent down from heaven to sojourn on earth for a period of seventy years, with a promise that, at the close of that period, he should

be re-admitted, and ask yourselves how he would feel, how he would act? With what contempt would he look upon the world,—its wealth, its honours, and its pleasures! With what patience, fortitude, and resignation would he bear up under the afflictions, sorrows, poverty, and persecutions that might befal him! Knowing, especially, that these things would enhance his future felicity! Would he tremble, shrink, start back at the approach of death? Not he. O, my dear children, look back at the few years you have lived, and think of what you have thought, felt, said, and done. Can you see the fashion of everything passing away, the earth crumbling under your feet, without securing for yourselves a retreat—a home in heaven? Christ has died. God has done everything he can do to secure your safety and happiness. Your safety or destruction is in your own hands, and depends upon the good or ill use you make of so much grace;—the choice you make of a heavenly or earthly life. Thank God, I am reaping the benefit of the pains-taking of former years."

Again: "I think there is nothing more wanting to make me an accomplished Christian, than to follow the advice I give to others. A person once told me that 'a fool might give good advice, but it takes a wise man to follow it.' So be it. I have been at the lovefeast, and though I could not hear the experience of any one, I took care that they should hear mine. On my return home, I found

my experience in the 113th Psalm. It is as follows, which I give from a particular version in my possession: 'He draws up the indigent from the dust to which he was reduced, and from the mud into which he was plunged, to put him in the rank of princes; to make him sit at the same table with the chiefs of his people. He has given a family to her who sighed in sorrowful widowhood. Now she is a mother, and has enriched her husband by a happy fecundity.' I suppose this takes in grand-children too." Though he cited this version, it was not because he approved of it; but with a view to shew the difference between it and the beautiful, unaffected simplicity of the passage in the regularly authorized version.

Dr. Newton arrived late one evening in Newcastle, on his way to the north, and was met by Mr. Hasker. It being too late to go to domicile with a private family, and having to start early in the morning, he was about to go to an inn. Being pressed by Mr. Hasker to take a bed at his house, the Doctor accepted the offer, and, in addition to his being hospitably entertained, gave unspeakable delight to his host and hostess. Times were greatly altered since the "good man of the house" heard the Doctor at Kettering.

Preaching being named, and the party being desirous of having a previously pledged opinion of Mr. Hasker on the subject, he said,—"Well, according to promise, you shall have a thought or two upon it. It is highly important that we

should form a proper conception, or idea of a preacher, together with the art of preaching in perfection. He that has this idea *may* fail; he that has not—*must*. It is important for two reasons: First, the nearer we approach this perfection—even on the supposition we never reach it—the better; second, he who has not this idea, will be vain, and think highly of himself. He who has, will not—cannot." There is point in this, and, to a preacher, it might be useful.

While his infirmity secured for him quiet of mind, he naturally shunned, as noticed, everything in the shape of controversy at all calculated to disturb his repose. "I breakfasted," said he, "with Dr. —, Mr. B., Mr. G. and son, &c. The Reform Movement was one subject of conversation. But being unable to hear, I got off without saying anything, and was glad of it." But though mute in the social circle, he was induced, now and then, to notice the subject in his correspondence with those whom he loved, and with whom he sympathized, in consequence of their having suffered under the excision knife in the slaughter-house. One of his letters may be given:

"No. 7, Saville Court, Newcastle, April 16, 1850.

"My dear Brother and Sister—*That* is the way a Christian letter ought to begin. You will agree with me, that there is nothing equal to a good instrument. The gardener is proud of a good knife, with a buck-horn haft; the writer likes a good pen; and friend Reay knows the comfort of

a good razor. Such an instrument was Methodism, when we first connected ourselves with it,—approved of God, and accepted of man. I am not surprised at the love you bore it, nor yet the long and hearty support you gave it. With your early personal history (I here refer to brother Reay) I am not acquainted. But I guess that you were a wayward lad, with nothing good about you, till Methodism took hold of you, and, by the grace of God, turned you upside down and inside out. That being the case, you could not help loving the instrument; and I know no one who has given greater or more numerous proofs of his attachment. In proportion to your love must now be your grief to find it so very inefficient. How mortified would be the gardener to find, that the boasted blade of his knife, which he had shewn so often, had so long, and with which he had done so much good service in the garden, the vineyard, and the nursery, had got into the fire, and lost its edge and its temper! Alas, for the buck-horn haft! He may get the haft rubbed up, and the blade highly polished; but it won't do; it won't cut; it is fit only for show, not for use.

"From the pages of the WATCHMAN, which I have recently seen, I infer from the tone and temper manifested, that a division in the body is inevitable. The preachers, through that organ, are doing their utmost to make us believe that there is little or nothing the matter, and appear determined not to yield an inch. Mr. W—n told

me lately, that Methodism had weathered many a storm; but I doubt whether it was ever in such a storm as this before. We shall see, however, in what way it will be weathered. They say—and so say I—that God knows how to take care of his own, and that they who trust in him, shall not be confounded. And now comes the question—'What shall we do?' I ask in return, 'What does THE BOOK say?' It says, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' And again, 'Fret not thyself to do evil.' Why should we either 'fret' or proceed to 'do evil?' What! Have we not our comfortable homes, our '*canny*' wives, and our shelves loaded with books? If some of the latter could speak, they would say, 'It is really too bad; we have stood on the shelf for years, without being looked into!' Verily, if we cannot find happiness at home, it is vain to look for it elsewhere.

"Go out any time, either at the front or back door, and what see you there? The dwellings of the poor, to whom God does not seem to have dealt so bountifully as to us, though quite as deserving as ourselves. Yet we turn out occasionally to plead the cause of God, to vindicate an injured brother, to comfort them that mourn, &c. It is ridiculous to think, that I cannot control myself without the suffrages and approbation of others. What does Mrs. So and So say?—that I cannot be happy, unless the Rev. Mr. So and So thinks I am! O, let us cleave to God with all our souls, and then we shall know what that

meaneth—'The good man shall be satisfied from himself.' Yes, having drank of the water that Jesus gives, it shall be in us as a well of water springing up into everlasting life; and we shall sing, as did Charles Wesley, when he first sang,

> 'Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
> And saved by grace alone,
> Walking in all his ways they find
> Their heaven on earth begun.'

Only *you* answer for '*walking in all his ways*,' and *I* will answer for the '*heaven on earth begun*.' Still, in this world, there is always a 'crook in the lot'—always something. Naaman was a great man with his master, *but* he was a leper. I, blessed be God, am happy, but, alas! I am deaf. Nor must we expect to succeed in *pleasing* everybody:

> 'For, let a man be what he will,
> 'Twill not be very long
> Ere in his conduct, some kind friend,
> Will find out something wrong.'

Let us, however, please as many as we can, for their good to edification.

"My object in writing this letter is, as far as I am able, to help you to enjoy yourselves in old age. The predominant feeling of youth, leads to enjoyment, activity, &c.; which is often carried to an extreme. Old age loves repose. Very good: but even this is not to be carried to excess. Let us, my friends, keep up a healthy tone of reading, writing, talking, thinking, walking, praying, singing &c. Cowper says,—

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.'

Yes, it is pleasant to look into a newspaper, to see how this mad world is going on, without embroiling ourselves in it. The Bible, if we are wise, will be often in our hands—nor can it be there too often.

"It is from the Bible, I think, I feel my opposition to 'Methodism *as it is*.' O, how different from what it *was!* No one knows that better than yourself. Some say No; but I say YES. What excellent men have been entertained in your hospitable dwelling, years gone by; men that would have sacrificed their lives for souls! But now . . . . Let them not call me a croaker, nor lay this to the petulance of old age I know well what I am stating. I am neither petulant nor peevish. I never enjoyed my little religion more in my life; not even when younger—never was more happy. But, for the sake of my children and the world, I should again like to see old times, —when the 'songs of Zion,' and loud responses, at Carville, disturbed the neighbourhood. Let us, my dear friends, keep ourselves in the love of God,—praying in the Holy Ghost,—looking for, and hastening to the coming of our Lord from heaven.

"To be slighted and frowned upon by many whom we loved, and by whom we were loved in return, will be a severe trial. We cannot help it.

A Reformation is wanted, and anything is better than stagnation. We must, as one good brother said, submit to be called agitators, and by other hard names. If living to God, we were never nearer heaven than now. A few more struggles, and heaven will be gained. Let us offer up the words of Pope in prayer,—

'If I am right, the grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find the better way.'

"I cannot conclude, without remarking, what a wonderful thing the Press is. What miseries and tortures our forefathers endured! many of them inflicted by tyrants in the Inquisition, and elsewhere, without redress. If their sufferings had been known to the public, how would they have fled to their rescue! Why, you cannot see a child fall in the street, without going to pick it up.

"It is well there is a God that heareth prayer. That was all the comfort left for the sufferers. 'For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord.' Let tyrants tremble. 'A shiel's amang ye, taking notes; and faith he'll print it.' Upon the whole, we ought to be thankful. The lines are fallen *to us* in a pleasant place:

'Tis ungrateful to turn to the past with regret,
When we hold a fair portion of happiness yet.'

"I really did not intend to write so much; but I want you to persevere. The corruption that

has crept into Methodism is prodigious. You and I have, unwittingly, lent a hand to it. Then let us not be too hard on the preachers, to whom we have given too much power; but let us hasten to repair the mischief that has been done. O, may God, in mercy, bless us,—make us happy in his love;—and may we know something about sitting 'calm on tumult's wings.' Adieu, and believe me, your affectionate brother, THOMAS HASKER.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Reay, Carville."

Mr. Reay, and his excellent wife, whom Mr. Hasker here addressed, had been members and class-leaders in the Wesleyan Society for a series of years; and because they *sympathized* with the three expelled ministers, who were personal friends, one of them having been such upwards of forty years, the REV. WILLIAM BIRT, heartlessly cut them off from every endeared tie and association in Methodism, both as to the living and the dead,—some of the officials of the Newcastle circuit, encouraging him in the onslaught, and others looking on, if not with apathy, without even a word of censure or disapprobation;—thus, by their silence and non-resistence, becoming participants in the ecclesiastical butchery. "He that is not with me is against me," will apply in various cases, and in various ways. Mr. Reay, like Mr. Hasker himself, was not one, who, in the language of the latter, 'embroiled' himself in the strife, but exercised his christian feelings and strong

practical mind on the case, in harmony with '*the* Book.' He calmly took a decisive stand, and resolved to push on the *spiritualities* of Religion, in the sanctuary with purse, head, and heart, as usual, while others were in open contact with the abuses complained of in the field. He was brought to God under the ministry of the Rev. A. E. Farrar, when a mere boy;—was one of the most confidential agents of W. Russel, Esq., of Branspeth Castle, till the death of the latter, having served him, together with his son and successor—the major, between thirty and forty years.'—expended one hundred pounds per annum in travelling expenses, gratuitously visiting the Sabbath Schools in the union far and near, besides subscribing to them for a series of years;—delivered addresses and taught the scholars in the several schools;—kept open house for the Methodist Preachers and their families, to go in and out when they pleased;—led a large class, which was renewed by entries and removals, some of the members in it growing up from youth to grey hairs;—the originator of various schemes of benevolence;—a regular subscriber to Bible, Missionary and religious Tract Societies, to Hospitals for the sick, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind,—Trustee of a number of Chapels, and scarcely a chapel in the district and on the Tyne, to whose erection he did not contribute;—a constant contributor to all the funds of Methodism,—and there are not few,—by weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annual payments;

respected by the most respectable tradesmen, merchants, and genteel families in the neighbourhood;—his praise in all the churches, and so high at head quarters, as to be one of the HUNDRED selected for the *Centenary* gathering at Manchester, to be handed down to posterity as one of the stars of Methodism in the CENTENARY PICTURE;—and yet, this man, after having contributed days and years of toil to Methodism, amounting to nearly half a century—together with thousands of pounds—with a perfectly spotless character, as to morality and religion, was turned adrift by WILLIAM BIRT, a vulgar, common-place man, who had fed at his table, together with his family, and whose shoe latchets they were unworthy to untie Either the system or the men, that would admit of such conduct, must be bad. If the men made the system *they* are bad; if the system made the men *it* is bad. Could Thomas Hasker do less, with his views and feelings, than "play at quits" with such a system and such conduct? And what is to be said of those that remained behind *satisfied*? Well might Mr. H. state, that few had done more for Methodism than John Reay, of Carville, whose heart, house, and purse, were ever open for purposes of Religion, Morality, Education, and Humanity.

Though Mr. Hasker, as has been intimated, took no active part in public meetings, hundreds of which were held in the three kingdoms,—finding that he might sustain loss in the battle-field, as

well as being unfit for reply, in consequence of his deafness,—yet he saw the necessity of active, public measures. On a person complaining of agitation, he returned, "Tea is good for nothing, till put into boiling water and scalded."

A friend stating how much he was affected with the Psalms in a place of worship, and expressing a doubt whether he was not more the creature of feeling than of faith, Mr. Hasker replied,—"I think matters are better as they are, and you would have much more reason to question your faith, if unaccompanied by feeling. It appears to me, that there is more of heaven in it. I know not whether there is faith in heaven: but there is feeling, there is rapture! there is transport! that, in fact which makes heaven—Heaven! I would have the most unbounded faith in the atonement, and in all the promises of God. Still, I like the emotion of love, in the shape of gratitude. I wish I had more of this love. I am astonished, and ashamed of my stupidity. It is God, who has fed and clothed me—who heard my cry at Dundalk—screened my head at Waterloo—procured my discharge—linked me twice in wedlock—who has made me the joyful father of children, even of grandchildren: and am not I the man who ought to *feel*?" In this reference to children, he obliquely glanced—for he was addressing a father—at the children of his friend; proceeding, "You ought also to feel; and when next you feel the tears trickling down your face think of me, and let us exalt the Name of God

together,—yea, call on the angelic hosts to join us;—

'Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.'

Perhaps, the greatest wonder is, that either of us should ever have been the subjects of such feelings at all. Why, even our very afflictions have been sanctified, and turned into real blessings. Yes—

'Every cloud that spreads above,
And veileth love,
Itself is love.'

Let love, then, redeeming love, be our everlasting theme! filling our hearts with fire, and our tongues with praise. 'Let them exalt Him in the assembly of the people, and praise Him in the chair of the old man; Psal. cvii. 32. (La Harp). Is not that a fine translation? Let us think of it when we sit down. Here is a verse from a sailor's Hymn Book, that will suit us both;

'Ah look astern on many a toil,
Which Christ has brought us through;
We'er looking now a-head, and, lo!
The land appears in view!'

Surely, with such faith, and such feelings, we, if content with our bibles and our God, may be happy, without going abroad to seek the suffrages and approbation of others. Such conduct is pityful. What will the world say of us, if we do this? Why—'It is to be hoped that their friends will

take care of them. They are far gone; gone indeed, poor things!' And what will the church say? Why, each will be denominated 'a weak brother.'" There is a touch of fine satire at the close of these remarks, when taken in connection with the utterances of ministerial lips,—confining sanity and happiness within the precints of the Wesleyan Conference fold, as if found nowhere else.—Then, turning upon himself and his friend, he subjoined, "Whatever may be the opinion they form of us, I have no doubt, they will think better of us when we are gone, than we deserve: so let them go their way, and we will proceed on ours, meanwhile placing ourselves by the side of HIM, who, in the xxii. Psalm said, 'I am a worm, and no man, a reproach of men,' &c. That was spoken of Christ in his humiliation; therefore, let us not set ourselves up for anything."

In addressing the Sabbath School children, on Whit-Monday, he proceeded in his own peculiar way: "Now children, let every eye look at me, and every ear listen to me. I have two or three lessons to teach, and two or three tales to tell you.

"One of the lessons which I have to teach is,—That *a good picker up* is half the game. It is said in 'the Book'—you know what book I mean—that the birds of the air have neither store-house nor barn; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. But how? Why, he sends them forth in a morning before we are out of bed; and away they go, east, west, north, and south, and wherever they

alight on the ground, they seem to understand that a good *pick-up* is half the game.

"About two or three thousand years ago, a clever man made a book about *heroes—warriors—conquerors*. Do you know anything about such men? Well, if not, I'll tell you. They are a set of men that have troubled the world from time to time;—a set of cut-throats—of licensed butchers—of sturdy, man-destroying villains; and the man that wrote the book was called Homer, and now the book itself is called *Homer;* so that, when I say, I have bought a Homer, or have a Homer in my pocket, I mean the *book*. Well, now, not many days ago, I went to the Arcade, to put a letter into the post-office; and being a very windy day, I saw the leaf of a book flying about. I thought of *a good picker*, and also of the birds, and so *picked it up*. And what was it, think you? It turned out to be a leaf belonging to the History of Buonaparte, which contained a letter to his mother, written by him when a young man, at the military school. You wish to know, don't you, what it contained? Well, part of it read thus: 'Dear mother, I am not afraid with a Homer in my pocket, and a sword by my side; with these I shall be able to carve my way through the world.' I was shocked on reading it. He continued to cut and carve his way a long time, but we laid hold of him at Waterloo — sent him a prisoner to St. Helena, about two thousand miles off, where he died miserably.

"But I'll tell you another story, about another man, far greater than he, because a much better man. His name was John Nelson. He was a Yorkshireman, and a stone mason by trade. He was convinced of the evil of sin when young—received pardon at the hand of God—had his heart renewed by the grace of God—became a preacher of the Gospel—and went everywhere, telling men that they should forsake sin, repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. But the magistrates laid hold of him—sent him to a regiment—put a red coat upon him—tried to make a soldier of him—and gave him a gun to shoot with. But John said, 'You may array me as you like, but I shall not fight.' They asked him his reason. 'Well,' said he, 'I see nothing in this world worth fighting for. I want neither its riches nor its honours. In short, it appears to me, that my chief business in it, is, to get well out of it.'

"Now, that is the second lesson. The first—early rising, care, and industry—*good pickers* of that which is lawful and good; and the second, in addition to our living peaceably with all, shunning all cruel dispositions and actions, attending to the salvation of our souls and the good of others, as the *chief business of life.* John Nelson might have written to his mother, and said, 'Dear mother, with my Bible in my pocket, and the love of God in my heart, I am not afraid but that I shall get both well through and well out of the world.' And so it was: he lived a happy life, and

died as he had lived. Here, then, are the two lessons you are to repeat at home—A good picker up, &c.—Our chief business in the world, &c. When speaking of Homer, I told you that it was written in Greek, and therefore I could not read it, if I would; nor would I read it, in the way of preference, if I could. I like the Bible best; so did Timothy, who, from a child, knew the Scriptures."

On this general outline, and by these stories, he rivetted the attention of the children, interlarding the whole with simple, pertinent remarks, and other stray incidents; pressing home upon them especially, diligent, devout, daily attention to the perusal of the Bible. This—the Bible—was his mainstay, as in the case of the excellent Matthew Henry, being to him, the circumference of faith, the whole round of which his faith constantly walked, and every point of which compass it touched, as the heart moved; Christ himself being the polar star on which it rests. Yes, Christ is "all and in all." "As with the genius," observes Dr. Guthrie, "which aspires to immortality, and anticipates the admiration of future ages, the painter leaves his name on a corner of the canvass, so Inspiration, dipping her pen in indelible truth, has inscribed the name of Jesus on all we see—on sun and stars, flower and tree, rock and mountain, the unstable waters and the firm land; and also on what we do not see, nor shall till death has removed the veil—angels and spirits, the city and heavens of the eternal world."

CHAPTER XVII.

An instructor and adviser—industry—suitable associations—poverty decently attired—old age—a proposed visit to Birmingham—rich men—reform—letter writing—modern and "olden times"—temperance—morality—solitude—J. Bromley—Isaac Woodcock—William Birt—R. S. Stanley—packed juries—origin of expulsionists—summary of reform doings—an illustration of Conferential proceedings—Allon's hypothetical picture of what the Wesleyan body may become—respectability—preaching—pulpit eloquence—opposite characters—Quaker meeting—plain dealing, and its apology.

THOMAS HASKER was not only an exemplar, but a teacher, giving "line upon line, precept upon precept." "My dear daughter Mary," said he, "We very justly laugh at the folly of persons who think of obtaining wealth by merely *wishing* they were rich. There would not be a poor man anywhere, if wishing were enough. Now, I know very well, you would like to be a good woman for your own sake, a good wife for the sake of your husband, and a good mother for the sake of your children. How is this to be accomplished? Will *wishing* effect the object? Will silk gowns,

Leghorn bonnets, do? Certainly not. So long as I live I shall be your father, and so long as I am your father I shall feel most tenderly for your spiritual and eternal welfare. O, take care, and avoid those wretched excuses which some people offer, talking about 'natural constitution,' &c. 'Tis all stuff, depend upon it—for there is sober truth in the maxim—'Where there is a will there is a way.' If you would have God's grace, that is God's blessing, you must pray for it. 'A day without prayer is a day without God.' And if you would be *wise*, without which you can neither be a good daughter, wife, mother, nor a good anything,—I say, if you would be wise, you must read and think. It is not for you to state, that you have no time, no ability. You must find time, and acquire ability; otherwise, you must go through the world and out of it, in weakness and ignorance,—an object of pity to yourself and others." He subjoined, "I dare say, if you were to look round, you would find—and I could do the same—women less instructed and less wise than yourself. But what a poor thing is that? Such persons, next to good for nothing, might, in their turn, look round, and find others more depraved and disgraced than themselves. Take heart, my dear; be content to follow the beaten track. 'No gains without pains,' holds good in everything. All the men and women that ever adorned and blessed our world, whether good husbands or good wives, have been

distinguished for their diligence in the improvement of time,—that is, in improving their heads by knowledge and their hearts by prayer. Resolve on two things—to be a good woman and a wise one, by reading and thinking. Happily, there is no want of books. We want the will. I am the more urgent because of my own ignorance. Never did I appear more ignorant in my own eyes. Yet, I can say, from the little I have of that which is good, I derive great benefit, even delight. O, that I had been more prayerful, more watchful, more thoughtful. Still, though an old man, with one foot in the grave and another in the school, I am resolved not to relax. We are 'never to old to learn.'"

What a treasure, to have such a father, to watch, to prompt, to advise! And what encouragement in the material itself, to proceed in the work that engages attention. Webster, in one of his sturdy Saxon sentences, has taught us, that all, like the great Italian sculptor, though by slow, progressive stages, may labour for immortality; stating, that, "if we work upon marble, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but, if we work upon immortal minds,—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God and love of their fellow men—we engrave upon these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

Yet the subject of the Memoir was not always boring either his children or others with advices:

He could be gay, as well as grave. To an absent member of the family, after pressing home more important subjects, he remarked: "Enough of the serious, at present; now for a little of the playful. I hope my two little grand children are nicely. Ask Tom, if he remembers grandfather, and if he knows anything about Gutta Percha, Findhorn Haddy, Tom and Jerry, Peter Waggy? &c." He here referred to little things, originating in questions asked by the children, or otherwise, and on which he laid hold for purposes of amusement or instruction.

Though out of business, he was not lost to its interests; nor was he satisfied without seeing those around him employed, as well as himself having something useful to engage attention. "They are going on bravely," said he, in answer to enquiry, "at the fish shop. Margaret pays due attention. Brown is as happy as a man can be separated from his wife, who is from home. We are all enjoying ourselves at No. 7; I, with a few trout, my books, and the garden, the latter of which yields a few carrots; mother, with her knitting and reading; while E. and F. attend to the house, make gowns, and what not." Then, turning upon his enquirer, he proceeded, "I hope you are not behind any of us in the article of enjoyment. It was for that you visited the country, where Dyer and Bessey have been, both of whom attest the pleasure of their sojourn, from beginning to end. Let us try to find God in

everything that surrounds us: but let us not forget, that, after our utmost exertion, we shall be but poor creatures; but how much more so, if no effort is made? If we cannot do what we would, let us do what we can. Let it not be our fault if we are not wise, holy, happy, and useful; still, let us come as near as possible; be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves: the latter we can easily manage; the difficulty lies in the former."

His social qualities were limited in their range, as will have been perceived, in consequence of his deafness. This led him to prize more highly epistolary correspondence. To his friend Meadows, with whom he became personally acquainted at a more early period, he observed: "I deem it a privilege to have two or three persons to whom I can write, and from whom I can receive a letter in return, of kindred spirit and equal age, who still linger on this side the grave. Ah, me, we shall not linger here much longer. Yet, while we stay, let us sympathize with, and encourage each other. It seems to me, as though the old stiff clay refused to amalgamate with the new and the soft. I like to associate with the aged,—such as my old wife, and others. I smile at the young, and they at me; but we do not appear to understand each other altogether." Proceeding to the occasion of his address, he added, "I was reminded of you this morning, on leaving class, having met a thin man, dressed in black, about your age,—a tailor. Though poor, he was smartly dressed,

and walked with an air as if he had been one of the 'Three Tailors of Tooly-Street,' who, as you have heard, got up a petition to parliament, headed with—'We, the People of England!' But do not mistake me; it was simply his age, costume, and profession, that brought you to my remembrance—not his gait. Passing on to better things, you will be glad to learn that I get to my class on a Sabbath morning. It is the principal devotional service I attend. If you had been there, you would have said—'The old soldier over again; the same odd being as ever!' Well, that apart—Your last letter contained an account of a visit to Kettering, and of your preaching in the Baptist chapel, Northampton. All is right. Go on; die game. It cannot last long, though I hope you will be allowed an interval of repose before you sink into the grave. . . . . I like the last words in Daniel—'But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days.' Cheer up, old boy. I love old age,—never enjoyed myself more. It is good to bear the yoke in youth,—better still, to bear the burden and heat of the day,—but best of all to come, in good old age, like a shock of corn, ready for the garner, shouting hallelujah,"

> 'Ye fair by nature, formed to move,
> O, praise th' eternal Source of love,
> And ask an angel's lyre.'

If poor, weary, worn out age, cannot *shout* the name of Love, let it *sigh* it out."

Being pressed to visit Birmingham, on a public occasion, he said,—"It would be a high treat to me, if it could be accomplished. I was born there, and left it like a vagabond, at the age of 13, and continued a vagabond, till I settled in Northampton, in 1817, at the age of 28. But I could not attend any of your meetings, except one—that in which the brethern meet to eat and drink; and there I could do my duty. But O with what intense interest, I should rove and ramble over the streets of my boyhood! What reminiscences! contrasting the boy of 9 and 10, with old grey-head of upwards of 60. On seeing another grey-head in the street, I should be ready to say—Who knows? Perhaps that old man and I were playmates. What a dream you have started! My poor father and mother lie there in one of the church yards. Insuperable obstacles lie in the way of a visit. . . . . You state, that you are trying to grow old with a good grace, and to get as full of heaven as you can hold. My prayer is, that you may succeed, and that I may go and do likewise. This has been the happiest year of my life. . . . I agree with you, that a Reform in Methodism has been long needed, and hope that late events will tend to bring it about; any how, that a check will be given to what is wrong. But the preachers would not have proceeded to the lengths they have gone, if the rich men had not prompted and led them on * . . . . . I hope you are doing

* See appendix No. 8.

good, and I wish to keep you at it. Writing does me good both head and heart. Conversation being at an end, I take to my pen. What a *canny* thing it is, as the saying goes in the north, to be priveleged to sit down to a cup of coffee and a little toast, to breakfast. A rap comes to the door: behold! it is a letter from a distant friend, which gives a double relish to the food. . . . . Last night, I was in the country, about three miles distant, preaching. A member of my class officiated, as usual, as clerk. The subject was, 'Is not this a brand taken out of the fire?' I talked and shouted till the regular roaring in my ear rose to a tempest. . . . . Robert and family are well. He had a son born to him on the day I attained the 60th year of my age."

Thomas Hasker was one of those men who took things as they came, and made it his business to turn them to the best advantage. "Life," said he, is made up of good things, not the least of which is, that two old fogies, like us, can write to each other at the small cost of a penny. Let those who will, ask why former days were better than these? I make no such enquiry. You can dash off to London, like a young spark, at the rate of thirty miles an hour; a thing impossible twenty years ago. We have wished that our last days, may be our best, and it appears that such an event is likely to be realized. Should God see fit to afflict us towards the end of our pilgrimage, we will not forget past benefits.

O, no, when language fails,—

> 'Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
> And mean the thanks I cannot speak.'

Though he rejoiced in the efforts made to improve the mind and morals of the people, he paused when he saw certain points strained, and perceived, what he deemed undue attention paid to one thing, to either the depreciation or neglect of another. "I am," he observed, to a sincere advocate of the Temperance cause, "no Teetotallar," I am a *moderate* man, a *very* moderate man, *indeed;* so much so that there is but a step between me and teetotalism. But I wont be tied. Dont attempt to convince me, for I wont be convinced; just as you would say, 'Don't persuade me, for I wont be persuaded.' If everybody followed my example, there would not be a drunkard in the world. But I greatly respect a conscientious teetotaller, who acts from principle; and may God help him to persevere. One reason why I am moderate, is, I cannot afford to drink liquors, if I would, but am too happy, if I can spare a penny to my friends and others, who may need my assistance."

The closing remarks show, that his non-interference with the temperance question in public, was a mere personal matter, while he rejoiced in its success. But he would not admit of persons, in there attempts at Reform; to rest there, but wished them to proceed further by means of the gospel, which inculcates "Temperance in *all*

things." He knew that morality, without the purifying influence of the gospel, is inadequate to change the heart from its natural bias to evil. It may restrain from the commission of outwardly notorious delinquences, while the disposition towards evil remains unchanged. Such effects are but the receding waves, repulsed and broken for a moment upon the resisting shore, while the great tide is rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker.

Another institution was pressed upon his notice, which for personal reasons.—not selfish motives,—he declined to connect himself with; stating, "I cannot unite, because I cannot afford to subscribe; and besides, I think I shall never need its aid, for which I thank God. I am now, in consequence of my infirmity, an isolated being, and can take no part in such matters. Solitude, solitude, nothing but solitude! Though deaf, I can still hear; hear the voice of the Son of God, and live. Listening to Him, 'heaven springs up in the heart.' Can a man be better, I ask, than when 'heaven springs up in the heart?' I take little or no active part in the Wesleyan movement going on; but I wish the men engaged in it good luck, and cannot but think great good will come out of it. It will, however, be a severe struggle, perhaps a long one. It was much needed; the poor were comparatively neglected. . . I have seen Mr. Bromley's letter; it is quite a poser. Conference will hardly know what to do with him—turn him

off, I think. He is a fine fellow. I know him well; also Everett and Dunn."

In addition to the wreck made in the societies belonging to the Newcastle district, as in Gateshead, North and South Shields, Sunderland, etc., by Messrs. Isaac Woodcock, * William Birt, and others, who obeyed the bidding of the ruling authorities, he was not less indignant with their treatment of Mr. R. S. Stanley, than with their conduct towards Mr. Reay, and hundreds more. This gentleman was the grandson of one of the first race of Methodist Preachers, and the cousin of two Preachers of the same name, one of whom filled the Presidential Chair; a townsman and play-mate of one of the three Preachers so unjustly expelled, both having entered the Wesleyan

* This man, Woodcock, was superintendant of the Sunderland Circuit, and packed a Trustee Meeting &c., at Monkwearmouth, (a measure frequently resorted to) in order to secure the expulsion of other trustees, some of whom were among the best and most useful members of society. Some of the Jury, who were also Judges—for they sat in a double capacity—were not only bankrupt as tradesmen, but strongly suspected of being in the same predicament in morals. One of them, in ascending the staircase to the Wesleyan Star Chamber, being found to be so unsavoury to the keen scent of a Temperance advocate, who stood among the crowd at the door waiting the issue of the trial, that he exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "Make way, make way there, for this *Rum Cask*." It is a melancholy fact, that some of the worst expulsionists among the Preachers, were originally dug out of the lowest ditches and ravines of human life, and when opportunity offered, all the coarseness of brute nature, found among the lowest grades in Society seemed to break forth, like an ulcer in a state of suppuration. Oh, how unlike *Isaac*, the son of Abraham? how unlike the pacific William Penn, of Pennsylvania! were many of these men!

Society in early life, and grown up in the community in friendship and Christian fellowship, to hoary age. He, with others, was wrenched from the people of his choice, and had, at once the extinguisher placed upon all his most endeared associations, without a fault beyond that of the exercise of Christian sympathy. This noble man stood head and shoulders above most of his brethren, and formed a fine companion picture to Mr. John Reay, of Carville. He entered the excise, in early life, where character and ability placed him, first as Collector in the Newcastle department, and next, in the Collectorship of Liverpool—the largest in the kingdom. As a preacher, he would have graced any pulpit in the connexion for person, piety, and talent, accompanied with an extraordinary gift in prayer; and as a class-leader, he had a class of numerously attached members. His demeanour was respectful and dignified, without parade or ostentation: in short, he was manly, generous, affable, and ready for every good word and work—a fine specimen of christian character.

The battle between the Reformers and the Conference continued warm:—Delegate Meetings were held in central situations;—the Conference was pursued from place to place in its annual sittings, addressed, appealed to, and exposed;—cities, towns, and villages, were placarded with the doings of the priesthood, and the wrongs of the people;—the press was constantly at work,

throwing off its volumes, pamphlets, smaller tracts, circulars, and fly leaves, by hundreds of thousands; —the public journals continued their roll of thunder in the ears of the Preachers;—the "THREE EXPELLED," averaged, in the three Kingdoms, exclusive of other gatherings and Sabbath services far on to two hundred public meetings in the year, addressing in the same space of time from one to two hundred thousand persons, and travelling from ten and twelve to fourteen thousand miles per annum;—a large Bazaar was held in the metropolis, to which, among other munificent contributions, a gentleman gave a beautiful Ox, fed for the occasion, the proceeds of the whole realizing a large sum towards the movement;—a Hymn Book was published, which, in a short time, realized the sale of upwards of 100,000 copies and netted some hundred pounds in the shape of profit;—and the "Song of Liberty" was warbled by the congregated masses, with a view to cheer forward the veterans of Reform.*

"A word," said the subject of the memoir, on another occasion, "on the movement. When two 'canny bodies' (that is the Newcastle phrase) get married, so long as the good man brings in all the money he can, and the wife makes it go as far as she can—making all the family comfortable—matters go on well; but if she becomes extravagant—if she run the good man into debt —begin to sport the lady—lord it over him, and

* See Appendix No. 9.

treat him with indifference, as though he did not belong to the house,—why, then, I think, if he have any spirit in him, he will call her ladyship to an account, and insist on a change—a radical, an organic change. This is my view of the matter. I cannot go into detail. There is, and has been, something wrong several years. Very little prosperity has attended us. Instead of splendid chapels, velvet cushions, organs, &c., being tokens of success, I think they are rather signs of the devil and mammon having crept in among us, and it will be some time before they are ejected. It might be some mitigation of the fault of the lady employed as an illustration, but certainly no excuse, to suggest, that she was led into her extravagant habits in consequence of the example and advice of some of her mistaken neighbours, whispering to her something about *respectability*, and slipping, at the same time, a sovereign into her hand. But it won't do. The poor husband has been shamefully neglected; he is grieved at heart; and no one can blame him for '*stopping supplies!*'"

That which is here brought as a positive charge by the complainant, seems to chime in with what appeared afterwards in an article in the "Homilist," entitled "Trees marked for Falling," in which, the Rev. H. Allon has a word for each church. Of Wesleyanism, which he calls "The Presbyterianism of England," he says, "It has its special mission, which we can have no difficulty

in recognizing,—a mission to the outlying poor, and nobody hitherto has done it; but let it forget this, let it become ashamed or wearied of its peculiar evangelization, let it become covetous of respectability, let it affect church prerogatives, let it ape the learned proprieties and priestly absolutions of hierarchical bodies, and its power will be gone, its days will be numbered; God will sweep it away, take the kingdom from it, as he did from Saul, and give it to some other stripling from the sheepfolds, of whom the world has not heard, another and a better than it. When a church forgets its first and peculiar mission, and is contented to take rank among the sects, God raises up another, often very unexpectedly." Hasker was of opinion that Methodism had forgotten its "first and peculiar mission;" and though the writer just quoted puts the subject hypothetically, he had seen, read, and heard too much, in the controversy raging, not to be impressed with the character and tendencies of the Wesleyan priesthood, absolutely realizing by its downward course what his caution leads him only to express as a supposition; and it is only since the disruption of 1849, that a little more attention, owing to a lack of funds, by means of a "Home Mission," has been paid to the "outlying poor."

Thomas Hasker was not the advocate of rudeness, nor yet opposed to "respectability," as such. "I prefer," said he, "respectability to

ignorance and vulgarity. The thing to be desired is, the urbanity of the gentleman with the humility of the Christian;—or, say, just as seen in Christ himself: but here is the difficulty. O, that we had His mind—were filled with the graces of His Spirit,—then we should all be gentlemen,—gentlemen altogether,—*gentle*men in the best sense of the word:

> Earth and heaven together meet,
> Gifts, in Him, and graces join;
> Make the character complete,
> All Immortal, all Divine."

"You ask," he continues, "how Robert goes on. He is quite a *respectable* man, has a *respectable* little wife, and a *respectable* house; is no agitator, no man sitting more calm on 'tumult's wings.' If he were caught up to heaven, like Elijah, he would be the subject of pleasing emotion, but astonishment would be the last feeling. He is more like John than Paul. As for you, wherever you find pride, ignorance, error, you strike them down. I sit, and read and write; and only, when necessary, calmly excite with my pen, and induce others to think, as well as move to action. I cannot converse, not even with my wife. I often ask—What will be the result of the present commotion? The breach becomes wider. There is a formidable array on both sides. I see Northampton is making preparation for the reception of the 'expelled.' You would see an account of the tea-party recently held here, with Everett at

the head. My good wife had a table; I took tea, and then retired. There is a speech in the 'Wesleyan Times' of this week, delivered by John Reay, of South Shields: *there* you have my views exactly. But, as I have already stated to you, I do not attend the meetings for public addresses. I go occasionally to the Quakers' meeting, in addition to my own, which is the fittest place for a deaf man, and there I have refreshing seasons. What an idea! An old soldier in a Quaker's meeting!" Such was his exclamation; and such might be the surprise of his friend. A man of war mingling with the friends of peace! preferring the quiet of the followers of George Fox, mute in adoration, to the society of those gifted with lofty utterance, and singing the praise of God aloud.

Being asked, as he could not hear sermons, how he succeeded in delivering them, he said, "An old man told me the other day, that I am the same as I was twenty years ago; others state, that I do not preach so well; while a third class declare I am greatly improved. With these conflicting opinions you are just as wise as you were."

Some remarks have been already made on his character as a preacher. As to pulpit eloquence, though he knew something of it in theory, the practical part was beyond his reach; as it is, indeed, beyond the reach of thousands, though otherwise good speakers. "Composition," it is

remarked, "necessarily governs elocution; artificial language necessarily brings with it artificial intonation. That the one may be perfectly natural, so must the other. While it would be impossible to read a paper from Johnson's 'Rambler' in the easy, colloquial, and spritely tone of good conversation, it would be as impossible to read a paper from Addison's 'Spectator' otherwise. The one necessitates a lofty, sonorous elocution—a thing altogether unlike the discourse of actual life; the other, the 'tripping on the tongue,' and the vivacity of idiomatic speech,—the two respectively reflecting the manner of Apollo with his lute, and of Jupiter Tonans. The character of the one is nature, and of the other, force; sustaining the critical dictum of the most perfect speaker of the last century, who said, 'When Johnson wrote tragedy, declamation roared; when Shakespeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart's blood.' Sound is not necessarily force. The thunder only appals—it is the lightning that kills! In speaking, nature is power; artifice is impotent." Thomas Hasker wrote, but not with a view to dazzle or please;—he spoke, and when he declaimed, he "roared," but it was owing to his infirmity;—and, if "nature is power," he had that, being as remote from the "impotence" of "artifice" as his "sound" was lacking of "force." And although there was truth in the statement, of his being the same as he was twenty years before, his knowledge

was more extended, his experience was deeper, a richer and a mellower tone accompanied his ministrations. He, nevertheless, wore, so to speak, like the Baptist, his "leathern girdle and coat of camel's hair," and was most at home, both in the pulpit and in social life, with Amos, among "the herdmen of Tekoa." In this sense, though improved and improving, he was always the same. It is to men of this character, bearing the impress of Apostolic piety and godly simplicity, that the Christian church must look in all its arrangements;—selecting preachers rather than linguists,—men full of the Scriptures rather than the classics,—men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost rather than the spirit of pagan literature,—men in whom heart-work takes the precedence of head-word. Some of the rulers in the Wesleyan body have shewn a disposition to do away with the local ministry, while other sections of the church are graudally becoming awake to its necessity and advantages. Woe betide the day when a local ministry ceases to be exercised in Methodism. There will then be ample proof, indeed, in the language of Mr. Allon, that it has forgotten "its special mission to the out-lying poor,"—of its being "ashamed or weary of its peculior evangelization,"—its "covetousness of respectability,"—its "affectation of church prerogatives,"—and its wish to "ape the learned proprieties and priestly absolutions of hierarchical bodies."

Afraid he had given offence in a case in which he had employed "plain dealing," he observed, "Some of my remarks may appear strange to you, without really being so. But I think of you as the mother of three children. Is that strange? As the wife of a young man, who does not know so much as an old one. Is that strange? I think of you also as one, in the position in which you are placed, as not having been able to read all the books that have been written on personal piety, household economy, and many other things, and, consequently, as one having still much to learn. Is that strange? If otherwise, it would be strange indeed. In addition to this, I might describe a virtuous, judicious, accomplished woman, a faithful wife, a good mother, &c., without intending to insinuate or infer that you were the most stupid or ignorant of women. Neither my wife, nor any of my children are, in all respects, and in everything, what I wish, and yet I am thankful we are not worse;—nay, I have not brought myself up to the mark I should like to be at. Though there is scarcely a person with whom I am acquainted with whom I am *altogether* satisfied; yet there are very few with whom I am not better satisfied than with myself. Take the present commotion. I engage my mind on other things; otherwise, the business of Reform would engross it too much. As it is, I am distressed to think that a system which, under God, has done so much for me, should become, in that respect,

next to useless. I feel most acutely for the spiritual welfare of my children. As to myself, after forty years perseverance, I think I shall be able to weather the storm. Pray for me. Though distressed on account of Methodism, I am happy in myself. I am in possession of many sources of enjoyment adapted to age and circumstances."

The way in which he wriggled himself out of blame for plain dealing, is distinguished for no small share of ingenuity; while he still maintained his credit for fidelity. When persons speak the truth and do that which is right, they will find, that it is the best way to extricate themselves from any difficulties or perplexing circumstances with which they may be environed. Though they may not be able, on taking the first step, to ascertain where the next will be; yet by following truth, justice, and plain dealing, there will be no great difficulty in a ready and easy escape out of the labyrinth. The knot, previously viewed as a Gordian one, will untie itself before the eye It is a mistaken notion, when entertained, whether we look at the individual or public bodies, to suppose that they are to extricate themselves from difficulties, by intrigue, chicanery, dissimulation, trimming, untruth, or injustice. Such measures only increase the difficulties, and those who adopt them ultimately involve themselves in such a way, as to be unable to turn in any direction without a fuller exposure of their infamy. It is of moment to form a resolution, not to be shaken, not to tell

an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so contemptible; and the person who permits himself to tell one lie, will find it much easier to add a second, and a third, till at length the sin becomes habitual—finally uttering falsehoods without attending to them, and giving currency to truths without being believed. The falsehood of the tongue, in process of time, corrupts the heart, and depraves its better dispositions. Thomas Hasker's apology allowed his plainness of speech to have its full force, and the two combined could not, if allowed to operate, but answer a good purpose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sympathy—Divine submission—death and heaven—party spirit—charity—a revival—how to live—change of residence—an oddity—how to instruct the young—education—fruitfulness—a Cardinal and his letters—preachers—prayer and prayer meetings—noise—races—society of Friends—wandering thoughts—Kirkham—Dr. Chalmers—power of religion—special services—advice sought—preachers—democracy—duty of old age.

Though Thomas Hasker had nothing of the whine, the plaintive, or the cooing of the dove, in his manner and address, he had a sympathetic heart; and those who knew him would repair to him in the hour of distress for relief, like the patient to the physician. "You wish," said he, "a few consolatory lines under your present afflicting circumstances, and I hasten to the work: but I feel like a man in the position of one who has just had a visit from a friend, and who knows that the said friend has a larder of his own, well furnished with all kinds of provision, and whose only difficulty arises from his desire to know which he would *like best.*

"To proceed. I have only to draw out of the riches of Christ, as treasured up and held out in

the blessed Bible. These are for you and yours, that you, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope. HOPE! Ah, that is our all on earth. The hope of the righteous is gladness; the believer in Christ is righteous.

> 'Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
> It lifts the fainting spirits up.'

Having accompanied the good man through the struggles of life, it lies down with him on his death-bed,—for the righteous hath hope in his death. 'By patience of the Scripture!' Yes, there is enough there to inspire patience, and to impart comfort. 'For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven,' that is, as I understand it, all that God has said, is as firm, as 'settled,' as heaven itself: grace to help in time of need,—dying grace for a dying hour. What God has promised is as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow morning; nay, more so; 'for human weal heaven husbands all our events:' that is a fine sentiment. You will find it in Dr. Young. But the Book speaks out more fully, and says,—'all things work together,' &c. We might ask, what good is there in a long, lingering, painful illness, terminating in dissolution? Yet, I think, I can perceive one blessed purpose proposed, and one end answered by it: it tends to keep the subject down, and to make him feel that he is 'poor and needy.' Then is the time for Christ to come, who invites the 'weary and heavy laden.'

"The comparative innocence of your dear daughter, in early life, might seem to be of some value; but that is not sufficient. As to myself, I fear I shall require sharp discipline to keep me down. But though I have been a rascal, God preserves me; and if kept down, at any price, I will thank him for it; for, be it as it may, our heavenly Father loves us too well to inflict an unnecessary pang. I take this to myself; the roaring noise in my ear continues; never heed; God knows what he is about; we are in good hands. Your daughter, you intimate, has completed her apprenticeship, and is likely to succeed in business What then? Would you wish her to stay, and be harassed as you have been for years, and then sink into the grave a poor, decrepit, old, worn-out woman — worn-out with trouble and care? 'All that cometh is vanity.' Is there a saint in heaven who complains of his having reached it too soon? Not one.

"John Foster imagines the soul on just having left the body, as looking upon it, and after a long and painful illness, as saying,—'Lie there, with all thy infirmities; I have now done with thine and thee.' But not anything can be said more beautiful than what Dr. Beaumont gave utterance to in one of his sermons: 'The separated spirits of the people of Christ, at death, enter on the path of that eternal life which God has promised them; their bodies rest in the grave as in a perfumed bed; they rest there till the morning of

the resurrection; and when that morning comes, Christ's voice will be heard softly calling them—not the rough voice of justice, calling them to the judgment seat—but the voice of the bridegroom, sweetly, softly awaking the bride, saying, 'Arise my fair one, my love, and come away, for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come: arise, my fair one, and come away.' Hallelujah! And you, my dear friend Meadows, try to bear up—to look up—and to cheer up. I told the members of my class this morning — and you, of course, were included — that all that was necessary to make local preachers holy, happy, and useful, was only to practice what they preach and recommend to others. I once wrote a letter to myself, thinking, as I had so much, and such good advice for others, it were a pity I had none for myself. After all, we cannot dispense with human help, with brotherly counsel and sympathy. It may be, ere long, I may be languishing in bed, and will need a few lines from you, which will be as water to a thirsty soul, or as good news to the sorrowful. We are never such fools as when we think ourselves wise; never so weak as when we think ourselves strong. I am afraid we talk too much about conflicts, as though we had some claim to be exempt; or, like children, babbling nonsense—of victory without a battle. Let us, in the exercise of faith, gird up our loins, and be

prepared for all that comes, knowing that *that* is sure to be right.

> 'O, why art thou cast down, my soul,
> What should discourage thee,
> And why, with vexing thoughts, art thou
> Disquieted in me?'—OLD VERSION.

'It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.' As a set off against that,—every wind that blows, blows good to God's children. This trial of yours—I will not call it a calamity—will preserve you from being swallowed up by the Reform Movement. Party spirit, I fear, is carrying some men away; and whither, I know not. But depend upon it, that

> 'Black is not so black,
> Nor white so very white.'

I did not like that brother's prayer about 'proud hearts' in Conference. They were all humble, devout young men at first, though corrupted by circumstances, as we might have been, if in their position. You and I have been reformers for years; but in reforming everything, let us not overturn everything. You will learn from the papers how matters go on; but don't believe everything you hear or read. Every reformer should set about reforming himself. It is better to be priest-ridden than devil-ridden.

"You fear, lest your dear child should be buffeted by Satan in her extremity. Exhort her calmly to cast herself upon the Lord, and try to be resigned to his will; and should the sea become

boisterous, not to look at the *waves*, as did Peter, but to CHRIST."

Deep an interest as he had in the correction of such evils as more immediately connected themselves with church government and disciplinary matters, he felt a still deeper interest in, and greater anxiety for, a revival of the work of God among the separated. "Do you know," he asked a friend, "any place in which a revival of religion is more desirable than at K——? Well, then, look at this: the kingdom of heaven is like unto a wise merchant, who, having found a treasure, hid in his field, &c. Now, every man in K—— might find such a field, and every wise man would try to possess himself of it. Fools, that they are! What all might do in a literal sense, no one will do in a spiritual one. There is a prayer in the Book—'Lord revive thy work;' and there is not anything the Lord is more ready and willing to do than *that*. But he *cannot* revive his work among free agents without their concurrence. If they were mere machines he could do it; but they are *men;* and though he waits to be gracious, he waits their time, which may be long—perhaps *never*. The wise merchant was seeking goodly pearls; but what are the people of K—— seeking? A 'will-o'-the-wisp!' and much good may it do them, if they find it. Let you and I avoid these errors, and imitate the good Richard Baxter, who laboured for it, and who, when on his death-bed, in a shattered state of health, and with growing

infirmities, but with holy resolves, and a well-grounded hope of heaven, said, on being asked how he felt—'Almost well,' and expired."

The least sign of a "quicking spirit" in the church, invariably cheered him, being careful to preserve himself in a state of readiness to meet and to fan it. "By dint of management," said he, "taking a nap in the afternoon, I preserve my body in a state of tolerable health, and ready for exercise; and better still, my soul prospers and is in a happy frame, by dint of perseverence in prayer, reading, and meditation. But added to my own endeavours, I am indebted to a kind providence which gives the ability, and to divine grace, for imparting peace in the midst of infirmities. As, with others, every day brings its petty annoyances, vexations, and grievances, and, if disposed to grumble, I might fill whole sheets of paper with complaints, but in so doing, 'I should offend against the generation of thy children.' The only source of relief—and there is no one like it—is, to go into the sanctuary, where we shall learn to see the hand of God in the various checquered scenes of life, and be taught to exclaim,—'Verily, God is good to Israel."

Having changed his residence, he took up his pen in one of his lighter moods, and gave a description of it, together with its internal regulations, to an absent member of his family. "It does not quite come up to No. 7, but stands in a principal street, in connection with other respectable

dwellings—is ascended by a flight of four stone steps—and protected by iron rails.—I have read of windows that exclude the light, and passages that lead to nothing. Not so here.—In the front room, to the right, you will find, in addition to sofa, chairs, etc., suspended against the walls, the portrait of an officer of the first Dragoon Guards, interesting only to myself, as belonging to the regiment in which God stopped me in my career of sin, like Saul of Tarsus, leading me to exclaim —'Lord what wouldest thou have me to do?'—in another place, a warrior of another class, James Caughey,—but most conspicuous of all, the 'Three Expelled." With equal minuteness, the other apartments were described, the whole being to him, as was his preceding abode—*a house of prayer.*

In pressing home circumspection and self-denial upon a young person, whose views and feelings came to him in the shape of—"You would have me to become an oddity," "No doubt," said he, "a young woman, who believes she has a soul to save, and actually takes pains with it, will be thought such by many. I consider myself one; and no wonder, for I am trying to become one; that is, I am trying to be different from other people. The maxim of the world is, 'When you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does.' But I can shew you a more excellent way. St. Paul was at Rome, but he did not do as they did. On the contrary; he said, 'Be not conformed to this

world, but be ye transformed, by the renewing of your mind,' &c. I had opportunities at Waterloo of knowing and proving what my oddities, so called, could do for me, as well as since, and found them very consoling. Of all the follies of this foolish world, the greatest is that of finding out on a death-bed, that every thing has been done, except just that one which ought to have been done, when the foolish virgins cry out, 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out.' But the wise said, 'No.' This is worthy of serious thought. Some persons acquire a little sense, and become wise, like the prodigal, through long and bitter experience. Others, which is better, become wise at other people's expense. A third class, though brayed in a mortar, will not allow their foolishness to depart from them. Take the advice our blessed Lord gives—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you.' If you can find better, take it. But do not run away with the notion that all is sugar and sunshine here."

His anxiety to fasten instruction on the minds of his children remained unabated, and seemed to increase in intensity as age advanced. For this purpose, he grouped a few incidents together —"new and old"—partly from reading and partly from reflection, saying to his daughter Eleanor,—"A letter may have a chance of being thought about, while the same things said, might amuse, but not profit much. Possibly, this may

be the last; take care of it, and make good use of it.

"A mouse, that was born in a chest, crept one day to the top of the lid, and looking around, exclaimed, 'dear me, I did not think the world was so large!' This may give us an idea of our *ignorance*."

A fly, which had perched itself on the horn of a cow, grazing in the field, began to apologize for the intrusion, saying, 'I beg pardon, but if you feel my weight to be any inconvenience, I will at once remove.' 'Don't trouble yourself,' said the cow, 'I did not perceive when you alighted, and should you be disposed to fly off, I shall not know when you are gone.' This may give us a notion of our *importance*.

"Another fly settled on the axletree of a carriage, rolling along the road, in the middle of summer; 'wonderful!' was the exclamation: 'what a dust I kick up?' That may remind us of our *conceit*.

"In an assembly of mice—a fable of which I only need to remind you—met to consult how they might preserve themselves from the claws of the cat, when a young mouse stood up, which might have been the one that mounted the lid, and suggested the propriety of tying a bell round the neck of their foe. This produced great applause, as you may suppose. But an old one, (—alas, alas, for the officious meddling of old folks, who will always be throwing dampers on the bright

schemes of the younger of their race)—yes, an old one took the liberty of asking which of the assembly would bell the cat? Profound silence ensued. This ought to teach us to consult the *old* and *experienced*, before we attempt to blab out our nonsense.

"A young man was passionately fond of a cat, and requested one of the gods to change her into a young lady, which was soon done, for any thing can be done in the world of imagination. At midnight, her ladyship, hearing some mice nibbling some cheese in a corner, instantly sprang out of bed to catch them. Here we perceive the necessity of a *change of nature*. An outward change will effect no good end. Of these stories, I think the last is the best. May God create in us a clean heart, and renew in us a right spirit.

"Well my child, make yourself comfortable during your absence; neither you nor I are of much consequence here. The great thing is this: we are immortal beings. Life cannot hurt us, as immortal, and death cannot touch the spirit. As to the body, death may do its worst. I am nearly tired of it, and hope I shall not be sorry when done with it! Stop. What do I say? 'Done with it!' I expect to see it again,—bright, glorious, and free. How happy shall I then be, being able to say, Here am I, and the children thou hast given me. Religion is all: holding in her left hand this world, and in her right the next. You see, my child, you are not an outcast. God loves you,

—so do I,—so does Mother, so does Fanny,—and I know not who besides."

To the same, on another occasion: "Some poet writes,—

> 'Tis education forms the plastic mind,
> For, as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

That is well expressed. Education is a word of large import; including not merely reading and writing, but the whole training, bringing up,—discipline. You must consider yourself as yet, but a twig, with this bending and training, in some measure in your own hand. Be careful to bend and train yourself the right way. Consider what kind of an old woman you would like to be; whether a poor peevish old creature, or an intelligent, respectable, venerable old matron. You cannot bend an old tree. What is to be done, must be done now, or not at all.—But let us see what Soloman has to say about a tree, for he was one who took an interest in all, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hysop that groweth out of the wall. He says, Eccles. xi. 3, 'If the tree fall towards the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie.' From hence we conclude, that as the tree leans, so it falls,—as it falls, so it lies,—and as death leaves us, judgment will find us. Take care, then, how you lean—where you fall—and how you are found. Be ready. Take, as a concluding remark on trees, the language of Jesus Christ;—'herein

is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,' You tell me, that you will carefully treasure up my letters. That is right. Who knows, but that some years hence, you may find this, when I have left the world, saying, 'Ah! this is one of *canny* father's letters.' What will be your language twenty years from this period, on the supposition that it is preserved and opened? Will it be? 'O, I am glad father wrote to me, and more glad still that I had sense to follow his advice;' or, will it be, 'Ah what a fool I have been, to neglect a father's counsel! What evils should I have escaped! what sorrows would have been unknown! what happiness enjoyed! had his advice been taken.' Try, my child, to acquire a taste for reading the Bible. O, what a long letter I could write on the advantages and blessedness of having the heart sound in God's statutes. The Bible is the best guide of youth, the surest prop of old age."

He observed in answer to enquiries. "Thank God, I have no bad news to communicate. A certain Cardinal being of opinion, that there was more bad than good news, never opened his letters when sitting down to his meals, lest he should loose his appetite, observing the same on going to bed, lest his sleep should be prevented. I am not troubled in this way. A letter is no sooner out of the postman's hand than clash goes the seal. Ere long, I expect to have a letter from heaven, or—say, some strong intimations, which

cannot be mistaken, saying, 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' On such an intimation, I hope I shall then be able to say with old Eli, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' As we may not boast of to-morrow, lest some calamity should await; so, we will not despair, as something good may turn up. 'Joy cometh in the morning.' Our people are out, and, so far as they are concerned, I am alone; and yet I am not alone. 'Lo, God is here!' and 'in the multitude of my thoughts within me, His comforts delight my soul.' 'Courage!' exclaim the French: 'cheer up,' respond the English. O, yes—

> 'Our conflicts here, shall soon be past,
> And you and I assend at last.'"

Having heard that there was a good attendance at Gibson-street Chapel, and being appointed to preach there, he went expecting to see more than a usual congregation, as well as more than ordinary symptoms of spiritual life among the people. "Instead of crowds and crushing to hear the *locals*, I saw nothing of the kind. The person who gave me the information, must have conceived the idea when at some tea-party, and must have transferred his thoughts from the table to the pulpit, where there is something more attractive than a sermon."

Two preachers being named to him, the one full of dash and show, and the other distinguished for noise, rant, and violent gesture, he

observed somewhat significantly, as to the first, whose text was, "Behold the man!" "it must have been a grand affair;" and in reference to the other, whose text was, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," &c., he wished to know whether there was anything of Christ in the sermon—any consolation for such as were disposed to flee from the wrath to come; deeming the work as only half done, to point out danger, without a plan of the means of escape. An account being communicated to him, at the same time, of a good deal of noise and commotion at a prayer-meeting, after the extravagant sermon on future punishment, he said, "What was, or what will be, the real result, we have yet to learn; we may be instructed, however, by an extract from the eloquent Robert Hall, who says, 'The gentle theologues, whose nerves are strung with such exquisite sensibility, that they are alarmed at the slightest ripple on the dead calm of human affections, and expect to accelerate the period when the sea shall roar and the fulness thereof, are the real visionaries.' I offer this as an apology for our good, noisy brother, without forgetting a saying of Napoleon, that 'from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.' It may be proper—nay, necessary—to pull down an old house, especially if the dry-rot has found its way into it; but it may be very difficult to rebuild it, and will be found so, if some of the builders, unaccustomed to the work, should manifest a

greater aptitude for pulling down than building up. Such might, unwittingly, pull down one day what a brother-builder erected the day before, and so render it impossible to calculate when the structure is likely to be completed, or whether its completion will ever ensue. Fools that we are, we often act thus in respect to self,—pulling down instead of building ourselves up in the holy faith."

The "race-week" at Newcastle always affected him. Speaking on the subject, a person observed to him, "The races amount to no more than this: you stand jostling in a crowd till you are tired, when, at length, the shout is heard—'Here they come! here they come!' which is immediately followed by—'There they go! there they go! and all is over.'" Hasker appended to the evanescent character of the show something more:—"You see gay dresses, pretending to be fine! persons wearing smiles, pretending to be happy! But they can deceive none but fools, and these are numerous; yet, even these get their eyes partially opened. I have seen these race-goers pouring along the street in a morning, all gay and glittering, with their frills, flowers, and furbelows, returning in the evening all draggled and dirty—covered with mud instead of glory. We look in vain for such folly among the brute creation. It is found only among rational immortal beings! While, however, we are so ready to condemn others—though more in pity than

anger—we ought to recollect we, too, have a race to run. Let us 'so run that we may obtain.' One of the old puritan divines says—'The devil takes the hindmost.' It becomes us, then, to lay aside every weight, and so prevent him from clutching us—weights and all. Happy are those who are out of sight and hearing on such occasions, if engaged in doing the will of God. This has been to me a good day. I have read, within two pages, an entire volume, and spent an hour and half at the Quaker-meeting, in pleasing, prayerful, profitable meditation."

He knew the value of both mental and vocal prayer, and availed himself of both:—the one in a silent meetng, as just noticed, with the Society of Friends, and the other in those meetings carried on among the Wesleyans. He was aware, however, that both might be marred by what John Wesley designates, "wandering thoughts." Thus, mental prayer, when the mind is permitted to wander, ceases to be efficacious, like a time-piece, ceasing to go, when the mainspring is down, requiring to be wound up again in order to move with regularity; while vocal prayer, from the same cause, by reason of the words running on in the midst of wanderings, allows the clock to strike, the hand, meantime, pointing to the wrong hour, and the hammer distinguished only by its noise. In all meetings for prayer, whether silent or audible, Thomas Hasker attended to the main-

spring of Divine grace, which itself, in fact, was that which moved him to the place where prayer was wont to be made. A prayer-meeting without a hallowing influence, however vociferously carried on, was to him as "sounding brass;" while one, with "the speechless awe that dares not move," produced all "the silent heaven of love." It was to one of those boisterous meetings he referred, as above noticed, which appeared to be the mere offspring of a sermon of rant and violence.

He, together with part of his family, paid a visit to Kirkham in the early part of spring. "Here," said he, "we lived on the fat of the land, —taking pleasant walks—book in hand—and always careful to be home at meal-time;—newspapers in abundance—letters from North Wales and from the North of England—dashing off occasionally in gigs—walking over 'bogs and braes'—preaching on a Sabbath—in short, gentlemen and ladies out and out—nay, actually better off than when dubbed esquire in connection with the bank. . . . Everything here is lamb-like for quiet. In the centre of the town is a lamp-post, and round it a circular slab of freestone, on which, as I am told, fish is sometimes exposed for sale. Not a fin has appeared since we came. It is to be hoped that there are not many Roman Catholics here. How are they to fast without fish? We Protestants have plenty of beef, mutton, and bacon, and with such fare we can do.

To proceed from the belly to the brain :—I have an ample supply of books, and can sit snugly and look at the world through a newspaper, without being disturbed by its commotions, whether civil or ecclesiastical. . . . We took tea, yesterday evening, with the Rev. Mr. Best, an Independent. Conversation turned upon different topics; but here I must pause, as I could not hear anything. I was introduced into the study, where was a cradle. I asked whether it was deemed a necessary appendage to the study? Mr. B. smiled, and said, it was to be considered an intrusion."

The cradle reminded him of another subject, in connection with a member of his family. "Though I am not a prophet," he further observed, "yet I can venture to predict, that the profound tranquillity of our domestic establishment will, ere long, be broken into by the appearance of a little stranger. Time will show. Should the uproar be unusually great, my deafness will be an advantage to me. You shall have the earliest notice." In this pleasant way he sometimes interlarded his graver epistles.

On reading an excellent sermon by Dr. Chalmers, on "The kingdom of heaven is not in word, but in power," he remarked, "We need not only a title, but a qualification for heaven. The title is faith in the atonement of Christ; but it will avail us nothing without the meetness. Imagine heaven to consist in beautiful scenery; what use

would it be to a blind man? or exquisite music, what to a person deaf? A child may know its catechism, a scholar the whole Bible; nay, a preacher may be eloquent, powerful, and even the instrument of converting souls, and yet, all the while a stranger to the power of true religion. Nothing will do, short of heaven on the way to heaven. We must take heaven to heaven with us; in other words, Paul's peace, righteousness, and joy in the Holy Ghost. O, my God, give us this heart-felt, this soul-subduing, this sin-destroying, this heaven-anticipating religion. I am delightfully busy, reading, praying, extracting; have been happy the whole of the day—best at the close—and so it will be, I trust, at the close of life."

Special services were being held among the friends who had been broken from off the Conference stock, and speaking of a person who took a prominent part in them, he remarked,—"I have seen Mr. P. He is about my height,—has black hair—a dark complexion—is much like W.—but has a plainer face. It is said, he is an enemy to tobacco. I like the spirit of the man. He is zealous for souls, and has a good share of common sense, — two things indispensable in a reform preacher. Last night, there was a prayer meeting after preaching, which continued till ten o'clock. There is a prayer-meeting, also, every morning at six o'clock, which I attend. Our new chapel is to be opened on the 22nd." (Feb. 1852.)

A friend, asking his advice, received the

following reply: "As to your leaving the old body, respecting which you seek counsel, my answer is —I pray thee have me excused. I have never attempted to influence anybody, not even my own wife, who left of her own accord, and still worships with us. I have given an opinion, and left it. I think I had a reason for leaving. My complaints are of some standing. I am not without fear, though it has its advantages, that the itinerant system is a mistake, as carried on in the old body. Each man has to get through his two or three years as best he may, and then leaves successor and circuit to do as well as they can. Waiving that, it seems to me, that piety is not so much sought after and promoted as money, gentility, respectability, &c. I admit that piety is generally recommended from the pulpit; but is it possessed? While I speak thus, I am aware of many honourable exceptions. But, generally speaking, the preachers monopolize all the honours and emoluments of Methodism, a scanty portion only, being thrown to a local preacher, trustee, or steward, who may shew himself loyal to the cloth. I could not but witness this rising pomposity, a few years back, when one of the preachers ordered the chapel-keeper to mount the pulpit stairs to open and shut the door for him. It would be tedious to tell you all that I have seen and heard, to bias my mind, and which I name at present, not to bias you, but in justification of the step I have taken.

"I am aware that there is something of the democratic principle in me; but then, I think I have received it from the New Testament, where our Lord tells his disciples, that they are not to exercise lordship over each other, but to consider themselves as brethren. On the other hand, I am equally alive to what is said on the subject of submission one to another, of honouring them that have the rule over us, and esteeming them in love. What pity, that we cannot hit on the golden mean! Dr. Bunting has stated, that 'Methodism is as much opposed to democracy as it is to sin.' Well, let him have *his* way of thinking; I claim *mine*. Methodism appears to me to have been going down for years, and an attempt has been made to prop it up by a system of policy which has produced the present state of things; and they must now abide by the consequence. Being charged with many things of which they are guilty, they must now bear the blame of many things of which they are innocent.

"I do not expect to find every thing perfect in Reform. But we are in our infancy, as Methodism once was, and perhaps no better. If we become popular and rich, we may become as corrupt. You talk of Baptists and Independents, but is there no tyranny there? priests and deacons, domineering over others! Nay, have you not known cases, in which democracy has been rampant? Have not other officials lorded it over the minister, who, if not a man of more than ordinary

talents, or if of an independant spirit, has been obliged to crouch and cringe, a pitiful spectacle! I am very comfortable among my brethren—quite at home with them—and feel I can breathe freer air than heretofore. I should not like to go back.

"You yourself feel different in your *own house* from what you would do in that of a *gentleman*. You are more at liberty.

"If I might drop a word of advice at all, it would be something like this: come to a decision as soon as possible. If you cannot go all lengths with the preacher, you will only be continued on sufferance, or by courtsey, (a poor state that). When you have made your choice, don't reflect upon yourself afterwards, but stick to it like a man; and throw all your energies into the work. In doing this your soul will thrive. But recollect in the midst of all, that you and I have arrived at that period of life, when we must not think of being absorbed in party squabbles, or care much about what people may think and say of us. Whether they frown or smile, we must draw in our horns, and cultivate personal communion with God, and so prepare for the great change that awaits us. We have had our day, and a very pleasant one it has been, travelling to and fro, and proclaming the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Let us now—in some degree at least—retire, and get ready for the grave, which is getting ready for us. Death has been knocking at your door. Suffer him not to knock in vain;

bid him enter—tell him you are ready—and were waiting for him. Old age is doing its work here, and will soon finish it. But our trust is, that our Father in heaven—though we have treated him unchild like—will not leave us to shift for ourselves, but will make our bed in affliction, and smooth the pillow beneath the aching head."

CHAPTER XIX.

The workshop of Satan — harsh treatment — ministerial conduct and assumption — the movements of Providence — appropriate texts — progress in piety — coincidences — timely provision — sparing mercy — pension regained — Wesley's sermons — life — God everywhere, and seen in every mercy — complaining — apologies — hypocrisy — the kitten — state of religion — easy temper — death — safety of infants — female sufferings — old age — earthly blessings — changes in Methodism — gratitude — assurance of heaven — advice to the young.

THE experience of Thomas Hasker was neither of a superficial nor evanescent character. It had been well tested, and gained by severe and steady conflict. Not only was he acquainted with the depth and inveteracy of human depravity, and the seductive charms of vice, but with the various stratagems of Satan to enthral and overcome. He took care, therefore, to keep all right within—above and below—aware that the imagination, which is the ante-chamber to the heart, is that upon which Satan fixes his first hold, and in which he carries on his various operations; passing from thence, to the gentler affections and stronger passions, through which, as through so

many channels, good or evil will find a ready passage to the heart, and take up a more permanent abode. The mind being once engrossed by the tempter, in proportion as he is encouraged, the benign influence of the Holy Spirit will be checked—proceeding till evil occupies the chief seat, and reigns supreme. The passions, which constitute a part of our being, as Nature's own planting, are not to be rooted up, but curbed and pruned,—like things rank and gross in nature,—lest, in their growth, they should overtop and overpower the intellectual part of our stature, and so, like a cloud, throw a deep and lasting shadow over the soul. The "candle of the Lord" shone within, and others seeing it, as it penetrated the sod, rejoiced, like those of old, who saw the grace of God and were glad.

He threw the mind back, occasionally, on life, looking at its lights and shadows, in harmony with—"thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no." Adverting to a circumstance, in connection with recent events, which nearly cost him his status in the church, and might have endangered his peace with God, he said, "I was ill-used, by a preacher, at Northampton, and ordered for trial on a Monday evening, after hearing him preach a sermon on the previous evening, on—'Touch

not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' If the local brethren had not stood by me, I should have been discarded. My opinion is, that the notions that the preachers, in the governmental department, have been carried beyond all due bounds. If a man come to me, to whom God has imparted superior gifts and grace, and offers to help me on my way to heaven, I will honour, support, and give him a place in my house and heart; but if he begin to drive, and say, 'go on,' instead of lead, and say, 'come on;' —if he should proceed to bind heavy burdens, and lay them on my shoulders;—if he should presume to be of a higher order, and say to me, 'stand thou there,' or 'sit here at my footstool;' then, be he Reverend or Right Reverend, I will resist him to the death. Why should one brother domineer over another? Are we not *all* brethren? I consider it a piece of shrewd policy in the Catholic priests to prohibit the people from reading the Scriptures. If our Protestant priests were to act thus, they might succeed in mastership—not otherwise. People who have complaints ought to be allowed a hearing." While the local brethren expressed the high respect they had for the subject of the memoir in the case referred to, the preacher shewed, by the selection of his subject on the Sabbath evening, that he had less confidence in his cause and character than in his *office*, and, therefore, planted the latter around his person, like a hedge, to

prevent approach. To say the least, there was more of the coward than the soldier in such conduct — more of fear than hope — more of the serpent than the dove.

"How mysterious," continued he, in his retrospective meditations, "and how gracious the ways of Providence! I wished to have my second for my first wife, but her fond mother thought it would be a bad bargain, and so turned it off: and then the Lord humoured me, by giving me one of the meekest, kindest lasses in the world, but soon took her to himself; and brought my present wife and I together after all,—sparing her to solace me in old age. To her, under God, I have always attributed my success in the world. Though not without cunning and skill to do things to obtain money, yet I never could keep it. Under such circumstances, where was the use of getting it except for present use? — Once, I was in danger of loosing all at a stroke. Then, as I had done before, by the side of the well at Byker, I tried prayer, in the summer house, in the garden, when the Lord again interposed And now, at the last, when old and feeble, He has restored my pension; a thing, I never dreamed of—not even of its possibility. After this, surely there is nothing good in itself, which we may not expect,—for 'no good thing will he withold from them that walk uprightly.' My good wife will recollect, that I once said in one of my love-letters to her, that we were born in the

same year, had been in the same regiment, were of the same religion, had both been married, each had a 'bairn,' and both a pension Here we are, after the lapse of three and thirty years—man and wife; both in the way to heaven! If young people—prone to look forward—can anticipate great things to come, we can look backward, and have something to look at. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. No doubt a dark side might be given of the picture; but let those who are partial to dark sides, take them;— the bright side for me! In my sixty-fourth year, I can send my dear partner a love-letter that will bear comparison with the warmest productions of my youthful days."

He was down at Tynemouth, with his family, to recruit health, though still able to take his regular quota of pulpit toil—toil, nevertheless, in which mind triumphed over physical infirmity. "I came up from Tynemouth," he remarked, "and preached in our new chapel, in Newcastle. My text was 'Rejoice in the Lord always,' &c. From hence, it may be concluded, I was in a tolerable good frame, as no man with his heart in his shoes could make much out of such a text. Happy in myself, I rejoice in the happiness of others. Though I do not see all the fruit of my labours I could wish to witness, I hope it will be seen at last, that I have done a little good in the world."

While scattering seed beyond the enclosure of his own home-stead, in the centre of that

home-stead he never forgot himself, but unpretendingly set a living example before those with whom he was more immediately connected, "pressing towards the mark" of holiness, in order to secure the "prize" of heaven. Speaking of some christian friends, whom he named, he observed, "Such characters as————when I look at their conversion and decision for God, I cannot but think, that great good will be realized by the same on earth, as well as joy in heaven. It appears to me, that by far the greater part of the Bible is taken up, in endeavouring to polish such stones, and fit them for the temple above. What are all the precepts, statutes, judgments, &c. of Moses and the Prophets, given for, but to effect this? What is the object of the entire book of Proverbs? What the Epistles? Enquire—What is a fair woman like, without discretion? and you meet with an answer. 'I, wisdom, dwell with prudence.' But there is no end to quotations. Our Lord tells us, we are to be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves: and Paul would have the Gospel *adorned* in all things. As to myself, I have had, throughout my Christian course, faith, hope, and love, but I have lacked discretion, and always laboured under a consciousness of great ignorance. I have much to learn, and much to unlearn 'A man,' says Cecil, 'should have good sense with his religion, or it will stink.' My fear is, that simple, pious persons, who are content with the little they know, are in danger of missing

their way, or of stopping short by their own blunders: and yet, if I, and if they, were sent to college, we should be in danger of losing our religion. What shall we say? What are we to do?" He added—to the friend with whom he communicated—"Give me a few thoughts on the subject."

He observed, one day, to his excellent wife, while addressing her on grave subjects, "We still live, and have attained, if not a venerable, may I not say, an honourable age? It is conjectured, that out of one hundred persons born the same week, not more than one reaches the age of forty six. Yes, we still live! An unseen hand has preserved us hitherto. It is possible, however, that the remark of Dr. Young applies to our case, viz, 'That our day's work is not done, and, therefore, we are permitted to sit up so late, when others have retired to rest.' We acted wisely in making, by God's help, a little provision for declining years; but that is as nothing, if we do not assiduously, to the best of our failing ability, lay up treasure for eternity. The time of our departure is at hand, and a preparation for it cannot be better expressed than in one of our hymns:

'A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.'

It was for this the world was formed, was lost, was restored; for this Christ died; for this the

Bible was written; for this we are spared; and for this the Holy Spirit is given, to enlighten, sanctify, comfort, and encourage. Happily for us it was not yesterday we set out for heaven, with everything to learn, in our sixty-fourth year; if it were so, the case would be all but hopeless. We know in whom we have believed. Our age may be considered that of 'an old disciple.' Yet never in our lives, than now, did we more need the joys and consolations of religion;—now, now, when the infirmities of age are creeping upon us, and the pleasures of sense and of life are slipping out of our hands. Here, however, we turn to the Bible; and if our hearts are *what* and *where* they ought to be, it will be found that, as the outward man decays, the inward man will be renewed day by day. 'They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing.' O, my Ellenor, when I think of these things, my heart warms. What must it be to feel, when on a death-bed, that we have not followed 'a cunningly devised fable,'—that the gospel has been to us 'the power of God unto salvation?' In the meantime, like Enoch, we must continue to 'walk with God.' No wonder that we should read that 'God took him.' What else could he do? What else, with man or woman, who are found walking with him, and who walk with him to the last? Heaven's King, stir us up!"

He was "stirred up." On leaving the Quarterly Meeting, and taking tea, he said, "I went

to Kenton, and was so happy, that I would not have given one pin for the society of Victoria; but if she had been there, I would have preached the same sermon. Next day, I marched towards the barracks, staff in hand, to draw one month's pension, after a loss of thirty years. The room was full of old fogies. When the business was about to begin, an acquaintance whispered something to me, but what it was I had to guess, and so framed an answer, on which the poor fellow hung down his head, and said no more, but was all on the fidgets. I seemed to speak loud enough to be heard in the barrack-yard. The principal person at the table thinking, probably, I was a queer customer, gave me a nod: up I went—signed my name—got the money – and came away. Not a word was spoken, all being done by signs and nods."

On reading Wesley's Sermons, he pronounced them "the best in the world;" subjoining, "but they reprove me, and shew me my ignorance and poverty, though I knew much of that before. Little was I aware, when puzzling myself with short-hand, acquiring a knowledge of French, and buying books, that I was making preparation for happy old age. The young ones around me spend most of their time in getting into mischief, and the old ones in trying to keep them out of it. Here I spend my time agreeably and profitably."

Life was with him as with others, on its swift though insensible course, gliding away, like a

river which undermines its banks and gradually impairs its state. Year after year stole something from him; and he looked forward to the period when the decaying fabric was doomed to totter and crumble into dust. Whether he considered life or death, time or eternity, everything appeared to concur in giving him the admonition—"Rejoice with trembling."

That which sustained him, and made life agreeable, was, his abiding sense of the presence of God, whom he saw and acknowledged in everything, as expressed in his own peculiar way: "It seems as if God was looking through the window in the shape of sunbeams, as if he found his way through the key-hole and other crevices, and as if I breathed him. I see Him in His providence, entering the house on a Saturday evening in mother's market basket. To me, it appears, that He waters my garden, lights my candle, makes my bed, smooths my pillow, moves my pen, warms my heart, delights my thoughts; in a word, fills me with all peace and joy through believing. I have been taught to think aright, and am cured of thinking as other fools have thought before me. Thanks to the grace of God and old age. I have all and abound. And yet, I am but a dead dog. A living one is grateful to his master, and will die for him. I have read somewhere, that 'It is not the full purse, and the easy calling, but the full heart, and the praising disposition, that makes the blessed life. Of all

personal gifts, that man has the best who has received a quick discerning eye, a prompt and joyful soul, and an ever-praising spirit.'"

To a friend, in a somewhat complaining mood, he said, "You often pull a long face, and I wish to round it a little;" then proceeded to administer that which was calculated to enliven the spirits. To another, a local preacher—who was a little too much in the apologetic style—he said, "Drop that—no apology to me; I like the slap-dasn system, both in preaching and writing. What are the lazy, do-nothing people, good for? Activity will always set a man's wits to work; and labour is sure to bring its own reward. Talk about grace! the sufficiency of grace! All very good. But the Bible also speaks of reward. A cup of cold water is not thrown away.—You state that poor C., when near death, confessed to his having been an hypocrite: the confession shews that he did not die one. Let me remark, that 'the destruction of the poor is their poverty.' A poor man, with eight children, might be easily tempted to make shew of a little more religion than he really possessed. My fear is, that very few of us are quite exempt in this case. Did you never pen a sentenc, or say a word in the pulpit, a little above the mark? My hope and belief is, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,—hypocrisy among the rest."

In one of his more cheerful moods, and desirous of conveying a moral on the occasion, he

remarked, "I think I said something about a kitten, but what, I do not at present recollect I have noticed, however, something in ours to-day, which I think, is worthy of a little attention. She seems to possess a fund of enjoyment in herself, and is quite independent of all other kittens and cats. If the leg of a chair is not enough, she will, with great apparent delight, turn round and round in pursuit of her tail. That beats philosophy! It seems to be a near approach to Solomon's 'good man,' 'satisfied from himself.'"

Enquiry being made respecting the spirituality of the church, he said, "Every thing seems to go on well but that. New chapels are building, lectures on all subjects are being delivered, tea-parties are held, and bazaars are not wanting, but —but—but.—I asked a dissenting minister, whom I met in the street, how his church was getting on, whether there was any increase? 'Why,' said he, 'we do little more than keep up our numbers; but as to *real piety*, speaking of it generally, there appears to be very little in the town.' And yet my son-in-law and I took a gig last Sunday, and set off into the country to preach anniversary sermons. The chapels were crowded. By the way, a splendid Unitarian chapel was opened here on Good Friday and Easter Sunday. I call it 'THE SEPULCHRE.' Yes, an empty sepulchre, and say with Mary, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. But let us forbear, and 'judge nothing before

the time.' I am glad we live in a country where a man can be of any religion he likes.—I have consented to preach here on Wednesday, on the occasion of the Queen's call for Humiliation and Prayer. This will engage my thoughts. We have many calls. Robert Curtis lost his excellent wife little more than three months ago, and left four children, the youngest born at the time of its mother's death. L. Hume, also, died in the 22nd year of her age lately, the only surviving daughter of the late John Hume, the brother of my wife; there were no sons; the widow still survives! She was a good girl, and much respected A funeral sermon will be preached on the occasion of her death, in the Baptist chapel, on the 5th instant My daughter Mary's last child is to be named after her—Lizzy Hume Brown. Mary is the mother of five children; her husband, Thomas Brown, is a clever fellow, and very popular as a preacher. John is getting on bravely in Australia. Our new plan numbers five new names this quarter, but there is scarcely any increase in members."

To a person of many estimable qualities, he said, "Of all desirable things, religion is the most desirable. It is allowed, on all hands, that your temper is naturally good, and that, regardless of yourself, your chief delight is to make all around you happy. Thank God. Just so But I have known a person's good temper spoiled, as in the case of a schoolmaster, by a complication

and continuation of untoward circumstances. Besides people are generally disposed to take advantage of easy persons,—making those work who will work; and yet it is better to do the whole of the work than lose temper. Religion is just the thing to put and keep all right."

He was much affected with the case of an aged pair, man and wife, the latter eighty-one, and the former eighty-five years of age, both blind, and seated by the fire, when the clothes of the female caught the flames and she was burnt to death, her husband being unable to render her any assistance. "Ah," said Hasker, "whatever may be the prattle and gambols of children to an old man, however interesting and amusing, there is nothing can come up to the care and sympathy of an old wife. I don't like the thought of leaving mine behind me, an old disconsolate widow; neither do I like the thought of going before, after all the care, pains, and happiness we have had in each other's society. If she were taken away, I would say—'Take the world who will, it has no charms for me; I am done with it; Lord, take me also.' In looking at the case of the aged couple, it may well be said—

'Man's numberless escapes in ruin end.'"

Then, glancing at the bereavement of a friend, who had just lost a child, he said, "When I think of the pains, frailties, and sufferings of the sex in general, I cannot but congratulate those who

die in infancy, however pretty, however interesting—no better for that. Some brute of a fellow might have set his ogre eyes upon her, and ruined her. Had she lived, it is still uncertain whether she would have died in the Lord. In infancy they are safe. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so, by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. Sin is not imputed where there is no law. Children are incapable of law. I was alive without the law once. So were children—and now, alive for ever. Whatever of sin there might be, or abound, grace did *much more* abound. Rom. v. When David saw the child was dead, he assured himself of its happiness, and said, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' Go to him! Where? Not to a place of misery. When I was at Nettingham, I heard a parson preach from—'Is it well with thee, is it well with thy husband, is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well.*'"

Resuming the subject of the sufferings of the softer sex, he observed—"I do not form my estimate on what I see on a Sunday evening, when, in passing through the streets, I see a number of *bonny lasses*, as they are called here, with their bonnets on the back of their heads, and their faces covered with smiles. Alas, many of them little know what awaits them. I take a family

I knew. There were three sisters, and one of them was my mother. She died at the age of forty-four, broken-hearted. The second had a large family, was a great sufferer, had a husband who was transported and died abroad. The third was never married, had considerable poetic genius, but was rarely happy, often otherwise. Your wife," said he to the person addressed, making it a personal matter, "may consider herself fortunate in having obtained a good husband. But if she had died in childhood, she would have escaped much, and it is not all over yet. When a child dies, we are often pestered with the thought of having done this, that, or the other, or not having done so and so. If conscious we did our best at the time, let that suffice. There may be truth in it nevertheless. But if, through some mistake, the kindness of friends, or some blunder of the doctor, we find ourselves in heaven one or two years before we otherwise should, we shall be the first to forgive them, and thank them into the bargain. We are in good hands, and God will take care that no human frailty or mistake shall finally separate us. Read the last chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes. Supposing us to escape one-half of the calamities of that chapter, we only have to bear up nobly, as Christians, under the other half, to prevent conscience and decrepitude from saying to us, 'Physician, heal thyself' I often think of a saying of Napoleon—'Weakness and error are

man's devise.' But let us pass on to the nineteenth Psalm and tenth verse: there we learn that the old man's strength is labour and sorrow; but it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Eh! fly away! If so, let us spend the interval in pluming our wings for flight. . . . . If spared till two o'clock on Christmas day, meet me, Chatham, and our Irish friends, at a throne of grace. There we can meet, though widely sundered."

It was rare to meet him without hearing an expression of gratitude, or reaping instruction from his remarks. "What an odd maxim," said he, "came into my head the other day,—'Should not the luckiest dog in Newcastle keep his tail wagging?' Strange, that such things, though in a serious frame, enter the mind. And yet, I know no one who has more cause to be always thankful and always happy than myself. There are three things essential to the enjoyment of earthly blessings:—1. A thankful reflection on the goodness of the giver. 2. A deep sense of our unworthiness. 3. A recollection of the uncertainty, as to the length of time, they are to be possessed. The first will make us thankful; the second, humble; the third, moderate. My chief pleasure is, in trying to walk with God, as did Enoch. If we walk with God as Enoch *did*, we shall walk with him as Enoch *does*. 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.' This, also, I try to do, by reading the works of the mighty dead who yet speak. My wife and I have just

visited an old disciple, eighty-five years of age. 'I am much afflicted,' she said, 'but very happy.' *There* is the triumph of religion, which never fails to have that 'one thing' attendant on it—it always *ends well.*"

Though he made it his study to keep as far from strife as possible, he could not prevent the Reform Movement, which had seen its fifth year, from occasionally crossing his path, and stirring his spirit. The subject being introduced, he observed pleasantly, "Before marriage, there is great care to hand the lady over a style, which a child may step over without difficulty. After marriage, she may get over as she can. There is something like this, I am afraid, in Methodism. Forty or fifty years ago, there was a great deal of cooing, and courting, and wooing, to get souls saved and brought into society. Now, when a man becomes a preacher, he finds a society ready formed; chapels, stewards, leaders, &c., at hand; and says, as I heard one say, 'I know my duty.' What then? He had to preach at such a time, and such a place, to renew tickets, &c. What was called a duty being done, things, in his case, were left to take their course. Who could impeach him? I could say much more, but forbear, for the same reason that others forbear, viz., that we ourselves are not quite clear. But surely a man ought to be as kind to, and as careful of, his wife, as he was before he married her, and more so. Even so, preachers, whether

Methodist or others, should be as assiduous to bring souls to Christ, and keep them in the church, after a lapse of years, as at the first, and more so, as the peril becomes greater on the event of any one being turned out of the way by violence, or lost through neglect. The Lord, in the meantime, give us grace to take the beam out of our own eye, that we may see more clearly how to take the mote out of that of a brother."

On another occasion, addressing a brother of his own standing in the church, in his own official capacity, he remarked—"We have spent above forty years in trying to put others right, and have presumed to give them advice under all circumstances, and on all subjects—moral and divine; and shall we now, at our time of life, betray the cause we have espoused,—hang down our heads as though we had served a poor Master,—tell everybody the infallible way to be happy, and be miserable ourselves? 'Shame burn the cheek to cinder.' So says Young, and so say I. Let it suffice that we have had our day, and if we can finish it without falling into contempt, so much the better. 'Let no man despise thy youth.' Such was the exhortation of Paul to Timothy. Let us take it to ourselves. As for me, I will bless the Lord at all times. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. His praise shall be continually in my mouth. There are many promises for such as know something about 'great tribulation.' But these are for such

as Jeremiah and the first Christians. But you and I! what have we to do with them? The calamities that have befallen us, such as a broken leg or a collar-bone, have done us more good than harm, and are to be entered into the list of things for which we ought to be thankful. I met a man in the street the other day, and asked him—'When will the mercies of God come to an end?' He answered—'NEVER.' If that be correct, tell me when our gratitude should come to an end. On the 15th of this month, forty years will have passed since the battle of Waterloo! Is that true, or do I dream? Forty years! or was it the day before yesterday. Ah, those dates, 15th and 1855—there is no denying it. But what have I been doing in the interim? Nothing. The Lord have mercy upon me. One thing is clear: if I have done nothing, or next to nothing, the Lord has done 'great things' for me, 'whereof I am glad;' and I would take the coming year to tell him of it. The last year was a blessed year; I call it the year of CONFIRMATION,—my character being formed, my heart fixed; a stranger, or nearly so, to doubts and fears! I feel unbounded confidence in the atonement; and only wish to walk as Christ walked. Bunyan's pilgrims, like Paul and his ship's company, got safe to land. I have heard of 'haunted castles' and 'castles in the air,' but to me, none are so much to be dreaded as 'doubting castle,' where a man is in danger of having his bones broken by 'giant

despair.' I fully expect either a good year or heaven. Why not? I ask myself, Can an old man of sixty-six expect to improve? Again, I ask, Why not? He may get worse, and if so, he may become better. It is a sad proof of natural depravity, when reason, or say, common sense, is not allowed to have fair play. Are we not 'born to die?' Is not heaven a purchased blessing, as well as a promised blessing? Is it not certain, also, upon terms which God himself will enable us to fulfil, if we ask him? What a fool, then, must I be, and must others be, to be elated or depressed, to any great extent, by what transpires here! And yet, such fools most of us are, more or less"

"Few persons," said he to one of his daughters, "live to three-score years, and the probability is, that you will die before you attain that age. Fly pleasure, and it will follow you. Let no day pass without becoming wiser and better. A great deal of precious time is lost already. Try to redeem it. Read no trash. Procure a memorandum book, and note down anything very good. You know what is necessary as a preparation for heaven. Do not suffer yourself to be included among those who wish to be wise without the trouble of learning,—rich without industry and frugality,—to go to heaven without prayer, self-denial, and other requisites. They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

CHAPTER XX.

Disregard of the Sabbath—a sublime life—William Hails looking at the dark side—McCornick—encouragements—good work—a cheerful walk with God—Croft—prayer—men divided into two classes—honesty of children—procrastination—effects of affliction—happiness of the righteous—misery of the wicked—last day of the year—the Sabbath toil of local preachers—the Book of Common Prayer—an annular eclipse of the sun—Professor Airy—redeeming the time—sources of pleasure—old age with or without religious training—gratitude for providential mercies—Gilsland—William Nesham, Esq.—prayer-meetings—family prayer—last affliction—heaven and its prospects—death.

In the early part of 1856, during severe weather, he preached at Bulman's village, on—"Then said one to him, Are there few that shall be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter into the strait gate," &c. No weather deterred him from duty. He saw the aboundings of iniquity, and laboured to stem the tide. "Are there few that shall be saved?" sat heavily upon his spirit. "Out of six or seven hundred workmen in a factory," said he, "only about twelve could be

induced to sign a petition for the better observance of the Lord's day. The Lancashire factories, I am afraid, are much the same. If any one had asked Noah, 'Will there be few in the ark?' I wonder what he would have said. We must do all we can to save others; but, in doing this, we are not to forget ourselves. Even in our correspondence, our letters, though well packed with facts and incidents relative to the family, which may be deemed of interest, should always have something slipped into them that will make those to whom we write, wiser and better;—something that will tend 'to make their lives sublime.' A sublime life that ends in a *shabby* death is a poor thing. 'That man greatly lives, whatever his fate or fame, *who greatly dies.*' Right, my doctor, right. A life *truly* sublime cannot end in a shabby death. But mark, that which is sublime in the Divine esteem, is another thing from that which is considered to be such by the world. The world could see nothing sublime in the life and death of Christ; and yet, since the world began, there has not been anything so great, so truly majestic! That is the most agreeable life where superfluities are not required, and where necessities are not wanting. Life must be used as a mean to something higher, not as an end; in the latter sense, it is what the French call *a bagatelle.* That was a capital hit of Lord John Russell, when he defined a proverb as 'The wisdom of many and the wit of one.' Such

things are only to be dropped, when the persons addressed, tell the speaker or writer, that they have nothing more to learn."

He adverted, at the same time, to the death of his friend, Mr. William Hails, one of his companions in the morning prayer-meeting, and author of an Answer to Volney's Ruins of Empires, stating, "He died at the age of seventy, having heard his parents say he was apparently dead when born. 'There,' said the doctor, 'is a boy, but he is dead.' It was not so. 'Often,' said Hails, 'I have cursed the officious zeal of those who used the means to restore suspended animation.' There, I think, he was wrong. A Christian should say—

> 'Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
> I bless the day that I was born.'

But let us forbear judging. He may possibly have had such trials as we have no knowledge of. He lost his wife and child in early life, and had to buffet the world alone. He was also a schoolmaster, and a candidate for literary fame, each of which is almost enough to drive a man mad." Hasker himself had experienced the least lucrative and pleasant part of the master of the ferule. Hails was somewhat of a sombre cast, in consequence of nervous depression, but strictly honourable and conscientious. In addition to a previous notice of him, it may be observed, that he was originally a ship-carpenter, taught a school, became a member of the Wesleyan Society, and a

local preacher. The present writer became acquainted with him in 1807. Applying himself sedulously to books, he became an excellent classical scholar, and corresponded with Bishop Burgess on the Hebrew tongue. He was, as has been stated, a strong-minded man, and sustained a brisk and triumphant conflict as a controvertist. He had a good deal of the recluse in his nature, and was rather stiff and austere in his manners. Still, he was a readable man,—one who could be understood with a little trouble,—and one from whom much of the substantial was to be acquired, when taken in his own way. He published some metrical pieces. But if poetry, as some persons would define it, is "music in words," he was not, strictly speaking, a poet. He cultivated thought, and aimed at original reflection—but without reaching the latter—to the comparative neglect, if neglect it were, of the harmony and charm of versification. It is matter of doubt, indeed, whether he had naturally an ear for music, or that artistic and scholarly sense of the delicate niceties of rythm, though familiar with other tongues than his own, essential to good poetry. Though not popular for authorship, partizanship, or for social celebrity, he was a man whose acquaintance was well worth cultivating. He was valuable rather than loveable. He died in peace. Thomas Hasker knew his worth, and mourned his departure.

One of the letters of the subject of this memoir

to his friend McCornick, of Coleraine, furnishes an insight, not only into the interest he felt in the religious weal of his acquaintance, but his own progress in piety and anticipations of heaven.

"I am afraid that anything of mine will have but little effect upon you. You still persist in looking at the dark side of things; and when I tell you to look at the bright, you conclude that there is none, and advert to the difference in our position and circumstances in life. I have what God has allotted to me, and so have you, therefore, we each have what is best for us. In one respect, I think you have the advantage of me. You can hear a brother preach and pray, and can respond to the latter; I cannot. If a hymn were given out, you could join in singing, —at least, in your heart. I know, too, that whatever privations you experience, or sufferings you endure, you will admit that you deserve them all —and more. I am of opinion, that if you were a Roman Catholic you would even submit to a periodical castigation, or what they denominate, flagellation. But they shall not flagellate me, nor will I flagellate myself; and I should think you have trouble enough without it. I have told you, again and again, that you are as good a man as I am, and that neither of us have a single word to say, before God, why he should have anything to do with us; and the best of all is, we don't need a word—not one. The shortcomings, mis-doings, backslidings, and follies of

a life of sixty-seven years are enough to confound me, and compel me to say—'I will never more put pen to paper, open my mouth, or lift up my head.' Granted,—no doubt of it. But the knowledge that the *only* and *beloved* SON of GOD died, and made a full, perfect satisfaction and atonement for all the aforesaid sins and follies, eighteen hundred years before I was born, is enough to make me shout, yea, dance, for joy, and sing—

'Away sad doubt and anxious fear.'

Take a fine sentiment from Dr. Young—and he is not too strong,—

'A Christian dwells like Uriel in the sun;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight.'

If the Doctor is at fault, so is St. Paul, who says —'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' How provoking it is, that people will have a finger in this salvation, while God is determined that every mouth shall be stopped. The glory is the Lord's. Sin cannot send me to hell,—Christ has died; for the same reason, good works cannot send me to heaven, as in that case he needed not to have died. Are good works then of no use? Not worth a straw, as to giving us the least claim to the favour of God; and yet they are indispensable, as shewing that I fear Him, believe in Him, love Him, and am His. But do you perceive the drift of these remarks? They are to shew, that the Christian, whatever may be his circumstances,

should be the happiest man in the world, and that he ought to be ashamed to allow any one to see him hanging down his head like a bul rush;—I say, any one: not the pious, lest they should ask, 'Brother do you doubt the promises of God?' and not the ungodly, lest they should say, 'What is your religion good for?' Religion should not only be our support in seasons of adversity, but our boast, our joy at all times.

"We should walk with God cheerfully. It is incongruous to walk with the God of all consolation with a heavy heart. If not already in heaven, we are candidates. You will be glad to learn that I am tolerably well for an old man; a man whose hair is white, whose teeth are nearly gone, and whose hand shakes—all unmistakable signs that it is nearly over with me. But my faith and hope in God become stronger as the year rolls round. God seems to say to me—'Now, if ever, set thy house in order; be ready.' I send you the last letter from my old comrade, Chatham, and a scrap from Fisher; and I sometimes lift up my heart, and say, 'God bless poor McCornick.' It cannot be long, now, before we shall give each inquietude the slip, and escape to the skies, where we shall find out that all *was* well, and all *is* well. My wish is to join two things,—a desire to depart and to be with Christ, and a willingness to stay as long as God pleases. The grace of God is, I believe, sufficient to enable me to say—'Thy will be done.'"

After this, he went to Croft for the benefit of the spa waters. "The scenery here," said he, "is delightful,—at least, to a stranger; and especially to a person with a mind at peace with God, with itself, and with everybody." Here, he took what he called his usual "rambles." But they were not mere rambles of pleasure, unconnected with health and devotion. In one of these, on reaching a retired spot, he remarked to his family, "I concluded to spend some time in prayer,—for the family, for myself, and for all men; but just on the point of kneeling, I observed just beneath me a hole in the bank, where a number of wasps were flying in and out, on seeing this, I decamped with speed, for who knows," continued he playfully, "what liberties they might have taken when they saw my eyes closed. I readily found another place, of which there is no difficulty at Croft, provided a person only has a heart for it. A wise man being asked, what kind of prayers are most acceptable to God, replied—'*Those which we offer without perceiving it.*' Try to penetrate this—there is a meaning in it."

By way of adding a little instruction to the incident, he subjoined, "The human family, in an unregenerate state, may be ranged into two classes,—the drones and wasps of society, the latter being the most unhappy of the two. Let us not place ourselves in the position of either drone or wasp; but, like 'the busy bee,' let us

gather honey, the day long, from 'every opening flower;' and, on meeting with a flower that is not open, why then, let us open it, and extract its sweets."

"Somebody," said he, adverting to his grandchildren, "told little Tom, the other day, that if he died he would go to heaven. He replied, 'But I don't want to go to heaven yet!'" This sprung a mine in the mind of the old man, who continued, "I admire the simplicity of children. If older people would only speak the truth, how much better it would be. But they wont. The young man of twenty does not want to go; he has not yet tasted the good things of this life, and sees everything '*en couleur de rose.*' The man of forty has tasted, and relished them, and says, 'I pray thee have me excused.' The man of sixty has also tasted, and likes them so very well, that he does not want to go. The maiden does not want to go, not being yet married. The matron next, with whom it is, 'not yet, indeed; what is to become of the children?' Alas, alas!

'Afflictions sore,
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain!'

Well done 'AFFLICTIONS sore.' They have wrought a change in such trifiers as nothing else could effect, and they are willing to go to heaven at last, if, indeed, they ever get there. One would imagine that the old man might see correctly before it comes to this; and that the maiden

might see the necessity of a change of heart before marriage, as there is but little chance after. But the proverb holds good here—'None so blind as those that will not see.' This last remark is suggested by seeing the trouble poor Mary has with this '*bairn*.'"

While at Croft, he observed, that he had time for reading, thinking, and writing; stating, that he read, not so much with an intention to find anything new, as to root and ground himself in what he already knew. "Of all the great things said and written," he remarked, "and too much cannot be advanced, on a life devoted to God, it is the first subject. What equal to the testimony of a good conscience—'the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy'—the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,'—heaven begun below,—an over-ruling Providence making all things work together for good? What, I say, equal to this, and a thousand times more? And yet, this is only the half. Look at the miseries the children of God escape. The world is a mere cheat. Things go smoothly, gaily, the thoughtless and the profane smiling at each other. But think of the pride, the lust, the malice which forbid rest; and going on to old age, they are the devil's own; 'wherever they go is hell—themselves are hell.' We might exclude from this list a number of stupid beings who never think, but are like devil-driven cattle, verifying the truth of what we read,—'like brutes they live, like brutes they

die.' But all the rest, who have brains, and dare to make use of them, are, for the most part, *miserable;* and no wonder that some of them are driven to drown or hang themselves. . . . I repeat it, the joys of religion are only the one-half of the Christian's possessions here; and when he reaches heaven, he will have, in a certain sense, but one-half there; the other half arising from the hell he escapes;—looking down, as it were, into the depths below, where 'hope never comes—but torture without end,' exclaiming, 'but for the grace of God, I should have been there.' The miseries of the damned, in like manner, are only to be computed as one-half, the other half added on seeing Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the prophets, and others in heaven, and themselves *thrust out.*"

The last year but one of his life was spent like those of its predecessors, in going about doing good, and in paying special attention to his own vineyard, after having cultivated, to the best of his ability, the allotments of others. The last night of the year was closed with these sentiments—"The year 1857 has rolled away. I did not expect to see the end of it, but so it is. To claim kindred with God,—to have free access to Him,—to feel Him in my solitary walks, is good. The infirmities of age are creeping fast upon me. I am not the man I was last year. I am going to the 'WATCH-NIGHT,' to thank God for the mercies of a long life, and to

receive and take courage for the year 1858—my 70th year."

A friend, a local preacher, plaintively introducing the subject of his Sabbath toil to him, drew forth the following remarks: "'The rush of numerous years breaks down the most gigantic strength.' You never appeared to have gigantic strength. Yet I am inclined to think we are both somewhat indebted to Sunday exercise for the degree of health we possess, perhaps, even our present existence. Should it be asked, how a man, long used to the bustle of the world, and travelling from pulpit to pulpit, can reconcile himself to inactivity, I can answer the question, by stating, that old age, with its infirmities, works a wonderful change in our feelings; and we may be as glad and as happy to rest in the old arm chair, as, formerly, to stand in the rostrum twenty miles off. God has blessed each of us with a good wife. Let us be thankful. But for such a gift, we might have come home from a long journey on a Sunday night, and have sat down to a cup of tea, with the spoon broken in the middle, and the tea-pot minus a spout. Neither a humble shed nor a magnificent palace will avail till the heart is at rest in Christ:

> 'And may, at last, my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage.'

We must, however, take the peaceful heart with us, or we shall never find the hermitage. Death

finds out both hermit and hero. 'Let me die the death of the righteous.'"

On Monday, March 15th, he said, "I scarcely know whether I am a dissenter or a churchman, but try to get all the good I can from both. Accordingly, I have, for years, read the Psalms as set down in the Book of Common Prayer. Of this I am glad, as I scarcely know whether the profit or the pleasure is greatest. The first Psalm for to-day begins thus: 'Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee do we give thanks; for that thy name is near, thy wondrous works declare.' On reading this, I said to myself, as there is to be an eclipse of the sun to-day, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, I will go out with some smoked glass and have a commentary on this verse. When God preaches, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;' and he that hath eyes to see, let him look at this eclipse, by which God seems to say—'Look at this all ye people, give ear all ye inhabitants of the world,—both high and low, rich and poor together.' 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.' Thank God, I 'have pleasure therein.' Then look at his works of grace. How deep his counsels! how divine! Here, in speaking of 'counsels,' I am again a dissenter. What a strange creature is man, to foretell an eclipse a thousand years before it takes place!"

The day, alas, was unfavourable for viewing

this *annular eclipse*. The ring was seen in some parts between the hours of eleven and twelve, continuing till nearly one. Great excitement prevailed, chiefly occasioned by some excellent observations, dated March 8, by Professor G. B. Airy, which went the round of the papers, by which the less scientific were schooled, and so prepared for a due observation of the phenomenon. The Professor's remarks embraced—1st. Observations not requiring instruments. 2nd. Optical, astronomical, and solar-physical observations, requiring the use of instruments. 3rd. Meteorological observations: the whole comprising twenty-two suggestions. But Thomas Hasker, like others, could only obtain a transient glance through a dim opening cloud; and from the newspaper reports, the day was as unpropitious in other parts of England as at Newcastle. He had bright sun-shine, however, within, and knew nothing, to borrow the title of a modern work, of an "Eclipse of Faith."

"It is possible," said he, "I may live out my three-score years and ten; and if, by reason of strength, they reach four-score years, I have only to look forward to 'labour and sorrow.' From what I feel, I shall soon, with regard to the body, be a mere wreck. Still, there is something venerable in a wreck, on it being known that the old ship has braved the battle and the breeze; and once entering the port, though a wreck, He who built, and at first launched her, can again

collect her timbers and rebuild her—place her even in a better condition than before. My favourite poet says—

> 'Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd,
> And in their use, eclipses learn to shine.'

I have seen this eclipse, and am told that there will not be the like till 1987. I, therefore, shall not see another. No matter, if I only see the King in his beauty."

Pursuing his remarks, and addressing his friend, "What shall we do," said he, "to make the best of the little time we have? I am glad to find you are resolved to labour to the last. How often, on returning from our labours on a Sabbath evening, have we, on seeing the darkness coming on, quickened our pace to get home to the family, and to a snug fire? Let us learn a lesson from this, and make a noble effort to make our last, our best days. I am obliged to confess myself a poor creature. Indeed, I am ashamed of myself. I say no more. It is a mercy that salvation is not of works. Yet I should like to feel and shew a little gratitude to Him who daily loadeth me with benefits, and who has crowned my life with mercy and loving-kindness."

In the month of May, on the 9th, he remarked, "though Old Time has been at work with me, my appetite is good; and having food and raiment, these are sufficient for a pilgrim on his route. I am not without other pleasures. My Bible, and other books, are an ample source.

My walks are frequent and pleasant. Of company, I have but little; and the best of it is, I want very little. I heard so much nonsense for a period of fifty years or more, that I am content to be quiet. I can have a dialogue with myself, and often enter into one. 'Here are two persons,' I say,—men of seventy; one a penitent, a believer, and accepted fifty years ago, who has been plodding on ever since; the other, converted yesterday!—what a miracle? The difference is immense. One says, 'Ah, if I had my time to go over again, it should be very different to what it has been.' 'If I had mine,' says the other, 'it should be as it has been—only, I would begin with God sooner, and be more faithful!' He has nothing to change, only to go on. The other is necessarily filled with doubts and fears, with the bitter reflection, that the world and the devil had the prime of his life. A thousand recollections of villanies and abominations crowd his memory, haunt and torment him, in spite of himself. Neither of them has anything of which to boast; has any claim to goodness, natural or acquired. Each may say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Yet the difference is great. One is like a man groping in the dusk; the other walks in day light, and knows whom he has believed. Welcome, old age! Thou hast taught me many things which nothing else could have done; while the grace of God has opened my eyes to see many blessings which I never saw before, and magnified, both

in appearance and in reality, what was before perceived. More than ever I approve of all the dispensations of God towards me, and begin to look at death as a crowning blessing. I think of HIM who has crushed the monster, and extracted his sting. Glory be to God; my faith in Him, and hope of heaven, are truly augmented. It is not by works of righteousness which I have done, not by old age, not by good sense, but owing to the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, that I am saved. After all I have said of the changes which old age works in our views and feelings, I am sensible it has its weak side; it is still a warfare; and I have enough now and then to do, to keep myself quite free from grumbling. Men and things do not always go right in the church, any more than out of it. I am, perhaps, in danger of retiring too much within myself, owing to my infirmity, and shutting myself up like an oyster in its shell. That cannot be right. I have more complaints, however, against myself, than all the world beside. Should such a man as I grumble? After a life of such signal mercy, I ought to be the last to complain. Ah, David, David, would that God would give me a double portion of thy spirit! What does he say, when reviewing the loving-kindness of God towards him? 'I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth.'

'Let me, in life and death,
His constant truth declare,
And publish, with my latest breath,
His love and guardian care.'"

He was at Gilsland, together with Mrs. Hasker, in the month of June, taking the benefit of the spa, and trying to drink in health by a change of air. From thence, on the 9th day of the month, he addresses Mr. Nesham, his medical friend; "Accept my thanks for the 'Christian News,' and other articles. I am much pleased with a paper by the Rev John Angel James. It will soon be on its way to Australia, where, I hope, it will be useful. As my trumpeter is not yet dead, you will not be surprised at hearing a little about myself. Conscience still speaks, and tells me that I come short in everything, especially in prayer. As to my reading, though I read my Bible, it intimates, that, if I read it more, it would be better for me. The best of all is, Christ still lives, and here is my hope and my help. There are persons here who are piously disposed, and we have a prayer-meeting every night. Sunday was a blessed day. I preached—if preaching it may be called, in the morning. This is a lovely place. My good wife is gaining strength every day. She walks out with others. I walk alone, without fear of accident; not a coach, cart, horse, or dog, to harm. We have rock, river, spa, trees low and lofty, and cattle quietly grazing, as content and happy, as if the world was there own. . . . . I hope all are well

at your house; and I dare say, you would rather doctor anybody than the members of your own family. May health attend them I trust there are many happy Sunday morning prayer-meetings to be added to those we have both enjoyed together; and then, then, the morning of the Resurrection! the voice of the bridegroom softly calling his own to rise from the tomb!"

As the summer advanced, its hot sun, acting upon a wasting constitution, kept him more within doors than he was wont; and this again deprived him of the refreshment experienced in his accustomed walks, when inhaling the fanning breeze. The Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, which he had attended in Brunswick-place Chapel with his medical adviser, for a period of thirty-one years, was dropped, on the disruption of 1849; and the one held in Mr. Nesham's place of worship, after he separated, and which was as regularly attended as the other had been, together with the one held in connexion with the "United Methodist Free Church," was also given up. Link after link gave way, till at length the chain which had bound him to the house of God, snapped: his seat was left vacant, his voice was no more heard within the sacred enclosure, his person vanished. But though cut off from the waters of the sanctuary, which had so often moistened the foot, covered the ankle, and ascended, in prophetic vision, to the knee, and even the breast, he observed to a friend, "I am

drinking of the water of life." That divine well, he always found flowing, and at hand.

He prayed for his children by name in the family, and unceasingly for their conversion to God, till he was satisfied of the fact. He expressed a hope, that he would hear of his son John, in Australia, giving his heart to God. In his last letter to him, he wrote, by the time you receive this, you may conclude, "the person that wrote this is in heaven; the fingers are folded in the grave." It was an effort to write. He penned a few lines, then dropped the pen. The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak The pen dropped from the hand of one, who himself, like ripe fruit, was about to drop into the grave. Though John had taken the chair at a missionary meeting, which augured good, yet it was only the morning streak, not the satisfactory evidence of one who was looking for the open day. A father's prayers, however, had been registered in heaven, and the hopes which budded in his bosom were realized to the family. The first letter received from Australia after the father's death, announced the tidings of John's resurrection to spiritual life. Had the dying saint lingered a few days longer, the joy of his son would have been added to his own.

To Mr. Nesham, his friend and medical attendant, who generally prayed with him in his visits, he said, as he lay in bed, pointing to a piece of furniture, "you may write on the lid of that box

—CONQUEROR!" Then pausing a little, and waiving his feeble arm, in token of victory, he added, with increasing emphasis, "yea, more than conqueror!" as if early days were flitting before the eye, and the alien hosts were flying from the field. Connected with this was a severe inward struggle, which gave the emphatic utterance, in its abruptness, the effect of the clang of a trumpet.

On the Wednesday before he died, the writer whose hand traces these pages, visited him, as he placidly lay, accosting him, "I am *waiting* my time" I wrote upon the slate which lay beside him, "You are placed in the position of JOB, who too, waited till his change should come;" adding, "waited in *patience* and in *hope*." Adverting to his want of hearing, and now his privation of reading, of which he was so passionately fond, and which doubled the amount of his former pleasure, on the ear being closed, as one of the doors by which knowledge passes into the mind; the next sentence traced on the slate for his perusal was—"Your knowledge must now be *direct* from heaven, and not as wont, through the medium of either eye or ear;" continuing, with a view to strengthen his confidence in the unchanging goodness of God, as to a regular supply to meet the wants of every state, case, and emergency, "Whom He loveth, He loveth to the end, and there is no end of that love." On handing him the slate, he nodded assent, as he

returned it, and grouping the sentiments together apparently, in their application to himself, he said, in his peculiar way, "*They all belong to the concern;*" intimating, that the infirmities, afflictions, privations, &c. were fairly met by the supplies from above, and would be numbered among the "*all things*" intended to accomplish the purposes of God respecting him, in bringing him to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus; all "*one concern*" in the great *business* of life, being in the hand, and under the superintendence of one who, as the Lord and Master of all, had deigned to accept and employ him as a servant.

Another expression which he employed to a friend was, "Let us try hard for heaven. Blessed be God, I see land." How appropriate the language of Robert Hall, in the presence of death-bed scenes! "The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward Everything presses on to eternity. From the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of the earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and

selected from the ruins of the world to adorn that eternal city."

As death approached, the voice of the subject of the memoir became feeble, and his articulation somewhat indistinct. It was what Jeremy Taylor would have characterized as the "faint echo of a distant valley." His last words were—"languishing into life." Thus, fell asleep in Jesus, September 5th, 1858, in the 70th year of his age,—THOMAS HASKER.

"The dews of night fall not more quietly
On the thirsty earth,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

The Consolidation of Hierarchical Pretensions.

Page 210.

There seems, from this, to be more faith in human laws than in God. Priestly teachings have fostered the idea that there are certain things which specially belong to a sacred class of men, or to sacred times and places, while the people are treated as common or unclean. This religious atheism is at the root of the proceedings of many ecclesiastical rulers. It would injure their religion to be seen walking with God anywhere out of sight of the church or chapel, and to be guided by other laws than their own. "Honour all men," lays the axe at the root of priestly intolerance and presumption.

"It is want of faith in the government of God," a writer observes, "which is displayed by those who suppose that they must be absolute lords of their fellow-men. Theocracy is the point towards which men are tending. Not Bibliocracy, (perhaps the next best thing, though Puritanism caricatured that,) but individual allegiance to God. In various ways it is asserting itself. The Methodist people may see it in an incident which transpired, some

time since, in a district-meeting of their preachers. It illustrates a first principle in politics. A matter had been rather warmly debated between the Rev. W. M. Bunting and his father. The son was unyielding, and persevered in his opposition to his father till the Doctor exclaimed, 'I will stand no more of this;' and taking his hat, he abruptly left the room. No sooner had he left than the daring son remarked, 'There is not a man in England has such a father as I have; but there are things upon which I can call no man father.'" The Methodists have seen and felt the evils of over-government, and thousands have been led to have faith in God. The same faith—not of leaving things to their natural course—will make religion free. The great deeds of our legislators, for years past, have been in the direction of law un-making; and the things desired at the disruption were, not so much new laws, as the abrogation of many enacted after 1797, and a wish to return to first principles.

No. 2.

Vast Agency employed and its Cost.

Page 210.

It appears from a notice of the "STATISTICS" of Methodism, appended to vol. ii. p. 179, of "Wesleyan Takings," that the body was in the receipt of £473,226. 6s. in 1839, arising from various sources,

and distributed to the several claimants under the respective designations of—Missions, Yearly Collection, Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove Schools, July Collection, Theological Institution, Preachers' Auxiliary Fund, Average Board of Preachers, Children's Fund, Houses of Preachers, Travelling Expenses, Sunday Schools, Pew Rent, Lovefeast and Sacramental Collections, Dorcas and Beneficent Societies, Chapel Keepers, Lighting, Cleaning, &c. The several collections, and their objects being explained, the writer proceeds to state that the amount specified was necessary to "keep the machinery simply at work." Proceeding on preceding calculations and statements, he further observes—"Admitting the 999,353 *hearers* and *members* in Great Britain to produce (the hearers, by the way, giving but an inconsiderable portion of it, though full as much as there is just reason to expect) the sum of £473,226. 6s., then, on a fair calculation, the 4,272,000 persons throughout the world, connected with METHODISM, [including America, Foreign Missions, Seceding Branches in England and elsewhere] either as *hearers* or *members*, more nearly or more remotely, will produce about £2,022,933. per annum." It may be remarked, that *Ireland* is not included in the £473,226. 6s., and that for the year 1839, the *Centenary Contributions*, which were extra, amounting to £215,000., made the whole income for one year, £688,226. 6s.

No. 8.

Ineffective in the Evangelization of the World.

Page 210.

The "great cost" noticed in the preceding note, in supporting so "vast an agency" as that employed by the Conference, is considered as "almost ineffective in the work of a world's evangelization." In the first volume of the "Wesleyan Takings, p. 345, &c. is to be found a curious tabular statement, "shewing the average increase or decrease, per annum, resulting from the labours of each of the two hundred ministers sketched." In this singular table, the Rev. SAMUEL JACKSON, who moved the expulsion of J. Everett in 1849, stands in the Minutes of Conference as a *withered tree*, without either fruit or foliage, there having been a regular annual *decrease* of five members in every circuit in which he had travelled, amounting, in forty-one years of his ministry, to somewhere about two hundred members, himself costing the Connexion, at the same time, for salary, &c., at the rate of £200. per annum, the sum of £8,200. The Rev. ISAAC KEELING, who seconded the resolution in the place of Mr. Rattenbury, who was instructed to do it, has placed opposite his name an annual *decrease*, amounting to ninety-seven in all, as the result of his labours for forty years, on a salary on a par with that of Mr. S. Jackson. Some of the most influential men are placed in a very meagre light,

as to ministerial fruit, on the score of numbers, of which Conference has so long boasted. For example:—

	Years Travelled.	Average Increase per Annum.	Total Average Decrease.
Jabez Bunting	51	9	—
S. D. Waddy	24	8	—
J. Beecham	35	9	—
Jos. Hargraves	21	6	—
A. Barrett	18	4	—
W. Atherton	53	2	—
R. Alder	46	2	—
T. Jackson	46	2	—
J. Hannah	36	2	—
W. Barton	23	3	—
C. Prest	20	3	—
S. Tindall	25	2	—
W. Vevers	35	—	—
I. Keeling	40	—	97
J. Farrar, Jun.	28	—	6
W. M. Bunting	15	—	182
Jon. Crowther	26	—	219
S. Jackson	41	—	203
T. Eastwood	38	—	18
J. Wesley Thomas	28	—	140
J. Thorpe Milner	25	—	14
J. Bedford	19	—	10
T. Vasey	9	—	13
Thornley Smith	10	—	176
W. Arthur	12	—	105

It has to be remarked, that the preachers thus noticed had—whether the subject is viewed by way of aggravation or mitigation—from one to two and four colleagues on the circuit with them.

The Three Expelled, in 1849, stand thus in the same table :—

J. Everett	Travelled 23 years .. (exclusive of supernumeracy)			Total Increase	854
S. Dunn	D.tto	28	„	Ditto	977
W. Griffith, Jun.	Ditto	15	„	Ditto	451

Here, it should seem, some of the *withered*, and next to withered, branches, were left to adorn the parent stock, while the more *fruitful* were cut off!

No. 4.

Ministerial Bravado and Insult.

Page 212.

The press, as well as the pulpit, was the vehicle of abuse. The Reformers, so called, were loaded with the most opprobious epithets, and associated, by way of comparison, with the most revolting characters, by Conference officials. The Rev. G. Osborn, for example, the prime cause of the disruption, by his *Test Act*, compared the three ministers, who were unrighteously severed from the Wesleyan body, together with those who sympathized with them, to "*Tipperary assassins.*" The Rev. Thomas Jackson, President of the Conference, lauded by his brethren for his "saintly" spirit and appearance while engaged in the act of severing the said three ministers from their status in the church, likened them to the *incestuous Corinthians.* The

Rev. *William Horton* could not find a more fitting comparison for the occasion than a batch of *murderers*—as Rush, Manning and his wife, whose atrocities were ringing in the public ear about the same time. Another, the Rev. *Thomas Williams*, who connected the Rev. Dr. Beaumont with them, found an illustration in the "*Red* Republicans of France," some of whom denied the existence of a Supreme Being. A fifth, of less ministerial note, brought them into companionship with *Ananias* and *Sapphira*. A sixth linked them to *Achan*, who stole the Babylonish garment and wedge of gold. The case of *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* was quite a favourite, and therefore resorted to by more than one. As a kind of climactrical illustration, the Rev. SAMUEL JACKSON, Ex-President, and Editor of the "Vindicator," a Conference organ, adorned his pages, by shifting the scene from earth to the invisible world, denominating the first of the Three Expelled, "an *Arch-Fiend*." The latter—and no wonder—called forth a retort; the subject maligned intimating his inability to form an opinion on the question of resemblance, as he had never seen his Satanic Majesty, complimenting the Editor, at the same time, on the extent and accuracy of his knowledge,—grounded, of course, on personal intercourse, and leading to such a familiarity with form and feature, as to enable him to pronounce with accuracy on the correctness of the likeness! As if invention had come to a dead stand, and extravagance itself was at a loss how to

lengthen its tether, one of the preachers, in Leeds, reading an account of the "*three frogs*," in the Apocalyptic vision, intimated that they were a fitting type of the "Three Expelled;" not aware apparently in his haste to reach others, that he was digging a pit for himself and his clerical brethren; for, to make the whole fit, if the Expelled were the "*frogs*," the Conference, emitting them from its mouth, must, of course, be the "*beast*," and they were not the frogs that were cast into the "lake of fire," but the beast! Such things, from reverend lips, were out of taste and out of character with Thomas Hasker; nor were they less objectionable to many of the members of the Wesleyan body, who, nevertheless, could not be brought to see eye to eye with the Reformers. Indeed, cases of undue warmth among the Reformers themselves never met with his concurrence. He carried the same feeling into other than ecclesiastical conflicts.

No. 5.

Large Offerings distinguished the Salt of Methodism.

Page 212.

The dissentients, after long and serious consideration, came to the conclusion of "stopping supplies," deeming it wrong to support men guilty of such conduct; and thousands were cut off for non-payment of class and ticket-money.

Some amusing rencontres were sustained between the preachers and the people on the renewal of tickets. Two or three examples may be given:

1. *York Circuit.* Rev. T. EASTWOOD on a visit at the time.

T. E. "What must I put down for the Preachers' Fund?"

Mr. Wolstenholme. "Nothing, Sir."

T. E. "You are able to do something; you are respectably clothed; and you know it is for the worn-out preachers."

W. "I am aware of the object, Sir; but there are two classes of preachers now that require support, —the *worn-out* and the *turned-out;* and I intend to support the latter, unjustly expelled, and deprived of subsistence by the act of the Conference. The former have a fund of their own on which they can draw."

2. *Diss Circuit.* Mr. WOOLMER. "What must I put down for your ticket, brother?"

Mr. Aldridge. "Nothing, Sir."

Mr. W. "Nothing! You are in good circumstances; and, as a leader, ought to set an example to your members."

Mr. A. "True; but I am not satisfied with the act of the Conference in expelling Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith."

Mr. W. "O, we cannot enter into that at present."

Mr. A. "Then you shall not *enter* into my pocket."

3. *Barnsley Circuit.* Rev. J. OSBORN, *George's* brother! "What must I put down for your ticket?"

Mr. John Sutcliffe. Without responding, and deliberately putting his hand into his pocket, drew out five shillings; the preacher's eye sparkling with pleasurable emotion: the former, with equal deliberation, spreading out the hand, in the palm of which lay the contribution. On breaking silence, he said, "I have been in the habit of giving five shillings per quarter,—being half-a-crown for myself, and half-a-crown for my wife. Now, to shew you that I am no 'respecter of persons,' there is a shilling for the superintendent," laying it upon the table; "and there is another, which is for yourself," laying it before him; "and the other three," pointing the finger to them, and then restoring them to the pocket from which they issued, "I intend to appropriate to the three expelled ministers!"

4. *Ripley Circuit.* Mr. T. "What for your ticket, brother?"

Member. "What is it worth?"

Mr. T. It is optional as to the amount, and regulated by circumstances. But the rule is, a penny per week, and one shilling per quarter."

Mem. "Then you *sell* the ticket, if the rule is binding! And, as this is the Sabbath, you sell on the Sabbath-day!"

Mr. T. "As to amount, it is optional."

Mem. "Still, as members have been expelled for non-payment, I must either pay or cease to be a

member. As to real worth, it is not of much value; but to preserve membership, as *something must* be given—there is a halfpenny, which, under existing circumstances, when membership is so cheap, is as much as it is worth:" so saying, he threw down the copper.

The Rev. Messrs. Samuel Jackson and W. Vevers stated, in separate publications, with a view to get rid of the odium of *money* being a *qualification* for *membership*, that money payments were *not compulsory* in Methodism; and Dr. Bunting, with his usual caution, told the preachers in Conference, when engaged in the work of expulsion, which he so heartily sanctioned, not to make "money matters *too prominent;*" that is, in plain English,—"Out with them," but to save your personal credit, and the credit of the body, do not appear too mercenary in the business, by allowing the real cause to appear!

No. 6.

Question under Penalty.

Page 215.

The question proposed to Messrs. Everett, Dunn, Griffith, Burdsall, Bromley, and George, was—"Are you the author of the Fly-Sheets?" Each had answered for a series of years, without hesitancy, all the ordinary interrogatories of the Conference and its District Commitees. But here was a new

mode of procedure, and it became at once a duty to check it in the outset. The first named had been examined in the District Meeting, and when the question was asked, "Are there any objections against brother J. E.?" the answer was "NONE;" an answer which had been given forty-three years successively, without objectional pause. The Minutes of the District were forwarded to the Conference—"No objection." In this respect, he stood as clear as Dr. Bunting and the President himself. This being his position, he demanded, when he stood at the bar of the Conference, why he was called to stand there, and also his charge; when he was answered, "There is *no charge;* it is only a *brotherly question!*" The District Committee had *no objection*, and the Conference had *no charge!* no accuser, no *witness*, no *evidence!* And yet, contrary to Wesleyan law, which requires a charge, if any, to be delivered some days before, in *writing*, to the person interested, the President, who of all men ought to have shewn something like respect for law, summoned J. E. and J. B., at a distance of seventy miles, to appear at the bar of the Conference, without assigning a reason for such illegal proceeding. When the brethren were told there was no charge, they promptly and firmly told the Conference they had no answer to give, stating their readiness to meet any charge, at any time, in any place, when preferred. J. E. stated, also, his fixed resolution not to convert a Methodist Conference

into a Romish Inquisition. Now, the Conference must either have had evidence of authorship, or not. If it had, why was it not adduced, for the sake of its own credit; if not. why was the non-answerer expelled? O, he was expelled for *contumacy*, said the Conference men. But contumacy was not a charge for which he stood at the bar—and that crime was their own, for illegally forcing him into it; and, besides, when was it ever heard, that contumacy was deemed a *capital* offence? Mr. Burdsall was summoned at the same time, from the same place, for the same reason, by the same authority, and also refused to answer; and yet, though the two stood on precisely equal ground, J. Burdsall was barely censured, which broke no bones, and retained in the possession of all his privileged rights of membership, and of the funds, while J. Everett was excommunicated, and robbed of his claims on funds to which he had largely contributed. Whence is this? Either J. Burdsall must have received too little, or J. Everett too much. Both of these brethren boldly called for their *accusers*. None appeared. Dr. Bunting called for his about the same time, having been stung to the quick by the allegations of misrule in the said Fly-Sheets. Neither, in this case, did any step forward. Yet, strange to say, with the lack of this, he sat down as an innocent man, deafened with the plaudits of the preachers, while the other two—precisely in the same judicial position—sat down as condemned criminals. But "you," said Dr. Hannah,

to Mr. Everett, "are the most suspected!" "Then, if I am the most suspected," was the instant reply, "you have, of course, the *most* evidence against me; please to adduce it; I am ready to meet it." Alas, from an intimation given in the "Watchman," two or three weeks before the Conference, his fate was fixed. So bent were the dominant party on this, and eager for work, that they could not keep the secret among themselves.

One of the worst features in this case was, that, while Dr. Bunting called for his "*accusers*," Dr. Newton, who sat by his side on the platform, had an impeachment in his pocket against him, together with his co-secretaries in the Mission-House, from the Jamaica District, for improper conduct in missionary matters, of which the President was aware, but who allowed it to be smothered. The judge, in this case, was on the side—if not of the prisoner—of the *accused*, with a vengeance! Was he on the side of the *non-accused*, Messrs. Everett and the venerable John Burdsall? Was he on the side of Messrs. Dunn, Griffith, Bromley, George, or Rowland? Such conduct might be tolerated in "high places," in a JEFFRIES, when a Baxter was before him; but tell it not Gath, when a case occurs in Methodism, and in the nineteenth century! Ask the Rev. J. G. Manley what he knows of the Jamaica case, who was a missionary on the district at the time. He still lives, a talented, and respectable minister in Dublin.

The settled malignity evinced afterwards, was as disreputable to Christian character as the act of excision was unjust and cruel. President Thomas Jackson, when the people were clamouring for a fair trial or restoration, issued a decree, by way of imposing silence, which went to declare that the restoration of the men was *impossible*—that the rulers would sooner break up the whole system and start anew, than yield to the claims of the people—and that, to all appeals, and applications for restoration, the answer was "Never, a thousand times never." So that, if the men had been guilty, and even repented, the oath had passed, in reference to each, "Thou shalt never enter into my rest." Would they be satisfied to be so treated by God Almighty?

Nor was this all; but to justify themselves, they employed both pulpit and press in damaging the character of the men they had thus already injured.

It was an easy matter to have answered the question proposed. For, if guilty, all that was necessary was, to appeal to the Missionary Reports, and other Conference documents, together with Conference measures, for the truth of the allegations contained in the Fly-Sheets' exposures, where fact and figure, chapter and verse, are to be found. But then, as in other cases, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." If innocent, it was all the same. The Rev. W. Arthur is stated to have said, in reference to one of the expatriated, "If he were to declare on oath, he had nothing to do with them, I

would not believe him." It was on this admission Conference proceeded, or men would never have been expelled on *suspicion!* The Rev. George Osborn, from two to three years after—a man who knew most of the matter, and who was "over head and ears" in it, from first to last, has, for the part he took in the matter, been justly called, in the emphatic language of Dr. Beaumont, "the accuser of the brethren." Yes, this gentleman, solemnly declared, to Mr. John Hargave, of Carlisle, that "all the INFORMATION"—not, be it observed, *evidence*, whether *circumstantial* or *inferential*—that "all the information that had been offered"—to the searching inquiry of a Conference, with its spies and its news collectors in every part of the immense connexion—as to the authorship, was found, "when *examined*, *inefficient*, and of little value!!!" A still worse admission than that of Mr. Arthur. Mr. Osborn was rewarded with the secretaryship of the Missions for his services in the work, and Mr. Arthur followed him on the first vacancy. Other honours were conferred on other active agents, forward in doing the bidding of the dominant party, by election into the "Hundred," &c.

It was not, as has been remarked, a simple question, but "Question under Penalty." To answer it, therefore, involved a principle of vital importance. To answer it, was to return to the days of the "Star Chamber" and "High Commission Court,"—to furnish an opportunity for a set of despots to per-

secute and tyrannise over their brethren,—and to introduce a species of class legislation. In addition to a long leading article in the "DAILY TIMES," condemnatory of the Conference, the subject was resumed in the same paper, September 10th, 1849. "All men of spirit will protest against a mode of proceeding which does not possess the guarantees of strict impartiality. If the 'brotherly question' may be put all round, and Mr. EVERETT may ask whatever questions he thinks necessary to substantiate the charges contained in the *Fly Sheets*, with the alternatives of 'a frank and brotherly answer,' or immediate expulsion, it would not be unreasonable that he should take his turn in the rack, and let the truth be screwed out of him. But nobody likes to answer questions when he is forbidden to ask them. It is a very one sided affair. We judge from invariable human nature, when we say that *no* persons, high or low, are fit to be intrusted with the power of putting what questions they please to whom they please; and that such a power must, we should think, be as great a nuisance in the Wesleyan Connexion, as it would undoubtedly be in the Church of England."

What was the language of the expatriated? "I am ready to meet the Wesleyan Conference in any Court in England, civil or ecclesiastical, on three conditions:—

I. "That I be allowed to bring into Court the Missionary Reports, the Minutes of Conference, the

Wesleyan Magazine, the Watchman, or any other documents, printed or written, I may deem proper for my defence,—hoping they will never object to their own records, which, in other cases, would be considered as placing the defendant in the hands of his opponents.

II. "That I be permitted to ask the Missionary Treasurers and Secretaries, and other Connexional Officers, what questions I judge proper.

III. "That on the event of not receiving a frank, plain answer, they be treated as they treated me—EXPELLED for *Contumacy.*" *Speech delivered by the Rev. J. Everett.*

"I desire," said John Wesley, "to do all things *openly* and *above board.* I would have *all the world,* and *especially all our Society, see,* not only *all* the steps we take, but the *reasons* why we take them!"

The "Fly Sheets" are to be contemplated as *effects* produced by certain *causes.* The evils existed long before the Fly Sheets appeared; and they would not have been published, but for the evils complained of; they were merely guide-posts to point the finger to the wrongs perpetrated; windows to let the light into the building. From the account given of them, they were privately circulated among the preachers, the authors of the evils, and the persons who alone could cure them, which shews an unwillingness to disturb the peace of the body. If the evils complained of really existed,—and they were never disproved by the

Conference, while a "Vindication" of the Fly Sheets was written by a powerful pen, and published—then the authors were justified in bringing them out; and the private way in which the work was done, is evident that they had the good of the Connexion in view. It is clear that if the mal-administration of the affairs of the body had not been exposed, matters would have been brought to a crisis, and the very existence of the body would have been jeopardized. The *anonymous* character of the papers, upon which so much stress was laid, was only so much dust thrown into the eyes of the people, to divert attention, and prevent them from looking into the mal-practices of the Executive; and besides, the dominant party had thrown themselves out of court on this point, by their own *anonymous* pamphlets and circulars. What was wrong in the one, could not be right in the other. The authors of the exposures must have had a thorough knowledge of the vindicative spirit of the party assailed, in the concealment observed, for—as has been observed—if they could expel upon *suspicion*, what would they have done, if they had *known?* No furnace would have been too hot for the victims.

No 7.

Could they be right and all the others wrong? How looks the retort? The Periodical Press was adverse to the Act of the Wesleyan Conference of 1849.

Page 217.

Large extracts are published in the "Wesleyan Times," from 1849-1850, and onward, condemnatory of the Conference, from the following periodicals —both Whig and Tory—forming only a portion of the press that took up the subject:

Metropolitan.

1 Daily Times
2 British Banner
3 Patriot
4 Christian Times
5 Standard of Freedom
6 Nonconformist
7 Church and State Gazette
8 Morning Advertiser
9 Christian News
10 Daily News
11 Economist

Foreign, Provincial, &c.

12 New York Evangelist
13 Evangelical Magazine
14 Christian Reporter, (U.S.)
15 Southern Christian Advocate, (Charles Twn. Amer.)
16 Zion's Herald, (America)
17 The Provincialist (Canada)
18 Christian Advocate and Journal, (America)
19 Christian Journal
20 Guernsey Journal
21 Mona's Herald
22 Church, (Bapt. Periodical)
23 British Magazine
24 New Connexion Magazine
25 United Presbyterian do.
26 Christian Observer, (Ch. of England)
27 Baptist Magazine
28 Christian Witness
29 North British Review
30 Eclectic Review
31 Nottingham Review
32 Leeds Mercury
33 Norfolk News
34 Bradford Observer
35 Manchester Examiner and Times
36 Derby Periodical
37 Darlington and Stockton Times
38 Sheffield and Rotherham Independent
39 Yorkshireman, (York)
40 York Herald
41 Scottish Press
42 Banner of Ulster
43 Manchester Spectator
44 Dundee Advertiser
45 Sunderland Times
46 Bristol Gazette
47 Bridgwater Times
48 Kent Herald
49 Sherbourne Journal
50 Stirling Observer
51 Bath Journal
52 Durham Advertiser
53 Cheltenham Examiner
54 Guernsey Star
55 Durham Chronicle
56 Birmigham Mercury
57 Gateshead Observer
58 Oxford Chromicle
59 Western Times
60 Liverpool Mercury
61 Cheltenham Free Press
62 Lincolnshire Advertiser
63 Bristol Mercury
64 Hampshire Advertiser
65 Aylesbury News
66 Belfast Chronicle
67 Belfast News-Letter
68 Woolmer's Exeter, & Plymouth Gazette
69 Wakefield Examiner
70 Edinburgh News
71 Newcastle Guardian
72 Edinburgh Evening Post
73 Aberdeen Herald
74 Swansea Herald
75 Gloucester Journal
76 Leicester Chronicle
77 Doncaster Gazette

78 Stamford Mercury
79 Dover Chronicle
80 North and South Shields Gazette
81 Sunderland Herald
82 Perthshire Advertiser
83 Glasgow Christian News
84 Cheltenham Journal
85 Merthyr Guardian
86 Stockport Mercury
87 Salisbury and Winchester Journal
88 Hampshire Independent
89 Aberdeen Banner
90 West Britain
91 Border Advertiser
92 Banbury Guardian
93 Whitehaven Herald
94 Sheffield Truth Reporter
95 Davenport Telegraph, &c.

A terrible array against despotism.

No. 8.

The Rich Men led them on.

Page 248.

The facts that the preachers, independent of their despotic propensities and thirst for power, were prompted and urged on by rich men is undeniable; but that which induced several of the more opulent of the members to act and advise as they did, might not be so apparent to Hasker's mind as the fact itself.

John Wesley, in his famous letter to the preachers, from Chester, cautioned them against making rich men *necessary* to them. Dr. Bunting's policy was at war with this sage advice. He could not carry out his plans without them; and they ultimately became as *necessary* to himself *personally* by solicited subscriptions, when in the shallows, as to the system.

Men of property, it is well known, are selected from the masses for offices of responsibility, as stewards of

the societies, and trustees of chapels. The former have to advance money, on a deficiency of income from the members; and the latter are responsible for moneys borrowed on promissory notes, to the tune often of thousands of pounds, and may be called upon to advance at any moment, the sums so borrowed, at the risk of personal property—the preachers being generally averse to mortgage, as that would bring the liability on the property, which they are anxious to preserve free from encumbrance for themselves; and hence the various schemes to rid the chapels of debt, that the proceeds of the seats may ultimately fall into the hands of Conference, that is, the preachers, who constitute it. In addition to this, many of the private members have money lent on chapels. What is the result? "Stop supplies" is an announcement which finds and leaves stewards and trustees panic-stricken. One hundred thousand persons were either driven from the fold or left it, in consequence of the conduct of the priests; and one hundred thousand pounds per annum went with them. The preachers had the trustees tied hand and foot, by promissory notes, at the risk of personal property. They might complain, but they were held fast, and became exasperated with those who solicited a change of measures, rather than with the priests who had wrought the mischief, and hoped to hush the storm, and remedy the evil, by ejecting the complainants. Money-lenders also became clamorous for their interest, but the trusts were embarrassed; the stewards

looked anxiously for their weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annual returns, but the members and subscribers were off; the trustees looked to the chapels, but the seats and the pews were vacated! "Aye," said Mr. R-p-r, of Halifax, who supposed he was talking to a Conference advocate, at Harrogate, instead of a friend of liberty, "the Reformers have put us into a hot furnace." Yes, the gold was tried; and those who were left, and possessed of the needful, were compelled, in many cases, to pay more than "double dues." This was very vexatious. The foe was, therefore, to be ejected. Stop, gentlemen. You begin at the wrong end; you should have gone to the head instead of the foot—to the cause instead of the effect—to the priests instead of the people. Persons who give lordly advice must pay for it, on the principle of—"We wont be beat; our dignity must be preserved." Very well: support the men you have counselled, but let it be out of your own coffers.

There is another way in which the wealthy were affected. The preachers are generally taken from the humbler walks of life; and never go to the parish Union for a wife. Either by accident, instinct, or something else, they almost invariably find their way, in forming their marriage alliances, to the monied members of society. A member of the Society of Friends is reported to have given his son this thrifty advice:—"See, my child, that thou never marriest for money; but take care, never-

theless, to go where it is." Statistics were taken, during the Movement, of the *matrimonial alliances* of the preachers, and it was found that they stood related, mostly by *marriage*—few indeed by blood—to the most wealthy members of society, either in the shape of fathers or mothers-in-law, of uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews, cousins, &c. In Leeds and its neighbourhood were, either more nearly or remotely webbed together in this way, upwards of fifty respectable families; from thirty to forty in and around Liverpool; between thirty and forty in and round York; between forty and fifty in and around Sheffield; between fifteen and twenty around Birstal; London, Bristol, Birmingham, Norwich, Newcastle, Sunderland, and other larger or smaller cities, towns, and villages furnishing their quota. The Conference had these to fall back upon for support in the struggle, as well as the wealthy trustees. In the stoppage of supplies, the bread of a ministerial relative was touched, while the trustees were bound to the chapels, to stand by them, for their own sake. Here we have some of the lacings and interlacings of the purse-strings of Conference, touching, in many instances, the inmost core of self-interest. Is it at all surprising that the priesthood should be able to stand the shock, when thus sustained, whether voluntarily or by forced levies? "Skin for skin, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Thomas Hasker thought of these things; but there were others who went deeper

into them than himself;—men, who were driven to lay bare, what, for the sake of religion and ordinary prudence, they sought at first to conceal, under the "forlorn hope" of working a cure in a less public way, and by other measures.

No. 9.

The Song of Liberty.

Page 254.

A Piece was published for the "Voice and Pianoforte, entitled 'CHRISTIAN *Liberty*:' poetry by the Rev. J. Everett; music by Alexander Lee; dedicated to all Wesleyan Reformers. London: published by B. Williams, 11, Paternoster-Row; Newcastle-on-Tyne: T. G. Morland and Co."

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

THY praise, sweet LIBERTY, we sing,
And to thy feet our offerings bring,—
To thee, the Despot's dread;
The Moralist has lauded thee,
The Poet sung in ecstacy,—
For thee have Patriots bled.

The Martyr'd throng for thee have died,
The Slave for thee has inly sighed,
The "whole Creation groans;"

Thy charms are owned by Saint and Sage
And breathed throughout the Sacred Page,
In Music's sweetest tones.

We, in the Sun, thy splendour share,
Inhale thee in the ambient Air,
Enjoy thee in our Food:
We taste thee in the Streamlet's flow,
And hear thee in the Winds that blow,
And see thee in the Flood.

We hear the FATHER speak of thee;
The SON himself hath made us free;
The SPIRIT moves on all;
The CHURCH presents an open door;
The MINISTERS, from shore to shore,
Rehearse the "GOSPEL call."

Say, what, without thy smiles, were wealth—
Were titles—equipage—or health—
But flowerets on the grave:
The rock, the hut, the crust, the rill—
With thee, are luxuries that fill
With joy the free and brave.

Spurn'd be the man who sits at ease,
And who, beneath the yoke, would please,
The tyrant with his scowl;
He sits, as on the tomb of one
Whose beauty and whose love have thrown
A sunshine on the soul.

Away with Tyranny—away—
Whose dark'ning and degrading sway,
  Enwraps the mind in night:
Nor less of sullen grief, the nurse,
Of honest toil, the withering curse,
  Of social joy—the blight.

The spirit of the bold is crushed,
The voice of generous feeling hush'd,
  And virtue seeks the tomb;
Religion is herself belied,
Her sacred sanctions all defied,
  Her graces cease to bloom.

Religion—Reason—Virtue—Love—
To joyous Liberty will move,
  And strike the knell of strife;
Like health, they strew their roses round,
And yield to states where they are found,
  The balm of social life.

When each with each are seen to blend
Like heat and moisture, they portend
  The public's highest weal:
But all alone, and sunder'd wide,
Nought to the Church but woes betide,
  The thunder's heaviest peal.

Up, ye Wesleyans! brave the foe,
And deal, with giant strength, the blow
  That shakes the despot's throne:

Let WESLEY walk once more the earth,—
The zeal and gentleness go forth,
Which he to man had shewn.

Up, ye Wesleyans! snap your chains;
Chant, like "the morning stars," your strains,
To joyous Freedom led;
Up,—and in power—and hoary age—
Take for your CREED the hallow'd page,—
CHRIST as your only Head.

Independent of the subject itself—Liberty—which is courted by all, and by none more than despots themselves, the lines are warranted by the *policy* pursued by the preachers individually, and the entire *theory of government* adopted by them in their collective capacity in Conference.

1. "The Conference arrogates to itself the power and right of legislating sovereignly for all the Methodist societies at home and abroad.

2. "It is absolute in its legislation,—is non-representative and self-constituted,—and acts wholly independent of the sanction, suffrages, and control of the people.

3. "It not only arrogates to itself all the legislative, but also all the executive, administrative, and judicial functions of the body: usurping, in a word, all the powers and authority of government; acting not only without any delegated right or concurrence from the laity, but in direct opposition to their oft-repeated remonstrances and protests.

4. "Besides denying to the people their inherent right of representation, it peremptorily interdicts the publication and discussion of its official proceedings; visiting with excommunication any minister or layman who should presume to question the validity of its claims, the wisdom of its enactments, or the justice of its administration." These points are fully brought out in one, among the hundreds of publications occasioned by the disruption of 1849, entitled, 'Priestly Despotism Rampant in the Wesleyan Conference, in a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. By William Martin." Fourth edition.

Should a preacher write a book, he must, if required, submit his manuscript to a committee for approval, in compliance with the following enactment of Conference; "That as *the preachers are* eminently *one body*, nothing should be done by any individual which would be prejudicial to the whole, or any part thereof. *Therefore no preacher shall publish* ANYTHING *but what is given to the Conference, and* PRINTED AT OUR OWN PRESS. *The Book Committee to determine what is proper to be printed.*"

Not only are the preachers under interdict by the ruling party, or aristocracy of the Conference, but also the people; hence the solemn enactment in their case: "*Let no man, or number of men, in our Connexion, on any account or occasion, circulate letters, call meetings, do, or attempt to do, anything new, until it has* FIRST *been appointed by the Conference.*" Thus, in both cases, the right of private judgment

is ignored, conscience paralyzed, mind enthralled, opinion warped and stunted, man's inherent rights and liberties trampled under the feet of a priestly oligarchy, and the masses become mere automata, moving on the Wesleyan stage as the capricious humours of the masters may direct.

Nor is the *press* alone under interdict, but *free speech;* "The Conference," said the Rev. W. H. Clarkson, in his official capacity, "will allow you to *think*, but not to *speak!!*"

But why enter a body with laws equally opposed to the genius of Christianity and to the British Constitution? The fact is—and this is the best apology that can be made—those who enter know nothing of the laws; they enter under a deep concern for the salvation of their souls—think of nothing else—and must first *feel* the law to become acquainted with it.

COULTAS, PRINTER, YORK.

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster-Row, London, and to be had of all Booksellers.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

"'The 'Villiage Blacksmith,' is altogether one of the most interesting volumes of its kind, and the best written we have met with. No one can take it up without the certainty of reaping instruction and delight. Mr. E. has exhibited the continued sweetness and playfulness of beautiful imagery which distinguishes his prose, and in every page tells us, in spite of himself, it is 'Prose by a Poet.' Its peculiar feature is graceful simplicity, with poetry oozing through every sentence. His arguments are clear and forcible, expressed in language generally elegant; and we feel we are perusing the pages not only of a man of genius, but of an ardent, active, and cheerful Christian. And withall, there is a tone of delightful pleasantry, half-concealed in the writings of Mr. E., which is often placed under unnecessary restraint.'—ECLECTIC REVIEW, Oct. 1831.

"The simplicity of Samuel Hick often bordered on the ridiculous, and it required not only tenderness and experience, but the penetration and judgment of a master of the human heart to discriminate between them. The literary merits of this work are superior to the maudlin mass of religious memoirs, as the comet-coursed *village blacksmith* was unlike the amiable, but inanimate personages of whom they bear witness. We recommend the 'Village Blacksmith,' as likely to amuse, instruct, and edify—and the volume as containing more pure, manly, and beautiful English, than is to be found in any half-dozen modern novels. A poet's prose, where it is not inflated, is the best of all prose; and in the work before us, Mr. Everett's taste and judgment have fortunately prevented him from falling into the common error; and he has introduced only as much imagination and metaphor as to elevate the subject, delight the reader, and to throw over the whole the quiet and pure spirit of his own muse."—The ATHENÆUM, Nov. 19, 1831.

"An interesting Memoir was published a few months ago of the life of Samuel Hick, late of Micklefield, Yorkshire, the details of which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they appear more in the character of a romance than real life."—MANCHESTER CHRONICLE, July 30, 1831.

"The volume now lying before us epitomizes the life of a blacksmith, distinguished for his integrity and piety, and who has been very useful in his day and generation. It is written in an easy, graceful style; and it cannot fail to interest those whose hearts can warm to the expressions of sincerity and benevolence, which breathe through every page."—MONTHLY MAGAZINE, April, 1832.

"Perhaps few men, besides Mr. Everett himself, could have constructed, had they been so disposed, such a goodly fabric; or, to change the metaphor, have produced such a dish out of the materials; for in the crudity of those very materials is to be seen the skill of the artificer,—who makes light shine out of darkness, speaks confusion into order, and throws a charm around what else had been repulsive to both sight and taste. Yet amid innumerable disadvantages there was one advantage in the subject alone, which the writer appears to have had prophecy of soul sufficient to foresee would arrest the attention of the reader, like the fiery brilliancy of a comet, exclusive of its erratic course. With the exception of the Vulcan of the heathen, and the Knot-tier of Gretna-green, we know of no 'artificer in brass and iron,' not even Tubal-Cain himself, the secrets of whose history would be more interesting than those of 'The Village Blacksmith,' and in the life of no one them will be found such an 'instructor.'"—IMPERIAL MAGAZINE, April, 1832.

"This is a singular little work, furnishing another very remarkable history of human character acted upon by ideas of religion, which it were hard to characterize as too enthusiastic when stamped by so much charity and good works. We have not for a long time seen a volume which we have read with more curiosity and pleasure—curiosi- in following the developement of the character of the natural and simple man, in his rough, but honest and untutored, and often singularly correct views of things,—and pleasure at that unwearing pursuit of good, which marked every moment of his life. His dreams, his mental impressions, his self-denials, his sympathy for the poor, his undaunted courage in respect to what he thought was right, his untutored dialect, his firmness under persecution, and the quaintness of his manners, are all delightful. One thing, however, must be noted by way of detracting from the subject of the memoir, as the whole cause of our satisfaction in perusing it, and that is—the excellence of the composition—the neatness and clearness of the writer's style, and the charming simplicity which prevails throughout. Hick was himself what Coleridge would call a psychological curiosity, and the memoir is not less a curiosity for its purity and elegance.—The Life of Hick should be in the hands of every Christian philosopher: it is a most interesting account of a mind deeply impressed with religion, and furnishing a beautiful exemplification of the outpouring of a simple, benevolent, untutored spirit, full of hope and enthusiasm."—THE METROPOLITAN LITERARY JOURNAL, May, 1832.

THE WALL'S END MINER.

"Of the merits of this interesting and instructive volume, we must be understood to speak candidly. We are disposed to do justice; they are of an order which cannot fail to elicit commendation. The Memoir of an Orphan, from beginning to end is well written, the characters introduced fairly sustained, and the interest kept up throughout."—MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Feb., 1836.

"With how small a portion of the world is the most widely-travelled acquainted! In how narrow a circle of interest and feel-

ings does the most liberal thinker live! Want of time, want of opportunity, the pursuit of one or two engrossing objects, confine him to his own orbit in spite of himself; but should any casuality lead him to tracts new and strange, he has the advantage over the narrow-minded of being at least willing to contemplate, and to open his understanding and heart to things, which may not heretofore have been comprehended in his philosophy At least such we feel to be our case, in stumbling upon a book like 'The Wall's End Miner,' a work which, in its own class, will have—probably has had already —both circulation and influence.—We can perceive that though there be only a hair's breadth between enthusiasm and fanaticism, still the separation is clear and decisive; on one side of the boundary the morals and charities of life exist and flourish, though in an atmosphere strange to us."—ATHENÆUM, Feb. 27, 1836.

"This work will be very acceptable to readers of the persuasion of the Wesleyan Methodists, and the various sects that have branched off that vast stem. The narrative is, of itself, very interesting."

"William Crister's narrative in the hands of Mr. Everett is both interesting and instructive, and we shall be much mistaken if this small volume does not obtain a more extensive circulation, and make a deeper impression than the author has ventured to anticipate. It is well written, and we sincerely recommend it to those who wish to become acquainted with excellences of character which have been exemplified in humble circumstances."—NEWCASTLE COURANT, Dec. 29, 1838.

SECOND EDITION.

"We need not say more in recommendation of this volume than that 'The Wall's End Miner' is an excellent companion to the 'Village Blacksmith."—WATCHMAN, March, 28, 1838.

"We are glad to see a second and improved edition of the Memoir. It abounds in very useful reflections and observations. Mr. Everett writes like one who well knows how to seperate not only the chaff from the wheat, but the bran from the finer flour, and has furnished a very useful addition to the stock of Christian biography."—WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, April, 1838.

"This is a brief and novel Memoir of a singular, yet sincere disciple of Jesus, and a Northumberland Collier."—NEW YORK CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL, August 16, 1838.

THE POLEMIC DIVINE.

"THESE are judicious and interesting Memoirs, illustrative of the upright, unaffected, and sound-minded subject of them. They will interest the reader of popular works, as well as afford some true and agreeable lights, whereby to study varieties of human nature, and when placed under peculiar circumstances."—MONTHLY REVIEW, Sept., 1831, p. 145.

"It is not merely the scarcity in the article of biography, which makes us relish this life of Daniel Isaac. Were the memorials of

departed worth, genius, and learning, 'plenty as blackberries,' we should still keep a corner for any fresh leaves from Everett's Book of Worthies. We know him of old, to be happy in the choice of his subjects, and skilful in his treatment of them. Enough to say, that we have read through this life with pleasure, and cannot close it without recommending it to all such as love what is earnest and genuine, whether it go forth licensed by a bishop, or a synod of Non-conformists."—ATHENÆUM, Aug 24, 1839, p. 628.

"Of Daniel Isaac we must speak with praise. He was simple, sincere, and temperate, with considerable humour, and with little temptation; but we have more to do with the subject than with the man."—WEEKLY DESPATCH.

"This book will be of considerable interest to the Wesleyan Methodists, among whom Mr. Isaac, a man of strong character, was an eminent and influential preacher. It gives considerable insight into the domestic life of the lower and middle classes of England. Though not without some of the small blemishes or rather distinctive marks of his sect and calling, Mr. Isaac was both a good and an able man, full of life and energy; possessing and exercising the power of independent thought upon most subjects."—TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, Nov., 1839, p. 758.

"This is one of that class of works which appeal to a certain exclusive, but very extensive order of readers, and to them it will prove very acceptable. The Polemic Divine is neither more nor less than a memoir, (somewhat too lengthy, we must observe,) of the late Mr. Daniel Isaac, a Wesleyan preacher, and one of sufficient celebrity in his day and order to justify a work of the kind devoted to his memory. The work is written with care and industry, and may, as a biography, be read with intrest by other persons than those devoted to the extensive sect to which the writer and the subject belong."—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Nov. 1839.

ADAM CLARKE PORTRAYED.

"We have no doubt that the Wesleyan public, by whom the Doctor was little less than adored, will feel very much obliged to Mr. Everett, who stood in a somewhat similar relation to the subject of his work, to that of Boswell to Johnson, for his 'portraiture.'—He has produced in the volume before us a very pleasant and readable narrative."—THE PATRIOT, Feb. 1st, 1844

"The volume before us is equally instructive and entertaining—instructive in its details, as illustrative of those operations of God's providence and grace, of which Dr. Clarke was the subject, and entertaining, from the charm of graphic and lively expression which the biographer has thrown over his pages. It is due to all parties to mention that, in this memoir, Mr. Everett has enjoyed the concurrence and aid of the Doctor's highly intelligent and beloved daughter Mrs. Rowley, to whom he acknowledges himself indebted for examining, criticising, and enriching his pages."—SHEFFIELD MERCURY, January 13.

"The work abounds in anecdote and sketchy delineations of men and things—We have pleasure in transferring to our columns a few extracts from which our readers may themselves discover the lively, graphic, and entertaining manner in which Mr. Everett's portrature of his friend is executed."—THE WATCHMAN, Jan. 31.

"The memoirs of this apostle of Wesleyanism abound in practical moral lessons, encouraging examples, and profitable conclusions. The style is simple and pleasing; the author's information full and authentic; and with a caution too often neglected by biographers, he has not suffered the warmth of his friendship to encroach upon his judgment or his candour. Mr. Everett has employed the rich materials placed at his disposal with so much address, that his volume will be recommended to every young man as a text book of precepts, upon his entering society, and he will one day enjoy the gratifying reflection of having done justice to the memory of a great and good man; and, at the same time, conferred an important benefit on society by the publication of a volume so truly profitable for instruction."—COLONIAL MAGAZINE. March.

"We have long thought that a truly *Wesleyan* life of the venerable doctor was a desideratum; and we are happy to find that our old friend and fellow-townsman, the Rev. James Everett, has undertaken to supply this lack in the biographical department of literature. Of his qualifications for fulfilling the task, it is not necessary that we should pronounce an opinion; the public has already decided that point in the more than favourable reception with which every work has met which has hitherto issued from his pen. He seems to have stood in the position of *fidus Achates* to his illustrious hero, and we need scarcely say, that he has made the most of that advantage; he has caught the outlines of the moral and intellectual features of his friend, and frequent observation has enabled him to fill up those outlines with a faithfulness and precision which would have been impossible to a casual artist.—The charm of the book is, as it is of all Mr. Everett's biographical writings—(and it is the secret of their success)—that we never once lose sight of the fact, that its subject, however immeasurable or superior in all the graces which adorn the moral and intellectual character, was, nevertheless, 'a man of like passions with ourselves,' and that he had 'a real heart of flesh and blood beating in his bosom.'—We doubt not that this work will become, especially in the Wesleyan community, the standard Life of Dr. Clarke.—MANCHESTER TIMES, March 9.

"There is a field, and one which we are happy in saying that Mr. Everett has well cultivated, that of *incident*,—one where he is always at home Very few so well can take up—take in pieces, investigate, dissect, ramify an incident, and yet keep up the interest as he *can* and has he *does*. James Everett knew his man—knew him not merely in the glare of popular assemblies,—tens of thousands knew him thus, but James Everett had a peculiar knowledge, as he knew him as a *friend*, as a *thinker aloud*, was admitted into his heart, —aye, that is the fount where the privilege of a biographer springs; when the twain are one, when affection's fetters enwrap themselves around the hearts, and by the meltings of friendship mould the sentiments, the views, the feelings; aye, aye, those are the elementary principles of which valuable or rather invaluable biographical

sketches are constituted. Between Everett and Clarke this fire was continually burning upon the latter."—BRISTOL MIRROR, March 23,

"It is not frequently that the biographer is so pre-eminently happy in his subject as Mr. Everett is in the present instance. The late Dr. A. Clarke was, in every sense of the word, an extraordinary man; whether we regard him as a scholar, a critic, a divine, or one who successfully 'sought to intermeddle with *all* knowledge.' He was one of those gifted individuals who stand in the eye of the world, before whom ordinary minds instinctively bow; and the records of whose life will constitute no small portion of the moral and intellectual history of the human race. Mr. Everett commences his task with the air of a man fully conscious of the importance of the object before him. He has evidently summoned all his powers to the work, in order that he may raise his mind to the height of his great argument; and, from the specimen before us, we have no hesitation in predicting success. We are pleased with the calm and systematic manner in which he proceeds. There is no bustle, no hurry, no anxiety to present his friend in full-grown stature; he can afford to wait. Hence the character is developed gradually. We have the child, the boy, the youth, the man, each succeeding the other in natural and beautiful progression: and, as a necessary result, interest is excited and continues progressively increasing to the close of the volume. This may be said to constitute a peculiarity which distinguishes the work before us from most other memoirs. Ordinarily, we are favoured with the date of birth—a chronological fact which, if omitted, might possibly excite a doubt as to the actual existence of the biographical subject—a few sentences follow as to the physical constitution of the individual, sickly or healthy, puny or strong, well made or deformed, as the case may be; but beyond this, there is an utter absence of all information; and the hero starts up before us like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, or Sin from the front of Lucifer, armed *cap-a-pie*, an absolute monster of perfection, to astonish and bewilder mankind. The case before us furnishes a happy exception to this general rule; and we may safely say of the character of the venerable Doctor, as elucidated by Mr. Everett, that like the 'path of the just,' it 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day'. Several memoirs of Dr. Clarke have already been presented to the public, Judging by the specimen before us, this will differ from all its predecessors—in many respects, will surpass them all This much we will venture to say in reference to the first volume.—It is a beautiful, pure, high-toned, classical production; every way worthy of its illustrious subject, and of the biographical reputation which Mr. Everett has already achieved."—NEWCASTLE JOURNAL, April 20.

"The admirers of Dr. Adam Clarke and those of Mr. Everett, each a very numerous class, will welcome with acclamations this first volume of a long expected work, in which both classes have so deep an interest. Nor will it disappoint expectation.—A great deal in the volume before us is entirely new; and what is not new in point of fact, is related with a difference of manner and circumstances which invest it with the charm of novelty. Indeed we have been much entertained with observing the unfailing ingenuity which the Author displays in always furnishing some new and still equally authetic version of those incidents in the Doctor's life with which previous biographers, and especially his own account, had made us familiar.

The entirely new matter, however, predominates over the old, Judging from the present volume, Mr. Everett's portraiture of his distinguished friend will be his own *chief d' œuvre*, the most complete account of that friend, and one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of biography in the English language."-WESLEYAN CHRONICLE, Jan. 19.

"It is well known that the religious community, anticipating the treat they may now enjoy, have long and anxiously desired and expected the work, the first volume of which has now issued from the press; it was well known in many circles that Mr. Everett had a hoard of valuable information, the fruits of long intimacy with his friend, and a careful and sedulous collection of materials; and at length he has unfolded that treasure for the benefit of society. Of Mr. Everett's merits as a biographer it would be superfluous—nay, presumptuous—were we to write. His previous works have stamped his fame, and it is sufficient for us to say, that the high celebrity which past exertions have acquired is not in the smallest degree lessened or tarnished by the present effort."—SUNDERLAND AND DURHAM COUNTY HERALD, May 31.

"The more familiar our acquaintance, the more we are satisfied that Mr. Everett's powers are an ever-flowing spring, pouring its ample current over the wide vale of its associations, taking up, enlarging, and improving every circumstance that has a tendency to 'Point a moral and adorn a tale.' He but requires to see an end, and his means are immediately tangible; he seems to have them at command, and is able at once to appropriate them. One thing of importance in connexion with the work is—its METHODISM. This is, in our mind, its distinguishing attribute; so decidedly and determinately identifying Adam Clarke with Methodism, the very atmosphere and element in which he lived and laboured. In the outset, we designated this work *a standard memoir of* ADAM CLARKE; and on coolly reviewing it, we are prepared to repeat our statement, under an assurance that no family pretending to respectability, piety, or intelligence, especially in the Wesleyan community, will delay to secure it for the general reading of its members, ADAM CLARKE PORTRAYED."—THE WESLEYAN AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, Aug. 29.

"We feel satisfied in furnishing our meed of eulogy to the work before us,—it demands far more than it seems to claim. There is a sort of unpretendingness in its exterior, but its intrinsic is another matter. You look upon its title-page as professing to open the door to a tale of other times, but you no sooner pass the threshold than you feel a glow of friendship, and, ere you are aware, you occupy a corner chair with the author and his hero. Mr. Everett has the art of shewing that 'face answereth face in a glass;' and though he has done it well in his previous works, he has not succeded better in any than the present;—there is a hitting off about it, that is happy, such a familiar acquaintance with the hero, that he could not mistake him himself, and such fidelity as to render it impossible for others to mistake him. We thought at first, that he was somewhat late in the field,—that the day, perhaps, was gone by for a work of this kind to be in request,—but with the book in our hands we soon heard the echo—'He being dead yet speaketh.'"—THE YORKSHIREMAN, May 30.